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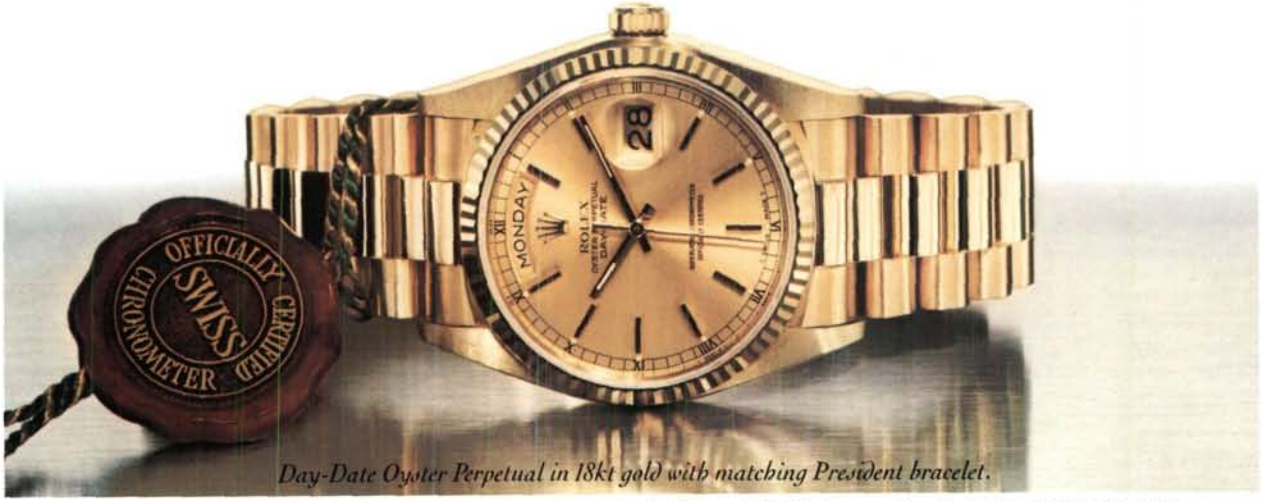

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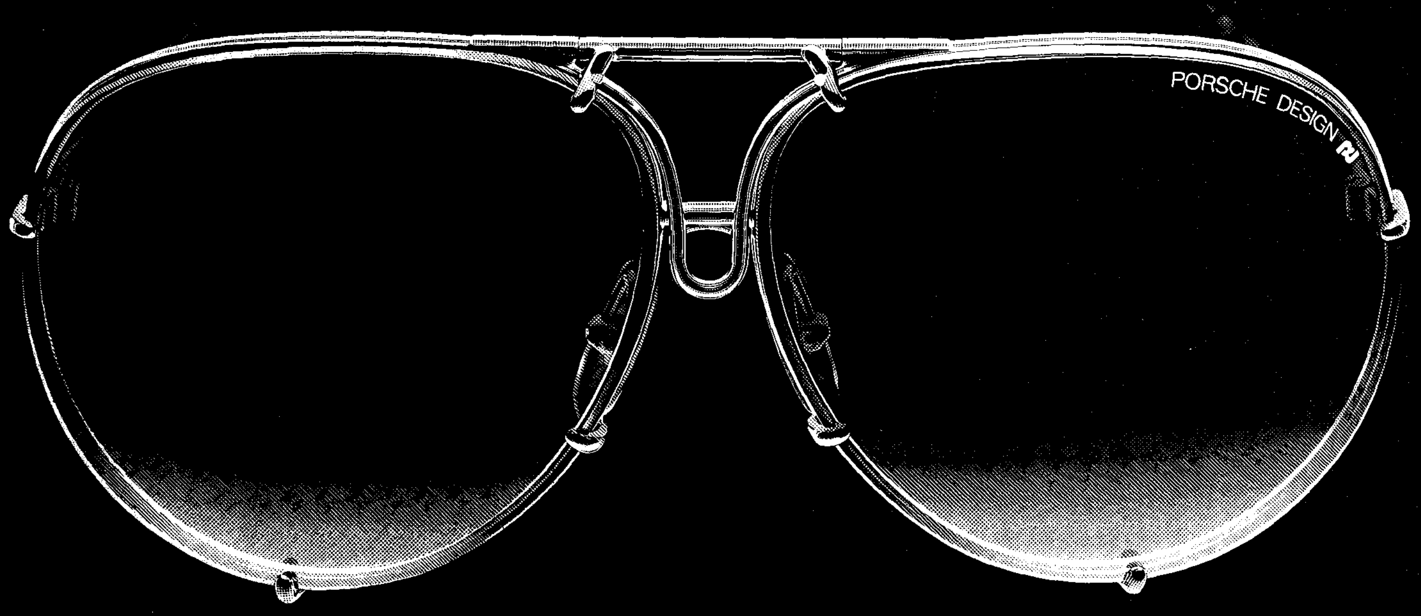

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a welcomely big cast and an exceptionally fine set by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of Reinaldo Povod's play, seen recently at the Public Theatre, reopens on Broadway on Wednesday, July 16. Robert De Niro, Ralph Macchio, and Burt Young head a cast directed by Bill Hart. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, *and Saturday, July 26, at* 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 20: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL**. . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 23: Gilbert and Sullivan's **PATIENCE**. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' **LOUIE AND OPHELIA**, about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Out!—A drama by Lawrence Kelly. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden, along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sovereign State of Boogedy Boogedy—André De Shields in a comedy by Lonnie Carter, with music from the fifties and sixties. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on

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THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president and publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Rebecca Wesson Darwin, vice-president and associate publisher; *Milton Greenstein and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents;* Stuart H. Jason, vice-president and comptroller; Owen J. Hochreiter, advertising director; Frank Mustacato, circulation director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Metropolitan Publishers Representatives: 3017 Piedmont Road, NE, Atlanta, GA 30305; 2500 So. Dixie Highway, Miami, FL 33133; 3016 Mason Place, Tampa, FL 33629. Vol. LXII, No. 22, July 21, 1986. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00.
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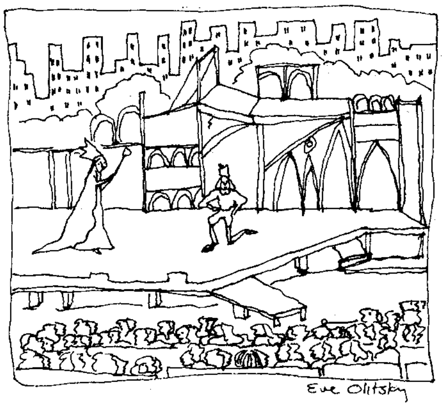
the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,912 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Thursday, July 17, and Wednesday, July 23, at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. Performances resume on Thursday, July 24. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Victor Barbee dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

SPALDING GRAY—A monologuist presenting two programs. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays at 7:30: **SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA.** . . . ¶ Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)



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FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

PARIS OPERA BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, July 16, at 2 and 8, and Thursday, July 17, at 8: "Washington Square" and "Palais de Cristal." . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8, and Saturday, July 19, at 2 and 8: "Swan Lake." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—Three New York premières—"Alice," "Hot House: Thriving on a Riff," and "Angali." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesday, July 22, at 7; Wednesday through Friday, July 23-25, at 8; Saturday, July 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 27, at 3.)

CLARK CENTER SUMMER DANCE FESTIVAL '86—Wednesday through Saturday, July 16-19, at 8, and Sunday, July 20, at 5: Jane Comfort Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 5: Tap dancer Charles (Cookie) Cook, Pat Cannon's Foot & Fiddle Dance Company, and members of Ballet Hispanico of New York. On July 23, James (Buster) Brown will replace Mr. Cook. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Montgomery, Plant & Stritch are a vocal group. Their first names are Sharon, Rebecca, and Billy (who also plays piano), and they are singing Mercer, Frishberg, and Loesser in the Oak Room. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. Guitarist **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE**, guitarist Peter Leitch, and bassist Dennis Irwin can be heard here on Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, and on the following Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, **LARRY VUCKOVICH** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** will engage in lively piano-bass duets. The rest of the nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, in the heart of the fur district, which belongs to **PEGGY LEE** through Saturday, July 19. Shows at nine Wednesday and Thursday, and at nine and eleven Friday and Saturday. Singer Helen Schneider begins a stint on Wednesday, July 23, at nine, and Candice Earley sings on Monday nights at eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon the RCA Building—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Pianist **MONTY ALEXANDER'S** trio and vibist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON'S** quartet share the bill through Sunday, July 20; pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and his All-Stars drop in on Monday, July 21; and starting Tuesday, July 22, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** quintet and pianist **MICHEL CAMILO'S** trio will trade sets. Music from nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until the heeltap of the night (about 4 A.M.), Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint leads a band. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, July 16, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Thursday, July 17, the Brazilian vocal and percussion team **FLORA PURIM & AIRTO**; Friday through Sunday, July 18-20, jazz fusionists **STEPS AHEAD**, with **MICHAEL BRECKER**, **MICHAEL MAINIERI**, **DARRYL JONES**, **MIKE STERN**, and Steve Smith; Monday, July 21, Peter Hammill; and Friday, July 25, **NRBQ**. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate duos. Bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** works with guitarist Jimmy Gourley through Saturday, July 19, and with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** beginning Monday, July 21; pianist **KENNY WERNER** flies all by himself on Sunday, July 20. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this little club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux and Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. **OSCAR BROWN, JR.**, sings here at nine and eleven every night except Monday. Dining.

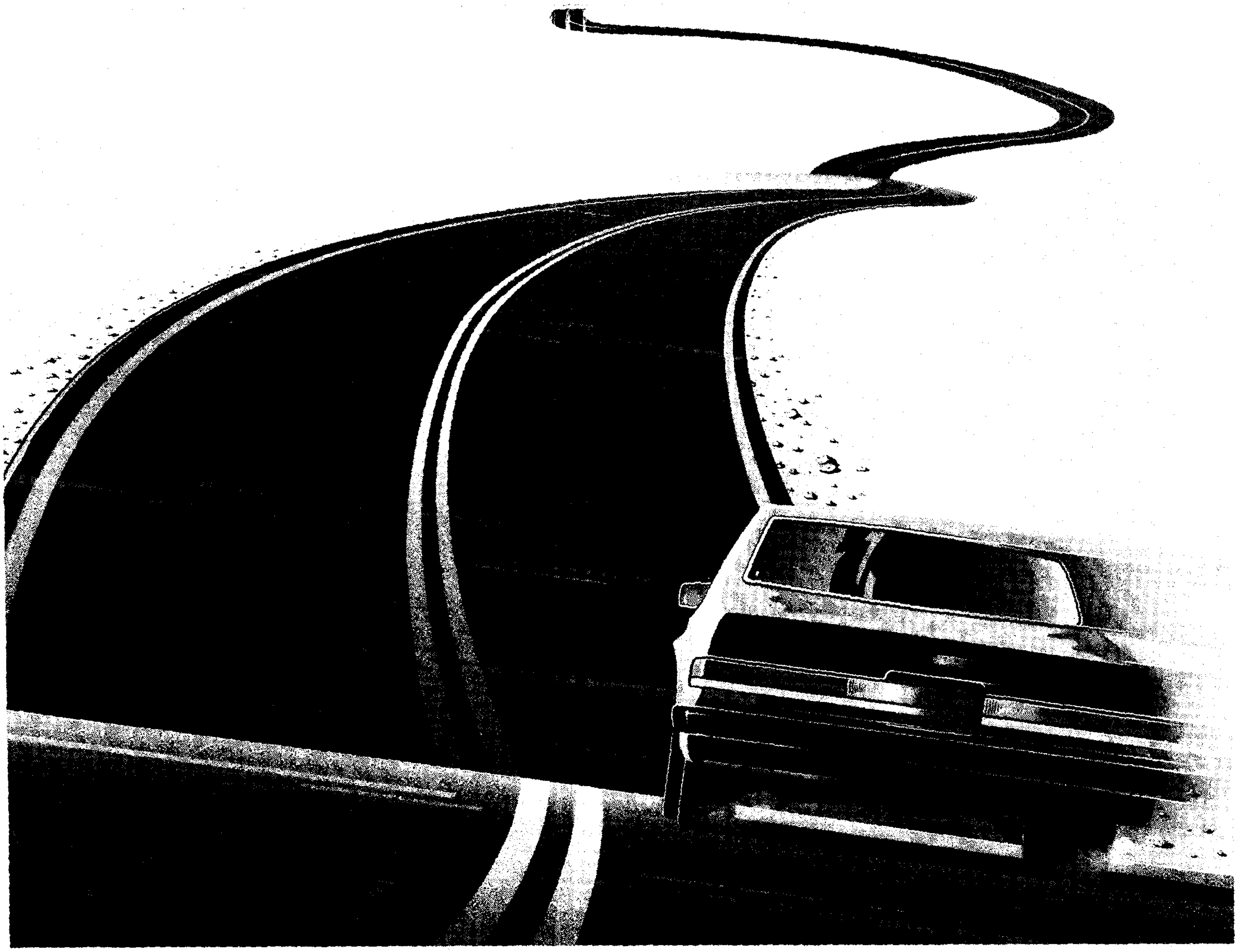
CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Bemelmans Bar you can listen to stride-piano specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you will find this comfortable boîte, where **JEAN CARNE** is singing Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20; the Brazilian *cantora* **ASTRUD GILBERTO** comes in on Thursday, July 24; Mondays belong to guitarist and storyteller (the late Rudy Vallée and his butler were the subjects the other night) **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MICHELE BAUTIER** is ensconced in this Turtle Bay club, singing Berlin, Ellington, Joe Raposo, and others, all very convincingly. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A former truck warehouse, where palm trees have a lot of room to grow and non-trucking types go to eat non-trucking food and listen to good pianists (solo or with a bassist). Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, **BILL MAYS**; Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CLINT HOUSTON**; Monday, July 21, Bill O'Connell; and Tues-



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day through Saturday, July 22-26, **KUNI MIKAMI**. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, **DAVID ALLYN** (who sang with Jack Teagarden's big band when he was seventeen) sings with guitarist Scott Hardy and a bassist; Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, pianist **WARREN CHIASSON**, and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **JUDY CARMICHAEL** presides through Saturday, July 19; she gives way to Mike Lipskin starting Tuesday, July 22. On Sunday, July 20, Jim Badzik will be at the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE** through Saturday, July 19, and starting Tuesday, July 22, to **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON**. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, July 16, True Believers, Wild Seed, and Doctor Mob; Friday, July 18, Max Creek and the Mindy J. Band; Saturday, July 19, Roomful of Blues and the Mindy J. Band; Sunday and Monday, July 20-21, Nils Lofgren; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23, the **RADIATORS**; Thursday, July 24, blues guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP** and Bobby Radcliff & the Illusions; and Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, the Kreutzman-Margen band. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ANITA O'DAY** (who sang with Gene Krupa's and Stan Kenton's bands in the forties) and **CHRIS CONNOR** (who sang with Kenton in the fifties) are singing together Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin jazz—is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. The lineup: Thursday, July 17, the Sports; Fridays and Saturdays, July 18-19 and July 25-26, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**; Monday, July 21, the Fusionaires; and Tuesday, July 22, Ilze Lemesin. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, **LOU REED** and the **DEL-LORDS**; Friday, July 18, Let's Active, Rain Parade, and Winter Hours; Saturday, July 19, the Church, Suburbs, and Cowboy Mouth; Thursday, July 24, Cactus World News; Friday, July 25, the **BLASTERS**; and Saturday, July 26, Adolescents, Descendants, and Social Unrest. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, July 16, North American music, with David Lindley and Blue Riddim; Thursday, July 17, R. & B. vocalist **BOBBY BLUE BLAND**; Friday and Saturday, July 18-19, **LOREMIL MACHADO**; Monday through Thursday, July 21-24, at ten, Jorge Ben; and Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, **MIKATA**. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine, and Fridays and Saturdays from eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Soprano saxophonist **STEVE LACY** (who is thought to have interested Coltrane in that instrument) is performing with his sextet through Sunday, July 20; the reformed **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET**, featuring original Jazztetist **CURTIS FULLER** on trombone, will commence a six-night stand on Tuesday, July 22. Trumpeter **OLU DARA** & the Okra Orchestra are on the bandstand on Mondays. Shows from about ten. Dining.

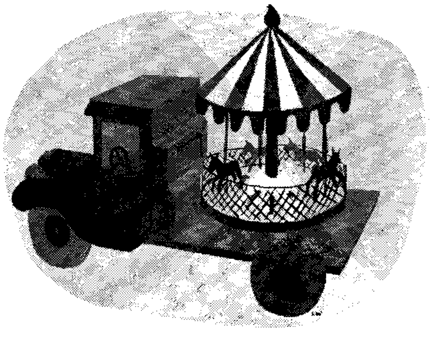
TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of the late Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO**; Fridays and Saturdays, July 18-19 and July 25-26, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Sunday, July 20, **BILLY BANG'S** Forbidden Planet; Monday, July 21, **JUMP STREET** and Bullet Proof; Tuesday, July 22, Melissa Murray and the Stigalators; and Wednesday, July 23, the Cor-Vairs, with Modern Pioneers. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, July 21, at nine, will be provided by **CHARLIE PALMIERI Y SU COMBO GIGANTE**, with Jimmy Sabater; **DANIEL PONCE & JAZZBATA**; and guitarist **KENNY BURRELL**, the guest jazz soloist. Dancing under the spinning, mirrored ball. . . . ¶ The Terrace Bar here is yet another worthy piano-bass platform. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** work together nightly, except Mondays. Music after nine-thirty. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. **ANNIE ROSS** sings with a trio headed by drummer **MEL LEWIS** through Sunday, July 20, and on Tuesday, July 22, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** (pianist **ROLAND HANNA**, saxophonist and flutist **FRANK WESS**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer Terry Lynn Carrington) arrives. Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. Singer **LODI CARR** and her expert accompanists (bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** and the buoyant **ROLAND HANNA**) will be in the house through Sunday, July 20; the **DOM MINASI GROUP** (with **MR. MINASI** on guitar, Dennis Moorman on piano, and **MICHAEL BOCCHICCHIO** on bass) takes charge on Wednesday, July 23. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The entryway to this downstairs club buzzes with black lights, the anteroom features a mural and a chaise longue on which to contemplate it, and the music-and-dining room has jazz. A father-and-son saxophone team, **JACKIE** and **RENE MC LEAN**, are on hand with their sextet through Sunday, July 20; on Tuesday, July 22, a combo led by organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** and saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD** moves in. Mondays are reserved for trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet (**JUNIOR COOK**, Vincent Harring, **JOHN HICKS, DAVID WILLIAMS**, and **MICHAEL CARVIN**). Sets begin at ten. . . . ¶ The roomy upstairs bar and restaurant called Joanna (675-7900) has big mirrors, huge photographs of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano, at which the un-florid **TOMMY FLANAGAN** can be found Tuesdays through Sundays. (Bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** keeps him company.) Pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **BOOTS MALESON** are the Monday-night duo. Music from about nine.



ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and guitarists and bassists in it. Guitarist **TAL FARLOW** plays with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** nightly, except Sundays. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

BOB DYLAN—With Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 8.)

JOE JACKSON—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday through Saturday, July 17-19, at 8.

RUN DMC—Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 19, at 7.

JAZZ IN JULY—The first three in a series of six concerts. Tuesday, July 22: Max Morath, Carrie Smith, Dick Hyman, and the 92nd Street Ragtime Concert Band conducted by Harvey Phillips. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Al Cohn & Buddy Tate, Derek Smith & Dick Hyman, the Copasetics, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks, Dick Hyman's 92nd Street Red Hot Peppers, Major Holley, Warren Vaché, Jr., and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

NEIL DIAMOND—Opening performances of an eight-day engagement. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, July 24-26, at 8.)

INXS—With Del Fuegos. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 26, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GASTON CHAISSAC (1910-64)—Totems, paintings, and drawings. Through Friday, July 18. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. Opens at noon.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

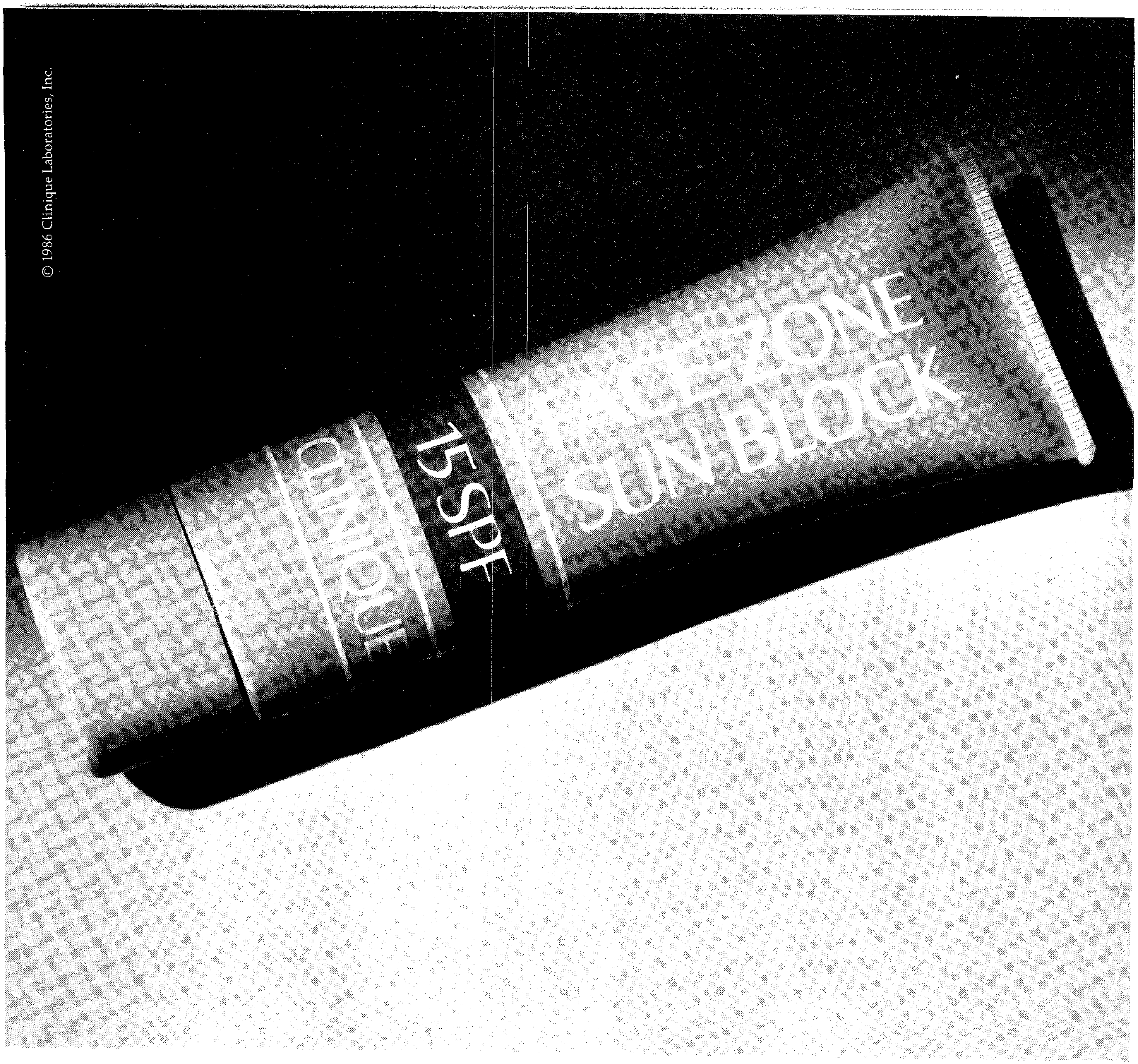
JAN GROTH / GERHARD RICHTER—Large black-and-white tapestries, plus pencil drawings, complement a show of the artist's work at the Guggenheim. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 8. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

ROBIN HILL / HANNAH VILLIGER—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of a photographic installation. Through Aug. 27. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ROBERT ISRAEL—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

DAVID MONTGOMERY—Cutout wall sculptures of torsos and figure fragments. The material is found metal, some of it with the patina that only time can give. Through July 31. (Thorp, 103 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during



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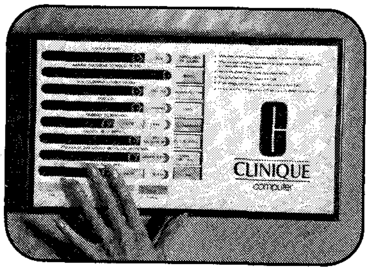

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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his life.) Through Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Rosenquist—Prints and drawings complement a show of his paintings at the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, July 25. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through July 30. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: The twenty-fifth annual Old Master print exhibition. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ The gallery has loaned to the Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, near Canal St., prints by artists (Baskin, Lozowick, Nevelson, others) who studied there. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE,** 11 E. 52nd St.: Linoleum cuts, woodcuts, and other graphics, dated 1914 and 1915, by fashion and interior designers connected with the Vienna Workshop (Wiener Werkstätte). Through Aug. 29. . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Four artists, from Germany, Scotland, Austria, and France, are participating in the initial Avenue Biennale. Through July 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Jacobo Borges, Roxi Marsen, and Jim Peters are among fifteen artists represented by paintings and works on paper. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **DAVIS,** 568 Broadway: Works by seven artists, including an abstract diptych by Andrea Belag and a wall sculpture in mixed mediums by Michael Gitlin. Through Saturday, July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Robert Goodnough, Stanley Boxer, Ron Gorchov, Tony Robbins, and others. Through Thursday, July 24. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through Saturday, July 26. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery regulars, who were asked to render something that is, for them, experimental, and by ten invited artists, who merely had to deliver large-scale drawings. William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, Jim Gingerich, and others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the Viennese exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: Paintings by Helmut Federle, Olivier Mosset, John Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschaub. Through Friday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: American paintings from the first fifty years of this century (by Demuth, Hartley, Marin, and others) and by contemporary gallery artists, among the latter Karen Breunig and John Heliker. Through July 31. . . . **LAMAGNA,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Tom Blackwell, Ted Weller, Mattie Berhang, and others, and photographic monoprints by Denny Moers. Through Aug. 1. . . . **LITTLEJOHN-SMITH,** 133 Greene St.: Twenty-four artists, among them William Wegman and Brad Davis, offer their interpretations of the dog days of summer. Through Aug. 20. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: A dark-green canvas with a ribbon of red, white, and blue painted down one side, by Annette Lemieux, and a stained-glass panel, by Matt Mullican, catch the eye in a four-person show. Christopher Wool and the collaborators Fortuyn/O'Brien are also shown. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Susan Rothenberg, Wayne Thiebaud, Donald Sultan, and others. Through July 31. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Visionary landscape paintings by Tod Wizon, a painting in mixed mediums by Brigitta Rohrbach, a large diptych by Chuck Connelly, and other works. Through Friday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PLUMB,** 81 Greene St.: Sculptures and paintings by seventeen artists, who include Jacques Flèchemuller, Brian Williams, and Hal Saulson. Through Friday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by first-generation American modernists Dove, Nadelman, Maurer, and others. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten young Italian artists. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through July 31. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight gallery artists, including Lilliana Porter, Steven Campbell, David Mach, and Dennis Kardon. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Contemporary Spanish residential and commercial architecture is summarized in a show of drawings, photographs, and models of twelve buildings. Through Aug. 7. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **VIAFORA,** 568 Broadway: Drawings by Judith Shea, Richard Artschwager, Francesco Clemente, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: An exhibit of unusual murals which affords a nice confrontation, on facing walls, between Sol LeWitt's cool, logical designs and one of Judy Pfaff's tangled caprices. The other artists are Michael Glier, Dorothea Rockburne, Vernon Fisher, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through Friday, July 25.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 231 E. 60th St. . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.) . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 415 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

Sculpture—At the **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Tony Cragg, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: An all-American all-abstraction selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by William King, Marisol, Linda Peer, and others. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Wendell MacRae (1896-1980)—Prints of New York in the thirties and forties by an artist who was a staff photographer for Rockefeller Center during its construction. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jay Maisel / **Todd Webb**—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Photographs and works that incorporate photographs, by Lee Friedlander, Sandra Haber, Gary Brotmeyer, and others. Through Friday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of seventy flutes, which date from the Renaissance to the present. Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivotal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. . . . ¶ A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni, and—*wunderbar*—an open-air period café.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. A complementary show is at the Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ "The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done in the period that paralleled the rise of abstractionism. European artists only; the works come from the permanent collections. Both shows start Friday, July 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of ink drawings, photographs, prints, and sculptures of imaginary machines, completed by Robert Cumming since the late sixties. Starts Thursday, July 17. . . . ¶ A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. A complementary show is at Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—On the third floor, refurbished galleries house the museum's Egyptian archeological and artistic works from 1291 to 30 B.C. . . . ¶ The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five contemporary artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer, including two of his best-known works—the bronze "Falling Gladiator" and the oil "Flight and Pursuit." Through July 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **NOTE:** A concert by jazz vocalist Elise Morris will be given in the garden on Tuesday, July 22, at 6:30.

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of the survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith, and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose households seem to have been enlivened with pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—The follies and vices of consumerism are considered through paintings, sculptures, and installations that exaggerate, in scale or number, common products. For example, humanlike figures, by Justen Ladda, which have jello for heads and numerous hands in urgent, buy-me, buy-me gestures. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A twelve-foot painted-plaster diorama of the Statue of Liberty made by its sculptor, Bartholdi, salutes visitors to a scholarly tribute entitled "Liberty: The French-American Statue in Art and History." Taking care of the art part are models, maquettes, photographs, and paintings, showing both the influences on the statue's design and some of the art engendered by it; the history section details funding, construction, shipping, negotiations, and the 1886 dedication by President Cleveland. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Alien Comic (performance), Wednesday and Thursday, July 16-17, at 10; Ethyl Eichelberger (performance), Thursday through Sunday, July 17-20, at 9; Peter Rose (performance), Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, at 8.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 16, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Faith Esham, Michael Cousins, Stephen Dickson, and Stanley Wexler; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Faith Esham, Michael Cousins, Stephen Dickson, and Stanley Wexler; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Werther," with Claudette Peterson, Wendy White, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh Wolff. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7—Wednesday, July 16: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17: Claudio Scimone conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Michala Petri, recorder. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 18-19: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21: The Cleveland Quartet, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 22-23: Edo de Waart conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Pommier and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 25-26: Edo de Waart conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. On Sunday, July 27, at 3, this program will be repeated. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 17, at 8:30: Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Haydn program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Trevor Pinnock conducting the Boston Symphony in a program of baroque music, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Trevor Pinnock conducting a Vivaldi-Handel program, with El-

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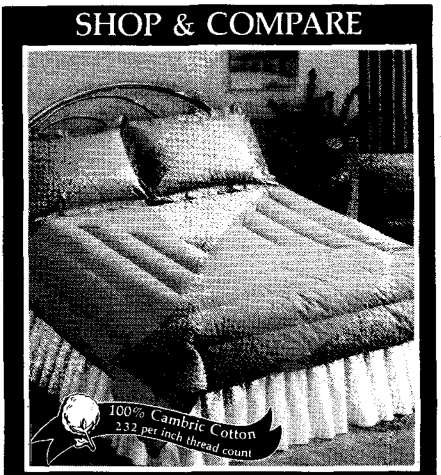

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mar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a Rachmaninoff-Wagner program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: Malcolm Lowe, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Brahms program, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Bernstein-Tchaikovsky program, with Mi Dori, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Mr. Brendel. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 17, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Robert Merfeld, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Robert Wolinsky, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Naoko Tanaka, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 20, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 4:15: The ensemble, with David Oei, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: The ensemble in an all-Mozart program, with Debra Vanderlinde, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 5:30: The ensemble in an all-Bach program, with Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday, July 16, at 8:15: "Interplay," "Antique Epigraphs," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 2: "Interplay," "La Source," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 17, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday, July 18, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "Episodes," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 2: "Interplay," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Glass Pieces," and "Union Jack." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** *Sunday, July 20, at 8:15:* The Moody Blues and the Fixx. . . . ¶ Monday, July 21, at 8:15: Starship and the Outfield. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 22, at 8:15: The Temptations and the Four Tops. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23, at 8:15: The Monkees, Herman's Hermits, Gary Puckett & the Union Gap, and the Grass Roots. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24, at 8:15: Joan Armatrading and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8:15: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:15: .38 Special and Honeymoon Suite. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 8:15: Mr. Mister and the Bangles. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Summerfare '86—A festival of music, dance, and theatre. **WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, AT 7:30:** Craig Smith conducting the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in a performance of Mozart's opera "Così Fan Tutte," staged by Peter Sellars. . . . **AT 7:45:** The Guthrie Theatre production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** "Crime and Punishment," a production of the Stary Teatr of Cracow, Poland. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 17, AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** "Crime and Punishment." . . . **AT 8:15:** The Bochumer Ensemble, from Germany, in a production of Schiller's melodrama "The Robbers." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 18, AT 7:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** The Feld Ballet, "Crime and Punishment," and the Gabrieli Quartet in an all-Haydn program. . . . **AT 8:15:** "The Robbers." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 19, AT 3:** "Crime and Punishment." . . . **AT 5:** The Gabrieli Quartet and pianist Gilbert Kalish in a program of chamber music and songs by Haydn. . . . **AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** The Feld Ballet, the Gabrieli Quartet and Mr. Kalish in another all-Haydn program, and "Crime and Punishment." . . . **AT 8:15:** "The Robbers." . . . **AT 10:45:** Harvie Swartz and Urban Earth. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 20, AT 2:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 2:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 3:** The Feld Ballet, the Gabrieli Quartet and Mr. Kalish in a third all-Haydn program, "The Robbers," and "Crime and Punishment." . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, AT 7:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 7:45, AND THURSDAY, JULY 24, AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 25, AT 7:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 8:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming," a play by Tom Murphy, presented by the Druid Theatre Company of Galway, Ireland. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus," a production of Compañias Divas, an all-female Mexican theatre troupe. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 26, AT 5:** An all-Haydn concert. . . . **AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre; and, also, Craig Smith directing the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Jeanne Ommerle, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, *mezzo-soprano;* Frederick Urrey, tenor; Sanford Sylvan, bass-baritone; and the Westchester Choral Society. . . . **AT 8:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus." . . . **AT 10:45:** Leroy Jenkins' Sting. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 27, AT 2:** Joan Benson, clavichord and fortepiano; Barbara Harbach, harpsichord; and Mr. Kalish in a four-hour program of Haydn sonatas. . . . **AT 2:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 3:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 3:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming." . . . **AT 3:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus." (State University of New York, at Purchase. Through Sunday, Aug. 3. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900. For information about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 963-6585.)

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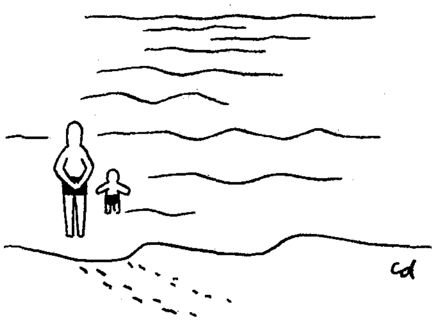
Waterloo Festival Orchestra—Two in a series of six weekly concerts. Saturday, July 19, at 8:30: Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Nai-Yuan Hu, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. At 7:30, Mr. Schwarz will conduct a pre-concert performance of Barber's "Mutations from Bach," for brass choir and tympani. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet, modern, and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, July 19: The American Ballroom Theatre and the Jacob's Pillow Ballet Ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 22-26: The Mark Morris Dance Group. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Chicago, Thursday and Friday, July 17-18, *at 7:30; Saturday, July 19, at 3:20* (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 2, and will include a couple of innings involving members of the 1961 Yankee team); and Sunday, July 20, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Monday and Tuesday, July 21-22, at 7:30, and Wednesday, July 23, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, July 25, at 7:30, and Saturday, July 26, at 1:30.



Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 19; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 20; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 19, and the Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 26. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 26.

Tennis—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Sunday, July 20, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 21-25, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 26, at *12:30; and finals Sunday, July 27, at 12:30.* For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Final free performances of **TWELFTH NIGHT,** with F. Murray Abraham and Peter MacNicol. The first of three productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Through Sunday, July 20. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. James Conlon conducting works by French and American composers in the first in a series of three programs. **BOTANICAL GARDEN,** Bronx, Thursday, July 17, at 8. . . . ¶ Gunther Herbig will conduct the second program. **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Tuesday, July 22, at 8. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Wednesday, July 23, at 8.

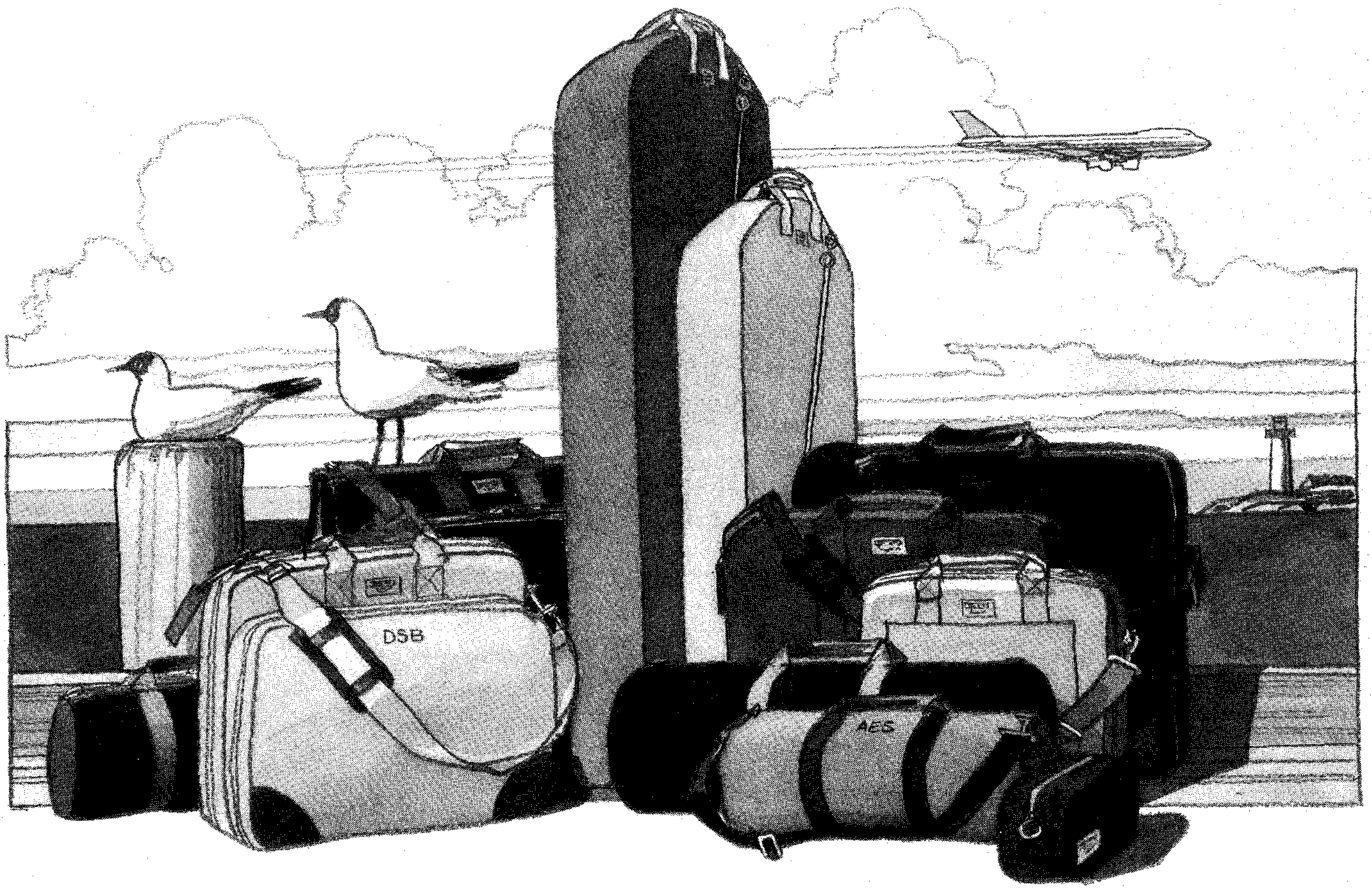
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8.) . . . ¶ The Canadian Brass. (Tuesday, July 22, at 7.)

Central Park Mall—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the second and third in a series of four productions. Thursday, July 17, at 7:30 (rain date, Aug. 1): Verdi's "La Traviata." . . . Thursday, July 24, at 7:30 (rain date, Aug. 12): Verdi's "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio." . . . ¶ Fourteen Karat Soul and Lunatune, performing a cappella. (Saturday, July 19, at 3.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Three performances in the Prospect Park Bandshell. Friday, July 18, at 8: Lukas Foss conducting a program of American music. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 19, at 8: Anton Coppola conducting music from Italian operas, with singers from Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8: Tania León conducting a program of symphonic jazz, with Noel Pointer, violin. (In the event of rain, concerts will take place in the Park's Picnic House.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summer series. Tuesday, July 22: The Monkees, Herman's Hermits, Gary Puckett & the Union Gap, and the Grass Roots. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 23: Public Image Ltd. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: Joan Armatrading and Graham Nash. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Washington Square Park—Daniel Asia conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 22, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)



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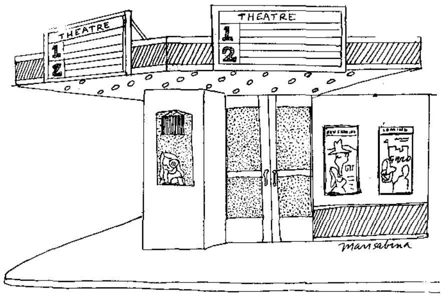

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 17: "Carmen Jones" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).
July 18-24: "After Hours" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).
From July 25: A program of films by Larry Cohen; and "Dreamchild" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Club Paradise" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"About Last Night . . . " (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 17: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 3: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"About Last Night . . . " (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 17: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through July 22: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
From July 23: "Love Songs" (Elie Chouraqui), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Big Trouble" (John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin. From July 18: "Saving Grace."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Top Gun" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang. From July 18: "Malcolm" (Nadia Tass), with Colin Friels and John Hargreaves.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 2: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 2: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Legal Eagles" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins. From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 22: "Pigs and Battleships" (1961; directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Hiroyuki Nagato. From July 23: "Meantime" (1983; Mike Leigh), with Marion Bailey; and other films produced by Britain's Channel 4 television.
Theatre 2: July 16: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. July 17-19: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn. July 20-21: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Miracle in Milan" (†). July 22-23: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "Il Grido" (†). July 24-26: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "Tea in the Harem" (Mehdi Charef; in French). From July 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 24: "Brazil" (†).
From July 25: To be announced.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Top Gun" (†). From July 18: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch). From July 25: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Hard Choices" (Rick King). From July 25: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.
Theatre 3: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 17: "F/X" (†). From July 18: "Salvador" (Oliver Stone), with James Woods and John Savage.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Big Trouble" (John Cassavetes), with Peter Falk and Alan Arkin.
Theatre 2: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 3: "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through July 17: "American Anthem" (Albert Magnoli), with Mitch Gaylord and Janet Jones.
From July 18: "Pirates" (Roman Polanski), with Walter Matthau.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in German), with Nastassja Kinski.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"About Last Night . . . " (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From July 18: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin), with Wang.
Theatre 3: "The Girl in the Picture" (Cary Parker), with John Gordon-Sinclair and Irina Brook.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Rainy Day Friends" (Gary Kent), with Esai Morales. From July 18: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Caro-

line Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "About Last Night . . ." (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 17: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. July 18-24: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins. July 18-24: (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Psycho III." From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: Through July 17: "Labyrinth." July 18-24: "Top Gun" (†). From July 25: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 4: Through July 17: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield. July 18-24: (Matinées only) "Labyrinth;" and (evenings only) "Back to School." From July 25: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "The Color Purple" (†). From July 25: "Club Paradise."
Theatre 4: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 5: "Raw Deal" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 17: "The Manhattan Project" (†). From July 18: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (†).
Theatre 4: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film. (No performances on Wednesday, July 16.)

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 18: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Big Trouble in Little China." From July 18: "Aliens."

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (Alan Metter), with Rodney Dangerfield.

REVIVAL HOUSES

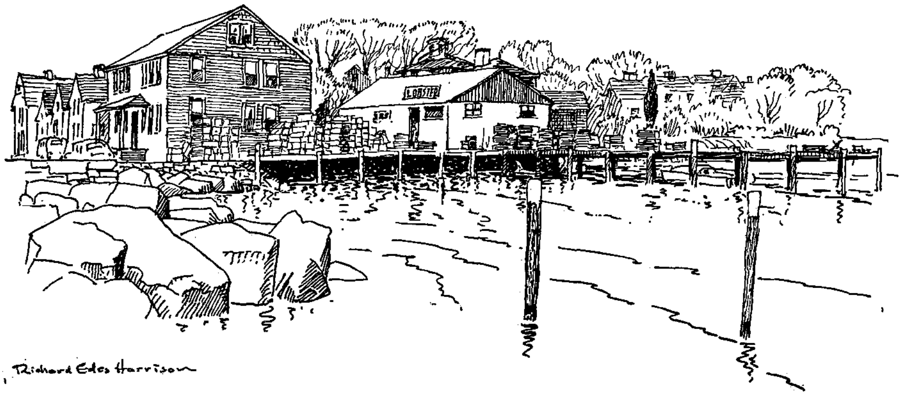
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 17: "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; directed by John Sayles); and "The Lady in Red" (1986), with Pamela Sue Martin.
July 18-19: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.
July 20-22: "I Am Curious—Yellow" (1967; Vilgot Sjöman; in Swedish); and "I Am Curious—Blue" (1970; Vilgot Sjöman; in Swedish).
July 23-24: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Zardoz" (†).
July 25-26: "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg), with Paul Hampton; "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; and "Rabid" (1977; David Cronenberg), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore.

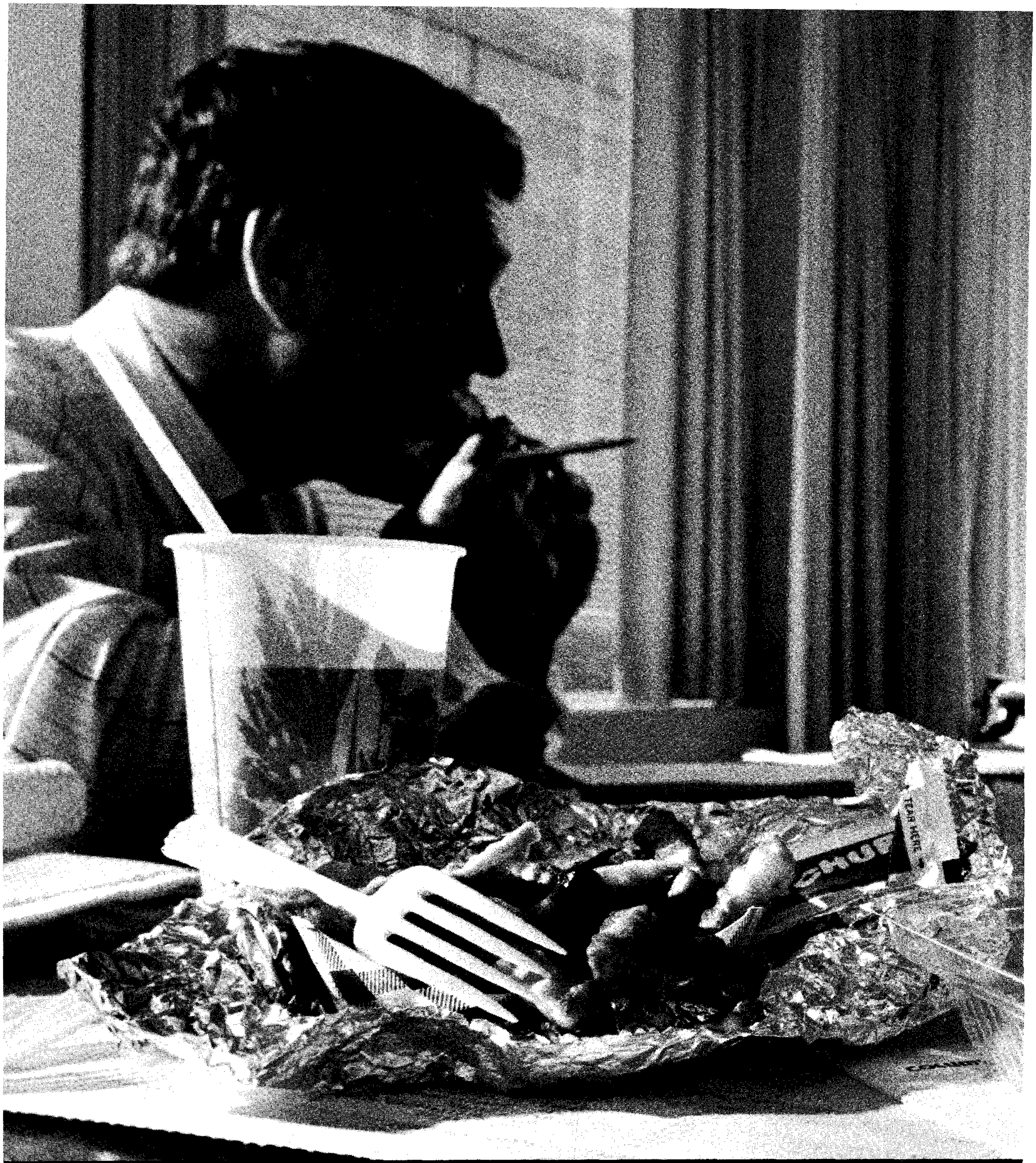
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 16: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers; and "If I Had a Million" (1932), with an all-star cast, including Gary Cooper, Charles Laughton, and W. C. Fields.
July 17-19: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
July 20-21: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (†); and "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas.
July 22-23: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "The Worst Woman in Paris?" (1933; Monta Bell), with Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, and Harvey Stephens.
July 24-26: "Topper" (†); and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 16: "The Tingler" (1960; William Castle), with Vincent Price; "Shanks" (1974; William Castle), with Marcel Marceau; and "Homicidal" (William Castle), with Glenn Corbett.
July 17: "Smile" (1975; Michael Ritchie), with Bruce Dern, Barbara Feldon, and Michael Kidd; and "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt.
July 18: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt; and "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano.
July 19: "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and "The Witches" (1969), a five-episode film.
July 20: "A Slave of Love" (†); and "An Unfinished Piece for Player Piano" (1977; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).
July 21: A program of cartoons.
July 22: "Macaroni" (1985; Ettore Scola), with Jack Lemmon and Marcello Mastroianni; and "A Special Day" (†).
July 23: "Café Flesh" (1983); and "Demon Seed" (1977; Donald Cammell), with Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver.
July 24: "The Company of Wolves" (1985; Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner; and "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974; Jaromil Jires; a Czech film).
July 25-26: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†); and "The Kirlian Witness" (1978; Jonathan Sarno).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 16: "Pather Panchali" (1954; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "Aparajito" (1957; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).
July 17: A program of cartoons.
July 18-19: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Road Games" (1982; Richard Franklin), with Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis.
July 20: "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "The Condemned of Altona" (1963; Vittorio De Sica), with Sophia Loren, Maximilian Schell, Fredric March, and Robert Wagner.
July 21: "Doomed Love" (1984; Andrew Horn); and "Impostors" (1981; Mark Rappaport), with Peter Evans and Charles Ludlam.
July 22: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski) and "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), both documentaries about punk rock.
July 23: "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "The Music Room" (1958; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).
July 24: A program of cartoons.
July 25-26: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (†); and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 16: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
July 17: "These Three" (1936; William Wyler), with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea; and "The Browning Version" (1951; Anthony Asquith), with Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent, and Nigel Patrick.
July 18-19: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.
July 20: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian).
July 21: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German); and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (1924; Mauritz Stiller; a Swedish silent film), with Greta Garbo and Lars Hanson.
July 22: "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, and Dick Powell; and "In Old Chicago" (†).
July 23: "Detective Story" (†); and "The





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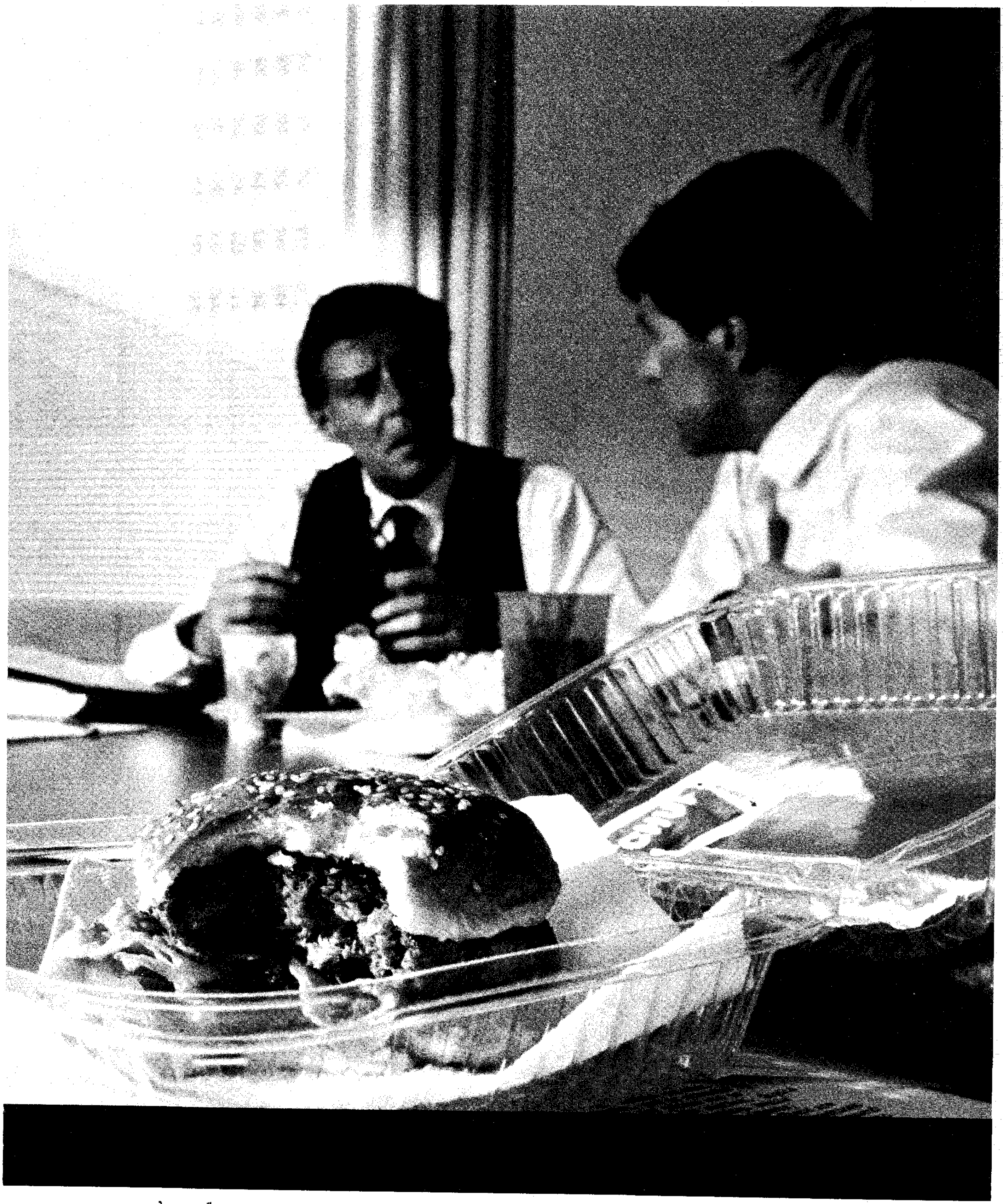

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Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, Dewey Martin, and Gig Young.

July 24: "Performance" (†); and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

July 25-26: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum *after 11 on the day of the showing.)*

THEATRE 1: July 17 at 2:30: "Riusciranno i Nostri Eroi . . ." (1968; directed by Ettore Scola; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Bernard Blier, and Nino Manfredi. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: In Nome del Popolo Italiano" (1971; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ July 18 at 2:30: "Per Grazia Ricevuta" (1971; Nino Manfredi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Manfredi and Lionel Stander. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6: "Pane e Cioccolata" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2: "Teresa the Thief" (1975; Carlo Di Palma; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti and Stefano Satta Flores. . . . ¶ July 19 at 5: "La Tosca" (1973; Luigi Magni), with Monica Vitti, Luigi Proietti, Vittorio Gassman, and Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Pane e Cioccolata." . . . ¶ July 20 at 5: "Per Grazia Ricevuta." . . . ¶ July 21 at 6: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Patricia Neal, Michael Rennie, Hugh Marlowe, and Sam Jaffe. Mr. Wise will be present. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30: "La Tosca." . . . ¶ July 22 at 6: "Teresa the Thief." . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "Love and Anarchy" (1971; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato. . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "Swept Away" (1974; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Le Farò da Padre" (1974; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Luigi Proietti and Irene Papas. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Scent of a Woman" (1974; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2: "Swept Away." . . . ¶ July 26 at 5: "Love and Anarchy."

THEATRE 2: Theatre closed.

GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 16: "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" (1948; H. C. Potter), with Cary Grant and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ July 17: "Each Dawn I Die" (1939; William Keighley), with James Cagney and George Raft. . . . ¶ July 18: "Oklahoma!" (1955; Fred Zinnemann), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ July 21: "Death on the Nile" (1978; John Guillermin), with Peter Ustinov. . . . ¶ July 22: "Once Upon a Time in America" (1984; Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro, Elizabeth McGovern, and Treat Williams. . . . ¶ July 23: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint. . . . ¶ July 24: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ July 25: "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. (All showings at 6:30. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ABOUT LAST NIGHT . . .—In "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, Bernie, the major character, is a macho braggart; his stooge, the passive Danny, soaks up Bernie's poison—his obsession that women are out to trap them. In this adaptation, written by Tim Kazurinsky and Denise DeClue, and directed by Edward Zwick (it's his first picture), Danny, played by Rob Lowe, is the major character—and a hero. He's intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). The movie is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together—except that Bernie is around yelling, and Joan keeps putting everybody down. The screenwriters retain much of Mamet's dialogue, but they piece it out, and the director punches up the breaks between scenes with rock music. It's like being pounded on the back every two minutes when your back is already sore (because the dialogue has been whacking you so hard). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who, in her first screen appearance, brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (New Gramercy, Sutton, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

AFTER HOURS—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (9/23/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 18-24.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (8th St. Playhouse; through July 24.)

CARMEN JONES (1954)—The setting of Bizet's "Carmen" has been changed from Mérimée's Spain to Jacksonville, Florida, and the libretto has been rewritten by Oscar Hammerstein II, who provides colloquial, rather basic lyrics, but the music retains much of its excitement in this flamboyant version with an all-black cast. Dorothy Dandridge is a marvellous-looking Carmen—fiery and petulant, with whiplash hips in a hot-pink skirt. (Her singing was dubbed by Marilyn Horne.) The man Carmen destroys is played by Harry Belafonte, who seems miscast and miserable (he was also dubbed). It's somewhat frustrating to watch performers who *can* sing but aren't allowed to; of the principals, only Pearl Bailey sings in her own voice. She's pure, comic energy up there in the center of the screen, and the director, Otto Preminger, seems to just stand back, enjoying her, like the rest of us. This movie is terribly uneven—best when it's gaudy and electric, worst in its more realistically staged melodramatic moments, especially toward the end. The cast includes Diahann Carroll, Olga James, Joe Adams, Nick Stewart, and Brock Peters. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 17.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres; through July 24.)

DETECTIVE STORY (1951)—The brash, hyperactive Sidney Kingsley melodrama set in a precinct station house, directed by William Wyler. The action is stagy, but there's certainly enough going on. Kirk Douglas plays a brutal detective, full of hatred for the offenders who cross his path, and Eleanor Parker is his wife. When he learns that she once had an affair with a gangster, he can't forgive her, and then can't live with himself. That's only one of the interrelated stories, which involve Lee Grant as a flirtatious shoplifter and Joseph Wiseman as a seasoned burglar, as well as George Macready, William Bendix, and Horace McMahon. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema; through July 17.)

IL GRIDO (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintry film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man. It's poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been

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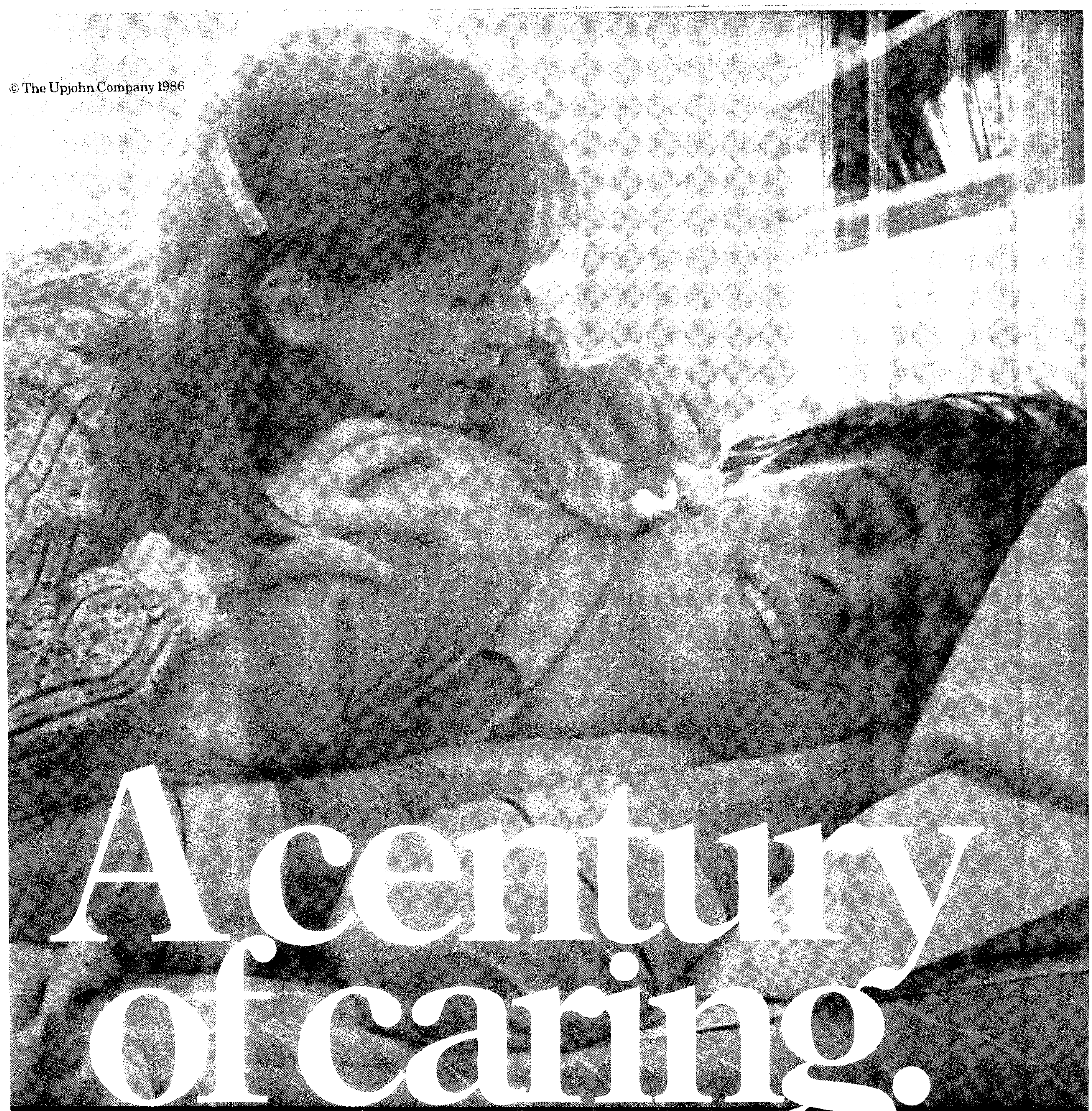

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living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 22-23.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and New Carnegie.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Alice Brady has a few miraculous scenes as Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicks over a lamp and starts the big blaze. The remainder of the film, which features Don Ameche as her goody-boy son and Tyrone Power as her shrewd, black-sheep scamp, is on a different level altogether. It's a mediocre, though jolly, quasi-historical melodrama involving brawls, riots, capricious temperaments, police squads, café ladies, gaudy saloons, and Alice Faye smiling that great open smile of hers that makes it possible to forgive her acting and to bask in her mellow-voiced numbers. Henry King directed. With Gene Reynolds, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, and Andy Devine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford bestirs himself more than he did in "The Natural" and "Out of Africa," and he reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket, and she's practically deadpan. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. Except for David Clennon as a bug-eyed assistant D.A. who's a complete stinker, everybody is unformed or only partly formed. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman, from a script credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr., the movie, which is set in the art world, seems to have taken the scandal of how Mark Rothko's estate was managed and scrambled it up with pieces of romantic comedy-thrillers such as "Charade," and courtroom comedies such as "Adam's Rib." It's all plot, and the plot is all holes; it's not just that it doesn't add up right—most of the episodes don't quite make sense. About all that carries the movie along is the functional—and occasionally smooth, bright—dialogue. This was the wrong kind of movie for Ivan Reitman to have attempted; it needed a director with style. Reitman endows it with the visual excitement of a Rotary Club lunch, and the most you can say for the square cinematography (by Laszlo Kovacs) is that it's instantly scannable. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—Amateurish yet funny, in a gross way. A simpleton (Jonathan Haze) who works in a florist shop has a prize plant that becomes a voracious blood-seeking man-eater. It cries, "Feed me! Feed me!" The film is notable for the performance that Jack Nicholson gives in a minor role; as a pain freak who is in ecstasy in a dentist's chair, he shows the comic intensity that later made him a star. Produced and directed by Roger Corman. (Thalia, and Thalia SoHo; July 25-26.)

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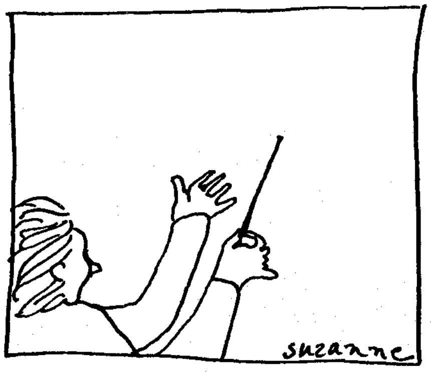
The Manhattan Project—The writer-director Marshall Brickman and his co-writer, Thomas Baum, have a knack for capturing the way brainy people talk to each other, and how ridiculous and touching they can be. John Lithgow plays a beaming, self-conscious nuclear scientist, the director of a new, secret government research center in Ithaca, New York. He courts a woman (Jill Eikenberry) whose prankish seventeen-year-old son (Christopher Collet), a scientific wizard, swipes plutonium from the center and builds a homemade nuclear bomb to enter in the competition of high-school students at the National Science Fair. The movie is about how the boy's folly forces the man to shed the illusion that he's apolitical and face up to his responsibilities. When this bland moral rectitude takes over, the film's comedy spirit withers. But there are a lot of enjoyable things. With Cynthia Nixon, Warren Manzi, and Sully Boyar. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres; through July 17.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—Part social satire, part fantasy, this Vittorio De Sica film suggests a childlike view of Dostoyevski's "The Idiot." A fun-loving old lady finds a newborn baby in a cabbage patch. The baby becomes Toto the Good, the happy man who loves everyone; when he is frustrated in his desire to help people the old lady, now an angel, comes down and gives him the power to work miracles. Toto the hero, naïve and full of love, organizes a hobo shantytown into an ideal community, but the social contradictions are ludicrously hopeless—not even magic powers can resolve them. The failure of innocence here is touchingly absurd; the film is stylized poetry, and it is like nothing else that De Sica ever did. Francesco Golisano is perfect as Toto; the heroine, Brunella Bovo, is what Chaplin's heroines should have been but weren't. The film provides a beautiful role for that great, almost legendary lady of the Italian theatre, Emma Gramatica (many, many years before, she had taken over Duse's roles and acted under the direction of D'Annunzio); as the supremely silly old woman of De Sica's fairy tale, she is as yielding and permissive as his Umberto D. is proud and stubborn. In Italian. (Film Forum; July 20-21.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—Frank Capra-style folk humor is better in slightly shorter doses (this runs almost two hours), but there's no use fighting one's enjoyment of his homey fantasy demonstrating the triumph of small-town values over big-city cynicism. Gary Cooper (Longfellow Deeds) is the sincere greeting-card poet from New England who comes to New York; Jean Arthur is the wiseacre newspaperwoman who starts out by making a public joke of him and then falls in love with him. Robert Riskin adapted the Clarence Budington Kelland *SatEvePost* story "Opera Hat." The cast includes George Bancroft, Lionel Stander, and Douglass Dumbrille. (Regency; July 20-21.)



Mona Lisa—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison, given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds; he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hangouts, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox, as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background, meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

Raw Deal—It's reprehensible and enjoyable, the kind of movie that makes you feel brain dead in two minutes—after which point you're ready to laugh at its mixture of trashiness, violence, and startlingly silly crude humor. As a lawman who infiltrates the biggest mob in Chicago, Arnold Schwarzenegger is a puzzling, cartoon phenomenon, like a walking brick wall, and the director, John Irvin, sets the other characters to bouncing off that wall. The cast includes Kathryn Harrold, who shows the physical abandon of a good slapstick comedienne; Sam Wanamaker, who has some juicy, egocentric moments as the gangland boss; and Paul Shenar, Steven Hill, Darren McGavin, and Ed Lauter. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A lot of normally bright people seem to like getting dumbed-out when they go to movies in the summer, and that may explain the whooping-it-up audience for this cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker—from a script, by Dale Launer, that provides a semblance of clever construction, though you see each complication being set in place. (The plot is a reworking of an O. Henry twist that has served many other screenwriters, as in the 1967 "The Happening.") (7/14/86) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Six-plex, and Embassy 1.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy had a comic spark in "WarGames" (1983), and as the skittish wacko she pepped up "The Breakfast Club" (1985), but she's painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" is hit by lightning and comes alive, and his wide-spaced big round eyes (they're like coy headlights) tell you that the moviemakers had him designed to be a lovable robot version of E.T. This robot—Number Five—escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in. Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five (who is charmed by butterflies) from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed; it required a lot of craftsmanship to make it, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. In one sequence, Number Five watches TV, sees John Travolta dance in John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), and imitates his moves; since Badham also directed "Short Circuit," the scene may make you uncomfortable. It reminds you that the characters in his films (he did "WarGames," too, and also "Blue Thunder" and "American Flyers") have become more and more mechanized. As a scientist from India who has assisted Guttenberg in the creation of the robots, Fisher Stevens is the film's resident comic; he keeps misusing American expressions. It's such an obvious and repetitive gag that when you laugh you feel contempt for yourself. Also with Austin Pendleton, Brian McNamara, and Tim Blaney's voice (for Number Five). The sucking-up-to-youth script is by S. S. Wilson and Brent Maddock. (Embassy.)

A Slave of Love (1978)—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei), whose alertness glimmers. She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow. the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (Thalia, July 20.)

A Special Day (1977)—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. This movie is perfectly calibrated for its teeny bit of courage: the big stars playing uncharacteristic roles. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned. Their humiliation draws them together for a few hours, and we see that society has wronged them, cruelly. This strenuous exercise in sensitivity was directed by Ettore Scola in a style that might be called genteel shamelessness. In Italian. (Thalia; July 22.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; through July 17. ¶ Olympia Quad, July 18-24.)

Topper (1937)—Much fun: a sophisticated fantasy, with Cary Grant and Constance Bennett as a high-stepping married couple, George and Marion Kirby. Killed in an automobile accident, they return as elegant, ectoplasmic pranksters and drive banker Cosmo Topper (Roland Young) to happy distraction. Norman Z. McLeod directed this adaptation of the Thorne Smith novel. For those who don't know why Constance Bennett was a big movie star, her provocative, teasing Marion Kirby should provide the answer. With Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and Hedda Hopper. (Regency; July 24-26.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. And the movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through July 17.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyperintellectual, immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. "Zardoz" is a glittering cultural trash pile, and probably the most gloriously fatuous movie since "The Oscar." With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race, and Sara Kestelman. (Cinema Village; July 23-24.)

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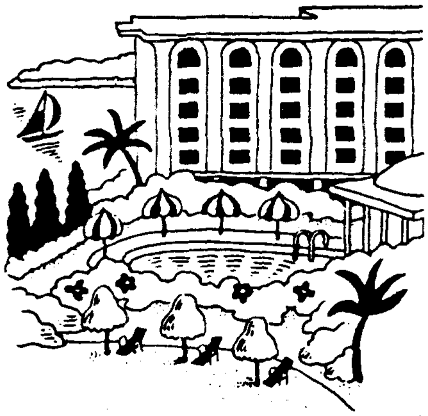

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT was reported in the *Times* just recently that in 1972, back in the days when our government was involved in assassination attempts against foreign officials (or probably we should say back in the days when the public was being *told* that the government was involved in assassination attempts against foreign officials), some "law-enforcement officials" in the Nixon Administration proposed the "total and complete immobilization" of Panama's chief intelligence officer, Lieutenant Colonel Manuel Antonio Noriega. The proposal was one of five "options" presented to John E. Ingersoll, the Director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. The other options, according to the *Times*, were "linking the official to a fictitious plot against General Torrijos," "leaking information on drug trafficking to the press," "linking his removal to negotiations over the future status of the Panama Canal," and "secretly encouraging powerful groups in Panama to raise the issue" of his corruption. (The assassination option was not acted upon, and Noriega, now General Noriega, went on to become "the politically dominant force" in Panama, from which position, according to the *Times*, he continues his trafficking in drugs.) Putting aside a few other questions—how "law-enforcement officials" found themselves recommending an assassination, how anyone makes the choice between "leaking information" about someone and killing him, and whether our government should attempt to assassinate anyone (well, let's not put that one aside: we don't think it should)—we fell to wondering how those officials arrived at the phrase "total and complete immobilization." Euphemisms attempt to make what is shocking or horrifying look neutral and acceptable, and in this the phrase seems to us not altogether successful. There is some crosscurrent in it of an urge to disclose and reveal. We tried to imagine the conversation in which it was formulated.

Assistant Attorney General X: Well, we could always immobilize the guy.

Assistant A.G.Y: Immobilize him. Yeah—get him fired, fired from the government altogether. That's great.

Assistant A.G.X: I mean *totally* immobilize him. Really totally.

Assistant A.G.Y: I see—not just fired but indicted and put in jail.

Assistant A.G.X: You're not getting my drift. I mean total and *complete* immobilization. Colonel Noriega isn't moving anymore. He isn't going anywhere—ever again.

Or:

Assistant A.G.X: Now let's write down Option Four. We could skip the press leaks, the diplomatic gestures, the arm-twisting with the "powerful groups," and just blow the guy into a million pieces with a few sticks of *plastique* under the seat of his car.

Assistant A.G.Z: Not so loud. We don't say that. We use other words: "termination," "elimination," "immobilization." For deniability.

Assistant A.G.X: Deniability is fine, but I don't know about "immobilization." I've never heard that one before.

Assistant A.G.Z: What about "total immobilization"?

Assistant A.G.X: Still lacks something.

Assistant A.G.Z: O.K.—"total and complete immobilization."

Whatever the conversation, the phrase was an amateur job. We can only hope that our law-enforcement officials are better at law enforcement than this crowd was at law-breaking. To kill a person is the worst you can do to him, and it's hard to find words that drain this terrible act of its meaning. "Immobilization" was a good start, but "total and complete," with its redundancy and its overtones of barely suppressed hysteria, gave the game away. In spite of itself, it let a little whiff of the truth into the world.

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ALL over town, Pudgy Roberts has posted hundreds of notices that say "Wanted Reliable & Attractive Young Men & Women to Pass Out Flyers in Clown Make-Up. A Easy and Fun Way to Earn $$. Experience Welcome, but Not Necessary. Opportunity to Earn Unlimited Income. Excellent Benefits. Guaranteed Positions Available Downtown & Midtown. Call Pudgy Roberts—(212) 244-4270."

Sandra Seewald, who, along with her husband, owns Golden Path Jewelry, Ltd., at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Forty-third Street, looked out the window of their store one recent afternoon and said, "I'm sure my husband wouldn't have minded a Linda Evans type, but this is what Pudgy sent."

A woman who was dressed as a bride but was not in fact a bride stood, with her *faux* groom, on the sidewalk in front of Golden Path Jewelry and distributed advertising flyers that announced a spectacular sale ("Up to 75% below retail . . . Sign Up for Our DIAMOND Give-A-Way"). This was right after a lunch break, which the bride and groom had spent on the plaza next to the W. R. Grace Building, eating hot dogs. The bride, who looked much younger than Linda Evans—also less blond and less slender—was Denise. The groom was Marcos. Pudgy Roberts had sent them.

"The way I see what I'm doing is I'm trying to break a record here," said Denise as she informed passersby that Golden Path Jewelry was offering diamond-stud earrings for sixty dollars a pair. "When have you seen a bride spend this much time in a gown?" Denise, who has also earned unlimited income and excellent benefits dressed as a clown, was nearing the end of her second full week dressed as a bride. She wore a white gown and veil, a rhinestone tiara, purple sunglasses, white sneakers, and a Sony Walkman. Marcos had been a professional groom only three days. "Last week, I had three different husbands," Denise said. "But I think this guy will be with me for a while. The other ones—I don't know, they quit. This guy, I think he'll stay."

Before Marcos worked for Pudgy Roberts, he spent some time not working. Before that, he worked in a casino in Reno. Marcos had a goatee and a steady smile, and he wore a black tuxedo, black canvas sneakers, a white shirt, and a black velvet clip-on bow tie.

"Pudgy says this work is good therapy for yourself," Denise said. "You get in a happy mood, and you get other people in happy moods."

An elderly man in a gray pin-striped suit and a gray homburg accepted a flyer and said, "You just got married? How's it working out so far?" He was followed by two young women who looked at Denise and said, "Don't do it!"

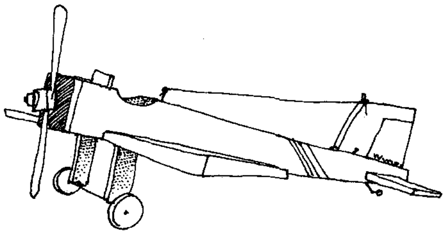
"This wedding dress definitely attracts attention," Denise said. "Guys come by and say, 'Hey, I do.' And I say, 'Hey, too bad, because I don't.' But I like this job. You're not really obligated. You can, you know, take time off—I'm planning to go to Florida for a couple of weeks—and come back. You meet interesting people. It's not like being married."

Denise and Marcos have no plans to get married in real life. "I'm too young to get married," Denise said. "I have my whole life ahead of me." Not to mention that Marcos is already married and has three children.

"I know his wife," Denise said. "She's another clown."

THE next morning, shortly after eight o'clock, Pudgy Roberts sat in his office at the international headquarters of the Pudgy Roberts flyer-distribution empire. On Liberty Street, south of the World Trade Center, there is a Roy Rogers Family Restaurant. The rear booth near the stairway on the second floor—that's Pudgy's office. "This is a central meeting point," Pudgy said. "I'm here every weekday. If I don't show up, that means there's no work." Usually, there is work. Seated in the adjacent booths were Marcos and his wife, Sandy, and also Jerry, Angel, Carla, Ed, and Angelo. A clown named Bob had already gone off to the Concourse Coffee Shop, on lower Broadway, to wear a sandwich board. Sandy, Jerry, and Angel were destined for various Crazy Eddie sites, as clowns, and Carla, also a clown, had a date at Uptown Girl, on East Twenty-third Street. The proprietors of 47th Street Photo, one of Pudgy's steady accounts, prefer civilians, so Ed and Angelo would handle that job disguised as themselves.

Although Pudgy Roberts is fifty years old, he believes that he looks fifteen years younger. He has curly dark hair, brown eyes, a significant nose, a small mouth, a cleft chin, and a broad, fleshy face. The other morning, he wore a black-and-white shirt with beige lions printed on it, and black shorts. By turns, Sandy, Carla, and Angel sat across the table from Pudgy, and he applied their make-up—white faces with red circles on the cheeks, red lips, and a vertical black line below each eye. After being made up, each clown received a costume: red satin pants, red-and-white striped sweater, red-and-white neck ruffle, red fright wig. Jerry did not require Pudgy's assistance; he had done his own makeup and put on his costume at home. Each workday, he paints one eye orange and the other eye yellow and puts on an orange wig and an orange satin jumpsuit and then rides the subway to the World Trade Center.



Before Pudgy got into the flyer-distribution business, he had a few other careers. He decorated windows, drew portraits on the boardwalk in Atlantic City, and wrote a gossip column. "I have a book that's coming out later this year," he said. "I shouldn't tell you the title, because it's too controversial. It will sell millions of copies. It's called 'Proof: There Is Absolutely No God.' I'm a great compiler of reference material. I go to the library, do research, study, and learn. The quest, to learn about life—that is everything. And I know where to go to get the cheapest things."

Pudgy endeavors to run a low-overhead operation. The main items in his expense budget are greasepaint, clown costumes, photocopying, billboard paste, and subway tokens. On a good day, a clown should be able to pass out two hundred and fifty flyers per hour. "It's down to an absolute science," Pudgy said. "The main obstacles to getting this job done right are weather and people's attention span. If it's raining or if the atmospheric pressure is low, most people don't take flyers. The people who harass you the most on the street are messengers. I'm not doing this because I'm just interested in making money. I'm interested in helping businesses grow. This is a good, helpful thing for the economy."

One of Pudgy's many talents is extolling his many talents. "I'm a writer and an artist, and I do everything very well, because I'm sincere," he said. "Here. Here's a flyer I drew. I often design my own flyers. It's excellent, isn't it? That's because I work my buns off. I'm dynamic and outgoing. I'm very good at art. I'm a mentor; I try to teach. My ideals are based on Louis Buscaglia. Or is it Leo? One of those names. I believe in love, honesty, and decency. My favorite singer is Jane Olivor. I've done everything in show business—magic, pantomime, impressions, costume design, anything in the creative field. I've been on all the talk shows. And I write poetry."

When Pudgy sends a clown or a bride or a groom on his or her way, he says, "See you later. Tell them there's more where you came from." This particular workday was already a couple

WM. BEEMERS
ADAGES
STEVENSON

of hours old. Pudgy still needed one more reliable and attractive young man or woman to check in with him at the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant and then be dispatched in a clown costume to Crazy Eddie's. Marcos had not yet been sent anywhere, because Denise had called to say that she wasn't feeling well; Pudgy had told her to try to come to work anyway. Perhaps Marcos would wind up at Crazy Eddie's in a clown costume, or perhaps Denise would materialize and they would return as newlyweds to Golden Path Jewelry. "She'll get here," Pudgy said. "She has to. I need a bride *and* a groom. I can't send out half the top of a cake."

In a clutch, Pudgy could have worn Denise's wedding gown himself—his published works include "The Female Impersonator's Handbook"—but he planned to devote the remainder of the morning to his executive duties. Also, he wanted some time to think. "I must meditate," he said. "I'm very resourceful and creative, but honest. I believe in basics. I'm a simple person. I don't smoke or drink. This honesty of mine is a jewel among the common stones. I admit it. And there must be time in my day for the many types of volunteer work that I do—suicide hot line, save the whales, save the turtles, save all the animals. All this is a natural ability. It arises from my urge to make everything nice. It's because I am a perfectionist."

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Chigaliger, Bomelager

Erik Sennels, a Danish Boy Scout chief (in Denmark, Boy Scouts are known as *de Gule Spejdere*, or the Yellow Scouts), stood with his troop on the steps of Federal Hall on the morning of the Fourth. "It is very hard to translate our cheer," he said. "But I will try. First we say, 'Chigaliger, Chigaliger, Chow, Chow, Chow.' Then we say, 'Bomelager, Bomelager, Bow Bow Bow.' After that, we are saying, 'Chigaliger, Bomelager, Sis Boom Bah, De Gule Spejdere, Ha Ha Ha.' It is very hard to say its exact meaning. It means that we are very happy, is all." And they seemed to be, not for television and not under contract to the maker of a sparkling water but just because the day was clear and blue and crowded beyond reason.

We hadn't really wanted to be in town for Liberty Weekend. Two days before the festivities started, we woke up in a tent beneath an antelope-patrolled ridge in the Idaho high country, where we'd been vacationing; back in the city, we knew, everyone licensed for exasperation was talking about the two hundred Elvises. But we thought back to the last time the Tall Ships sailed into the harbor, and the even more daunting atmosphere that preceded their arrival. Back then, in the mid-seventies, New York faced bankruptcy; hundreds of thousands of its citizens were moving away, and those who remained were getting afraid to go out at night for a meal or a show; many people had begun to wonder, for the first time ever, if there was still much point in being a New Yorker. But the big ships came, and, without much advance planning, vast, good-natured crowds materialized along the shores and out on the piers of the Hudson, and in this setting a great many New Yorkers began again to feel themselves part of an enduring, indispensable city. This new celebration, we hoped, might be the same: the people here in the city—the studio audience, so to speak—might, by simple virtue of not having to watch it all on television, be freed for the sort of fun and joy and fellow feeling that doesn't break for commercials. And so we flew back to the city and threw ourself into every party and sideshow we could find. The meticulous reader may note that some of our partying seemed to be taking place simultaneously in different boroughs. However, this reader is advised to meditate on the meaning of liberty. And, of course, we had the turbo chopper.

On Thursday, the Trembly Third, during the untelevised small-boats parade, we had our first assurance that things would work out. Elliot Willensky, the Brooklyn borough historian, took us, at around 8:30 A.M., to what he remembered from the similar flotilla in '76 as a secret observation point on his side of the Brooklyn Bridge. It turned out to be not so secret anymore—about a hundred people turned up, and then, when the boats were delayed, decided to report just a little late for work. Groups formed in the warm sun and in the cool shadows of the bridge, peering up the river for boats and staring with shivers at six men who climbed cables of the bridge to put American flags on top of its towers. We chatted with a criminal-court judge who loves sailing, a newsletter writer who has a boat in the Rockaways, two policemen and one policewoman, two guys from the Parks Department, and a Red Cross volunteer. A yacht cruised by fluttering a Chrysler pennant. "Whose is that?" one of the Parks workers asked. "Man, that's Lee Ayatollah's boat," said the other. The Red Cross volunteer showed the police how to throw a life preserver into the water (underhand; nice, easy motion; don't hit the victim on the head). She also teaches a course in Sailing and Mythology, and tells her students that boats are enduring symbols of man's transformation and the overcoming of difficulties.

In the sky above the harbor, Samuel Schwartz, first deputy commissioner of the city's Department of Transportation—and the man who popularized the term "gridlock"—was flying around in a helicopter checking for trouble, and we accompanied him for a while. There wasn't much—only a line of cars and passengers backed up outside the Staten Island Ferry terminal, because the crush of boats in the harbor was slowing the ferry trips. "That's aqualock, causing gridlock and pedlock," Mr. Schwartz said happily. "Do you know what all those boats look like from up here?" he added. "Litter."

Down on the water (we were now off midtown), the west wind blowing across the Hudson was hitting twenty knots, and the seas, pushed by the crisscrossing wakes of the thousands of boats, were steep and confused. Many of the smallest craft seemed on the edge of disaster. The most unseaworthy of all, perhaps, was a raft raised on some tubular metal floats, limping down the Hudson toward the ocean. Its sail had split, and only a tiny outboard kept it making even the slightest headway. Finally, its crew, a couple in their late twenties, abandoned their efforts and consented to a tow. They anchored off one of the piers in the Thirties (about five feet off) and for the next several days carried on housekeeping there with a couple of deck chairs, a clothesline, an ice chest, and a barbecue.

At Federal Hall, Phil Pozderac, offensive tackle of the Dallas Cowboys, watched a woman in Colonial costume play the penny whistle and the dulcimer. "It's remarkable," he said. He added, "I was a business-finance major in college, and I really wanted to see the Stock Exchange, but there's a three-hour wait."

At the Schomburg Center, in Harlem, a retired New York City police clerk who had moved here from Grenada viewed an exhibition on voluntary black immigration to these shores. No one appeared to be looking at the roughly fifty-foot-high Lady Liberty atop the Liberty Warehouse, near Lincoln Center, or at Manhattan's Bartholdi Lafayette in Union Square Park, which was the gift of France, just like Liberty.

That night, out in the harbor, they lit up the star attraction, and she looked gorgeous.

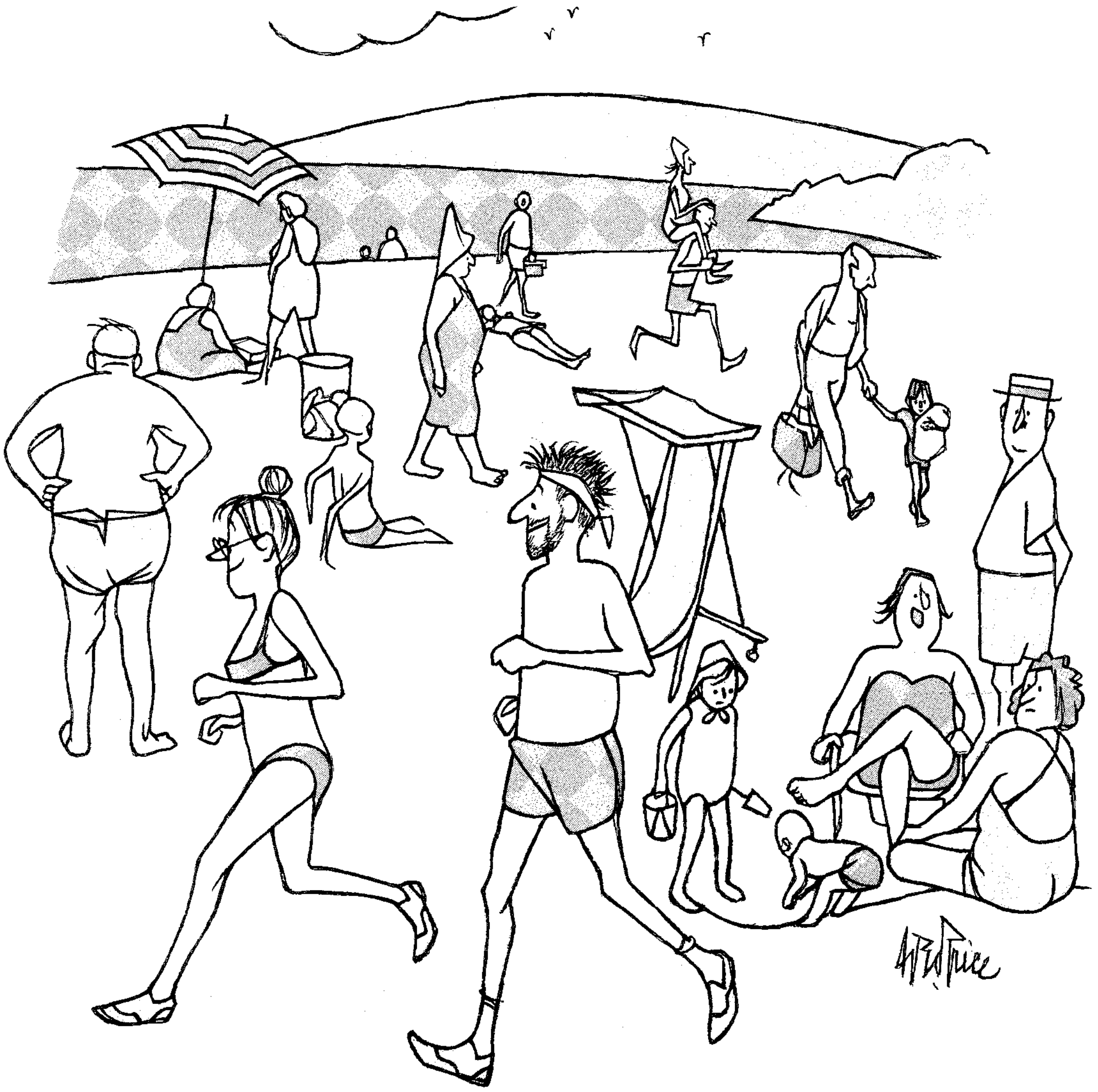
WERE our impressions of the Glorious Fourth itself a kaleidoscope of such colorful images, snatches of an American song so different in their lyrics though common in their melody, a mesmerizing dream, tinted red, white, and blue, so dazzling in its totality, that we were blinded to its parts? Not at all. We know just what we saw that day, and now we are telling you, and you can tell your grandchildren and they'll never know the difference. On the Glorious Fourth, the President went to sea on the U.S.S. Iowa, taking with him Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and Secretary of State George Shultz. The Secretaries strolled up to the prow for a look at the ships, and Mr. Weinberger pointed to the U.S.S. Yorktown, a Ticonderoga-class cruiser, and said, "She's technically one of the most remarkable ships in the world—she can track more than three hundred incoming missiles at a time."

On the Glorious Fourth, crowds surged through lower Manhattan hoping for a view of the Tall Ships, which can't handle any missiles. Because the city had shut off traffic below Chambers Street, those who composed the crowds noticed the absence of a constant ache, the automatic alarm set off in people walking next to too many cars and worrying about being run over. This day, you had only to think about getting through the other people, and three young men standing near us came up with the best approach: "Criminals coming through! Criminals!" they kept yelling, and the seas, they parted.

On the Glorious Fourth, the hundred-and-twelve-foot Maine charter schooner Roseway slipped out of the northbound Tall Ships parade just short of the George Washington Bridge, and began tacking back down toward the oncoming square-riggers. Each time Captain Jim Sharp passed a vessel that seemed to him worthwhile, he had the ship's company give three cheers, punctuated by a blast from Roseway's brass saluting cannon. When the Coast Guard asked him if perhaps he might stay put instead of sailing back and forth through what looked to be all the ships in the world, Captain Sharp instructed the ship's bagpiper to play, and loudly, so he wouldn't hear any more instructions. His vessel didn't hit a thing.

On the Glorious Fourth, Eve Sonneman, a photographer, who had spent two hundred days in 1976 taking pictures from the World Trade Center, stood there once more and told us what she'd seen that day: the slow change from day to night in the crowded harbor, when white wakes and white sails on blue water gave way to such a galaxy of shimmering yellow and blue lights on blue-black water that for once it was almost impossible to say where land ended and water began.

And then, of course, there were the fireworks. Some things it does not pay to write about. It will have to suffice if we say: Kaboom, ahhhhhh. Phoebe Légère we can talk about, though. Phoebe Légère! Phoebe Légère, who performed the night of the Glorious Fourth (and also the Pretty Much Fun Fifth) at Mike's American Bar & Grill (a Tenth Avenue spot so hot, in the metaphorical sense, that you could fry some *huevos rancheros* on the bar), was born on July 4, 1961. In Lexington, Massachusetts, Birthplace of American Liberty. Of French-American ancestry. A Mayflower descendant. With an ancestor who fell at Bunker Hill. And she has a single out on CBS. A Vassar graduate, Phoebe Légère is the inventor of "Total Art Synthesis." "I have never met an art I didn't like," she told us before playing a number of accordion tunes. "The accordion is a sometime thing," she also said. "I'm married to the piano. I play it in a very athletic way. I can stand up and play. I'm double-jointed. I can put my leg behind my head and play."



"They met in the express-checkout lane at the A.&P. and have slowed down only occasionally ever since."

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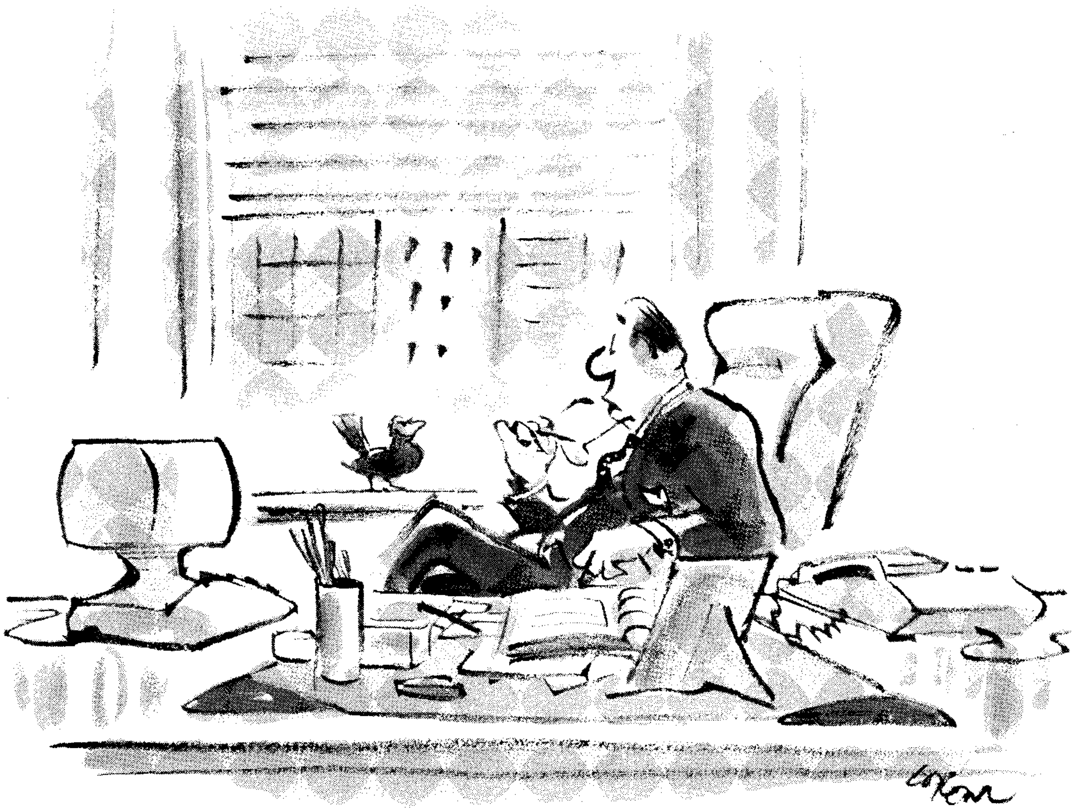
ON the Fifth, with the actual content out of the way, partying could begin in earnest. We tried to see everything, and we succeeded. One of our favorite naval vessels, the I.N.S. Godavari, an Indian frigate, was tied up at the foot of Atlantic Avenue. After several days of enduring the politeness of strangers, we were reassured by climbing aboard the Godavari in the company of a woman with an unmistakable Brooklyn accent. "I bought this dress in an Indian shop, if you don't know," she informed the puzzled captain of the frigate. "When I wash it, the dye runs. What can I do about that?"

Not far away, at Fulton Ferry Park, Brooklyn Borough President Howard Golden was honoring a number of immigrants less famous, but no less foreign-born, than the celebrities who had been given medals two nights before. (Did we mention that? Big to-do. Henry Kissinger.) Mr. Golden said his fifteen honorees had been nominated by churches and community boards, and then he went down the list, ending with John (Pop) Boyce, a native of Barbados, who, at a hundred and five, beats the Lady by half a decade. Mr. Boyce worked on the Panama Canal before coming to Brooklyn, where he is known as the best domino player at the Grant Square Senior Citizens Center, in Crown Heights. He never became a citizen, figuring he was too old, but the papers are being drawn up this month. "I'm looking forward to it," Mr. Boyce said in a soft voice. "I'm ready any time."

Later in the day, in the choppy water off the Battery, we sat on the top deck of the jury boat judging the Atlantic Challenge, a competition between well-matched French and American rowing teams in two sleek wooden boats—one white with a red stripe, the other red with a white stripe—that were replicas of the boats used for rowing eighteenth-century French admirals to and from their warships. Between heats, Lance Lee, the director of the Rockport Apprenticeshop, in Rockport, Maine, where the boats were built, talked to us about the modern uses of "obsolete" craft—rowboats and Tall Ships alike. They're used as aids in "experimental education." Kids who train on them learn more than just skills. Among his words were "tenacity," "tolerance," "character," "compassion," and "responsiveness." Early in the Second World War, he said, the British Navy discovered that healthy young sailors from torpedoed ships died quicker out in the lifeboats than weaker old salts. The answer seemed to have to do with learning to take responsibility for oneself and others, and boats without motors seemed to be the perfect place to learn such a lesson. "There's less slack on the water," he said. "If you don't pay attention to your job, you're endangering the whole crew. It's a new view of technology—something that can prepare people to handle liberty."

On Fulton Street, a band from a Greek sailing ship struck up a tune and marched east, followed by an impromptu parade of a hundred or more marchers. And the blimps—the blimps raced down the Hudson at about forty-five miles per hour, in a contest sponsored by the *News.*

The long day ended, of course, with the Burger King concert in Central Park. Burger King hadn't been scheduled to participate—the announced cast comprised the Philharmonic, the Marine Band, Sherrill Milnes, Placido Domingo, Marilyn Horne, and Yo-Yo Ma. But the people at Burger King, eager to help in celebrating America's



"You realize, of course, that any attempt on my part to profit by this information would put me at risk of an investigation by the S.E.C."

independence, rented a helicopter and used it to noisily tow a flashing sign back and forth over the eight hundred thousand people in the Park. "We Know How Burgers Should Be," said the sign. We thought, for a second, of all that firepower down in the harbor. (We also thought that we would never eat at Burger King again.) Anyway, the eight or ten notes we heard sounded very good, and when we talked to Mr. Ma later he said philosophically, "I think everybody's here for the *event*. We have all come tonight for a purpose, not even primarily for the music. It's a lot of things tied together—it's almost as if you were playing at a close friend's wedding."

SUNDAY, the Enough Sixth, it turned hot. Downtown, hundreds of sailors still wandered around (we'd never really noticed before how harmless naval uniforms look—almost like costumes), and a long line of people waited to go to the World Trade Center observation deck. It felt, though, like the moment at Christmas dinner when the creamed onions make the rounds for the third time. (Which made us think of something Phoebe Légère had said: "The Fourth of July is kind of the opposite of Christmas, isn't it?" We hadn't understood it then, and still didn't.) We found Rear Admiral Richard Young, who had been in charge of Navy planning for the whole weekend, out at Shea Stadium, where the Mets were whipping the Astros in front of three thousand sailors who had been given free passes. It had been a long weekend, he said. "In war, it's easier, because you know where you are going, and what you have to do, and you have an unlimited budget."

On the deck of Westward, a hundred-and-twenty-five-foot schooner beating her way back toward Woods Hole, Massachusetts, her home port, Chuck Lea, her chief scientist, had stopped talking about liberty and gone back to talking about squid. He is one of very few deep-ocean-squid researchers. "If you learn to see mammals, flowering plants, and bony fishes as newcomers and upstarts, you may begin to develop some respect for my poor squids," he told us.

Over at the Liberty Conference, a gathering of intellectuals at the Marriott Marquis, in Times Square, a weekend of chatter was winding up with a series of attacks on Eleanor Smeal, the president of the National Organization for Women, who was said to have labelled opponents of women's rights "neo-fascists." Nonsense, said Ms. Smeal, she had merely gone after "neo-fascist tendencies."

Things were infinitely calmer downtown. We walked up past the Brooklyn Bridge, thinking happily of how it had survived all the hoopla surrounding *its* centenary and returned to being a useful and beautiful part of our city, and we wandered through Chinatown, which had gone from being a small artillery-practice range back to bustling normality, and then we steeled ourself and climbed aboard a press bus for a journey into the beer gut of the beast. We wanted to attend the Closing Ceremonies at Giants Stadium to see if it was just possible that even there some spontaneous fun might break out.

We didn't find it in the press box, where aides were busy handing out stacks of celebrity comments (Patti LaBelle: "I don't believe in drugs. I wish kids would find a better way." Charlton Heston: "What is America to me? America is . . . a lucky penny, a good old dog, a TV remote control"). And we didn't find it out on the field, where everything went exactly as planned. (Among the eight hundred and fifty members of the all-girl Liberty Drill Team, a hundred and eighty-seven had grade-point averages of 4.0.) But backstage, down in the tunnel, we came upon the two hundred Elvises, in identical white getups and carrying identical guitars, waiting their turn. (David Wolper had explained in a press conference earlier in the evening that the young men were less Elvis look-alikes than Elvis "be-alikes.") Just as they were about to go on, Elizabeth Taylor came off. The Elvises broke ranks, some of them shrieking, almost swooning, some pulling Kodaks, some pressing for autographs, and all just in general getting excited.

I GET BY

RIGHT after the windup of the memorial service, there in the hospital chapel that evening in February, the principal of the elementary school where my husband, Kit, had taught approached me. Enough of a crowd had gathered and passed that I had to inch over and strain to hear him, because the chapel doors had opened. From down the hall there were metal bed and tray noises, buzzers and dings, and doctor-paging voices, as my husband's mourners made their exit.

My mother-in-law, Rennie, still sat in the pew behind me, arm-rocking the baby, who was sounding little pleas. The principal was talking to me. "I think I've found a replacement for Kit," he said.

I had to let that remark hang there for a beat. He meant another teacher. He was either too cruel or too vacant a person to have prefaced it in some way. He said, "Her name's Andrea Dennis. Came down from Danbury for interviews this afternoon. Knocked us sideways, actually. You two might get in touch."

I said, "Isn't that nice."

My kids, Ben and Bibi, helped me up from the pew. The principal mentioned he'd tried to call with his condolences. Possibly he had; I had unplugged all three of our phones.

After we got home, Ben and Bibi lingered in the back yard. It was snowing by now—a friendly snow, scurrying in the floodlights behind the house. Rennie took over the couch. She had the baby and our whole stack of pastel sympathy cards. "Going to *read* these," she said, as though someone ought to do more than open the envelopes and nod, acknowledging the signatures.

I warmed a bottle of formula in hot tap water, and watched my children through the window over the sinks. Bibi had fitted into the tire swing somehow. She is broad-bottomed at eighteen. The swing's rope, knotted around a limb of the weeping willow tree, was stiff with ice.

Ben was only a few feet away, urinating onto a bump of snow. I had to look twice, to be sure. He was eleven, *almost* eleven, and peeing in view of his sister.

Bibi had just colored her hair, but I wasn't ready to accept her as a champagne blonde yet. She looks *familiar*, I'd think, whenever I happened onto her.

The Saturday morning we learned about Kit, the Old Hadham police visited. So did two station wagons from television news teams. I took a confirming call from the idiot aircraft-company people who'd rented Kit the light plane in which he died. After the call, I snapped the telephones out of their plastic jacks, and Bibi chain-locked the door of the upstairs bathroom and stripped away the hair color nature had given her.

I MET Andrea Dennis. I was at the school, sorting through two decades' worth of teacher paraphernalia, looking for anything personal in classroom cupboards and in Kit's mammoth oakwood desk. I found a comb, his reading glasses, a Swiss Army knife, and a hardback copy of "Smiley's People," bookmarked halfway. This was on a school day, but after classes had adjourned. Andrea pushed open the heavy door and found me. She introduced herself in an inquiring way: "I'm Andrea?"

We talked some. We didn't say anything I thought to commit to memory. I spilled Elmer's Glue all over. The white glue moved thickly across the desk blotter. "I'd better take care of that," Andrea said. "Let me fetch a sponge or something, from the lounge."

I used to be entirely comfortable in the staff-and-faculty lounge.

Old Hadham Elementary had gone up in '64. Inside and out, the building was an architectural oddity. Kit's classroom (he'd had half of sixth grade), for instance, was in the shape of a semicircle. His huge desk and his roller chair faced out from the straight wall. The room had three rising rows of student chairs with attached laminated writing arms. The floor was covered with jewel-blue linoleum. The curved wall wore a band of pale corkboard.

In the couple of weeks Andrea Dennis had been teaching, she'd tacked up stuff for the lull between Valentine's Day and St. Patrick's Day. There were pen-and-ink drawings that looked like student self-portraits to me. Some printed quotes were pinned up—sayings of statesmen and explorers. There were two science charts: one explaining the pollination of a flower, the other an illustration of polar and equatorial weather movements. Left over from Kit's days here were the usual flags—Old Glory and the Connecticut state flag—and some empty hamster cages with empty water fonts and play wheels. I planned to leave all those behind, of course, as well as Kit's globe, showing the continents and oceans in their proper cloudy colors. Kit hated globes with countries done in pink or purple.

I had to admit Andrea Dennis was an appealing woman. She had clearly put a lot of clever thought and effort into presenting herself at her best. She had on a touch-me-please cashmere sweater and a soft wool-blend skirt with a lining that rustled. Her sheer nylons gleamed. She had hair long enough to toss.

I had noticed something about us. Whenever I mentioned Kit, I nodded at his desk. When Andrea referred to him once, she gestured north. Toward the forest where the plane fell?

I hung around for fifteen minutes. Andrea didn't return with the sponge. Anyway, the glue had hardened by now. I pictured her yakking away with young Mr. Mankiewicz or flirting with old Mr. Sonner.

I packed Kit's things into a blue nylon gym bag. I bundled up and walked home—a matter of a mile or so—in the road. My part of Connecticut has no proper sidewalks. I kept stumbling. Ever since the baby, and then especially after what happened to Kit, I had been sleeping sporadically and then only in short spurts. That was part of the reason I'd been so clumsy and had flubbed with the glue. My getup was pretty cockeyed, too. I had forgotten to wear socks, and yet the shoelaces on my Nikes were triple-bow-tied. Beneath my parka, my sweater was lumpy and had the smell of Johnson's baby products, as did the whole interior of our beautiful saltbox house when I got there—baby oil, baby powder, baby's softened-fabric bunting. Everywhere I looked was bright with baby things, baby artifacts.

I went into the kitchen, grateful for Rennie, who'd tidied up. Rennie had almost never stayed with us when Kit was alive. We'd seldom gone to see her. She lived alone on what had once been an apple orchard, near Darien. She cared for the big central house there, and there were two barns and two brown outbuildings on the land. Her husband had long ago put himself into a V.A. hospital. He was a troubled, haunted man. I had witnessed some behavior. He'd sit for long afternoons with his head in his hands. He would roam searchingly over the yards and meadows. He'd seem to hide beside the shadowy brown barns. Other times, he'd pitch and splatter hard apples furiously against the fallen-in stone walls around the borders of the orchard. Thinking of him, I made a bet with myself that I hoped I wouldn't win. I bet that Rennie connected Kit's accident with his father's illness. That would have been unfair.

MARCH came. We'd get a couple more snowstorms in Old Hadham, I suspected. Spring wouldn't arrive in any decided way for weeks and weeks. But I was seeing new grass and there was dry pavement. April would be breathtaking along our road. There'd be arbutus, hepaticas, downy yellow violets. In the living room, Rennie had sections of the local evening newspaper strewn around. The baby was in the playpen, wadding and tearing a Super Duper coupon page.

"Where's the baby's dolly?" I asked Rennie.

She said, "Ask Ben."

"Ben? Ben has Susie Soft Sounds?" But I didn't call up to Ben. Every day, it seemed, there was more about him and Bibi that I didn't care to know.

They had identical rooms, across the hall from each other—identical except that Bibi's wallpaper showed jazz dancers against a mint-green background, whereas Ben's had ponies grazing in a field. The night before, I had happened past the rooms and heard Bibi say, from behind Ben's door, "I am safely buzzed." Next I heard the pop-tab open what I assumed was a beer can.

"That's your *third!*" Ben had whispered.

Another curious moment was when I noticed something in among Bibi's hand laundry; she had borrowed my pushup bra.

Bibi talked a lot about Andrea Dennis these days. Andrea, it turned out, sometimes snacked after school at the Nutmeg Tea and Sandwich Shop, where Bibi waited tables. It seemed as if Andrea was always with someone I knew well, or had known. I could never resist saying, "Really? What did she have on? Did she look tired? Who picked up the check? Did they have desserts or entrées? Did she have that fruit cup?"

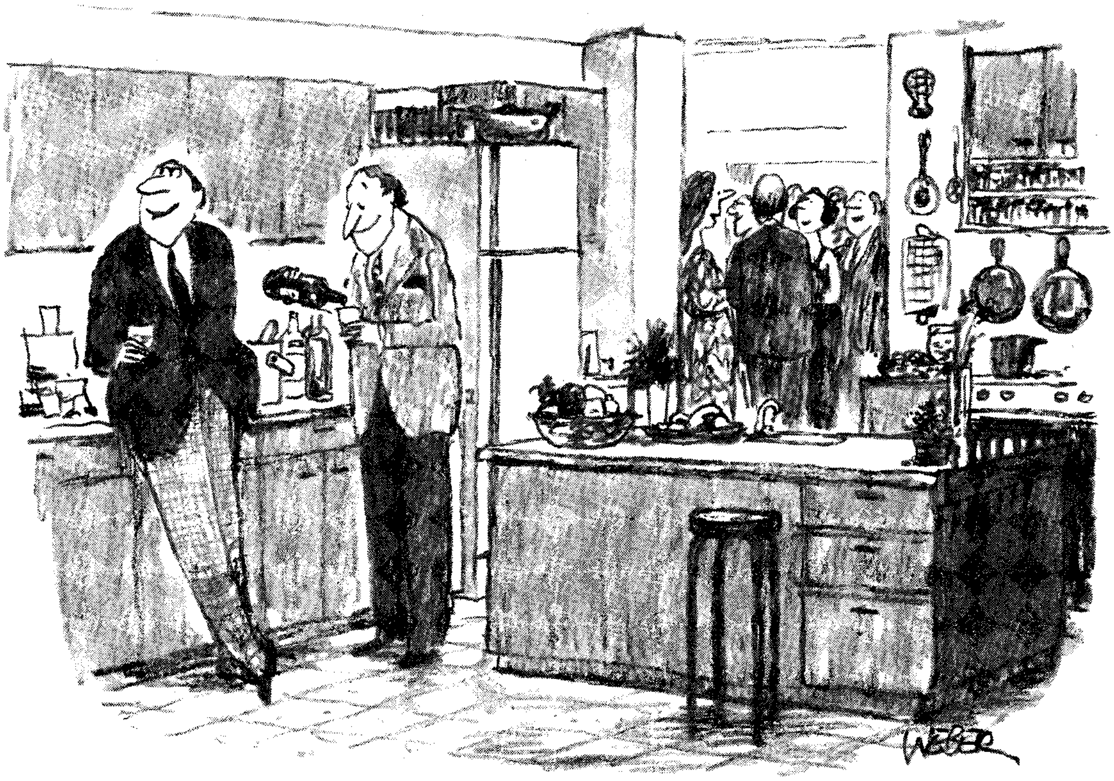
I WAS driving home from the lawyers'. The airplane company's insurance people had investigated and decided to settle some money on me. I liked it about the money, but what I wanted just now was my bed, pillows, the electric blanket. For three days, a quiet sleet had been falling on Old Hadham.

The car's windshield wiper on my side suddenly locked taut on a diagonal. A film formed immediately on my part of the glass. I tried the squirters, but all I got was blue fluid congealing with the ice at the base of the windshield. I maneuvered down Willow, on Old Hadham's steepest hill—a plunger that had been only cursorily sanded. There was a car not far ahead, and a truck on my tail, no shoulder. I had to tip my head out the driver's window to see. Meanwhile, Rennie was smiling, half asleep. The baby said a noise very much like "Why?" I had something close to nausea suddenly: suddenly missing Kit.

THE baby woke me. It was an April morning, pre-dawn. I was groggy, but I had a sweet dream still playing in my head—some of the dream's color and its melody—as I heated water for the formula and started coffee. "Here we come!" Rennie said, and drove the baby's castered crib into the kitchen. Rennie was oddly cheerful, giddy. Her taffeta robe was on inside out. She sat down and swayed the crib and sang some ballad about whaling boats and messmates, with a line about the lowland sea.

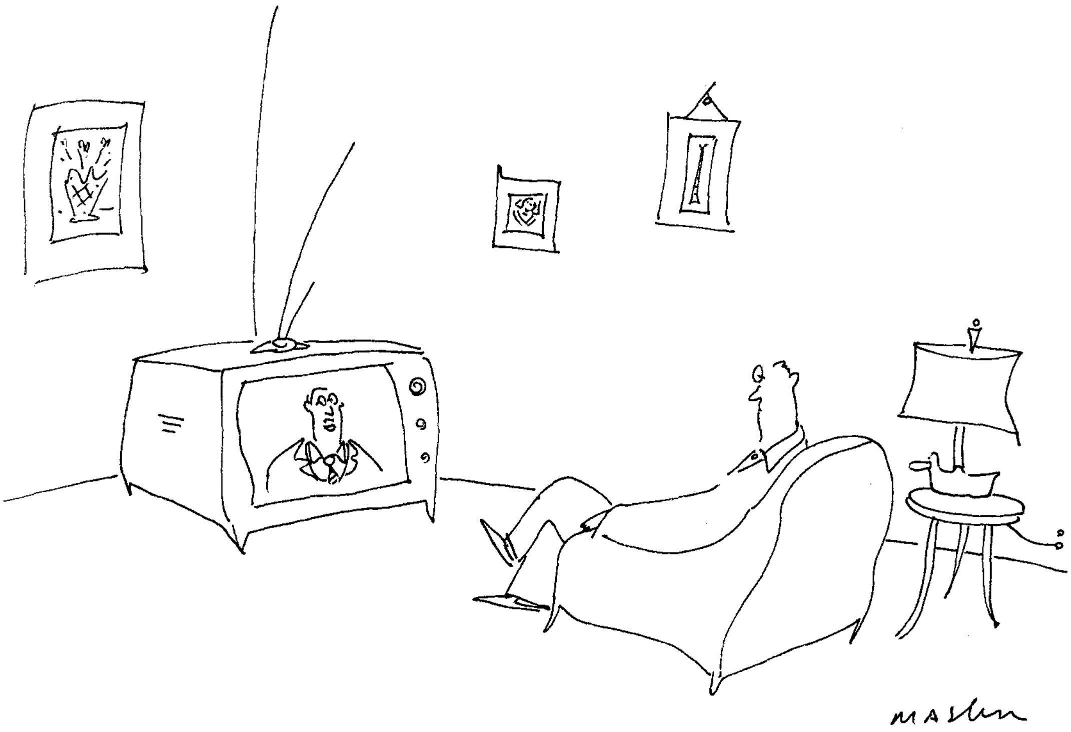
To distract the baby, Rennie had dropped a fat nest of pink excelsior into the crib—a leftover from Easter baskets. I was a little afraid the baby would eat the pink cellophane, so I intended to snatch it away. But for now the excelsior ball rolled back and forth with the crib's movement, and with Rennie's song and what rhythms there were of my lingering dream.

When the baby was asleep, we two sipped coffee. I figured Rennie would be stepping out onto the porch for sunrise, as she sometimes did, but instead she said she wanted to talk about her son, about Kit. I told her what I knew was true—that his character faults included overconfidence and impulsiveness. I said that he had re-



"*Kitchens are my milieu.*"

ceived flying lessons and his license. But whatever his license signified, he hadn't been ready, not competent, to solo-pilot a plane.



"What are you waiting for? Thousands have already fallen for this amazing offer."

• •

A LOT of Old Hadham showed up at Chicwategue Park for Memorial Day. Some people brought picnic dinners and thermoses or coolers of drinks. The high school's brass-and-drum corps was there to do shows. There were two burros roped to a post for the little kids to ride around a guided circle.

Chicwategue Park had ducks on a pond, and a pair of swans—the town favorites—who'd made it through the winter, and bronze statues of Revolutionary War generals, and, in the center, a white-painted, lacy-looking gazebo. On the soccer fields beyond the woods, there would be footraces and other competitions throughout the day. Rennie had given Ben a two-year-old boxer she'd purchased through a newspaper ad, and Ben had entered himself and Reebok in the Frisbee contest.

I set up camp on a faded quilt with the baby. Rennie took Bibi to gamble away some of her waitress tips from the Nutmeg at the bingo tables. Watching them go, I noticed Andrea Dennis over by the penny-toss place—sporty and pretty in spotless sky-blue sweats, with a balloon on a ribbon looped at her wrist. She and Bibi greeted each other like classmates, with a hug.

Bibi's appearance looked to me like a screaming-out-loud reaction to Andrea Dennis. Bibi had whacked her fake-blond hair into bristles and points, and her face was dusted with chalky makeup. Her lips looked almost black, and the tank top and jeans she wore were black. Still, Andrea was giving Bibi approving looks and nods.

But if Bibi's getups scared people, at least her manner had improved. That morning at breakfast, I'd overheard her saying to Ben, "Relax and sit still. I'll fix you a fresh glass of orange juice."

Now Ben's name was called over the P.A. system. I carried the baby and trailed Ben and Reebok over to the starting stripe on the Frisbee-competition field. Ben had the dog's collar in one hand and his yellow Frisbee in the other. Ben was down on one knee and the dog was trembling with excitement as they waited for the judge's signal to begin their routine.

At the whistle, the dog bolted away down the field. Ben stood up and let fly. His first couple of tries were long, too fast throws, and the Frisbee sailed yards over Reebok's head. The dog wasn't paying attention anyhow. On their third and last turn, Reebok watched as he ran, then leaped, fish-tailed, and chomped the disk, but only after it had ricocheted twice off the dirt. At the gazebo, the Frisbee judge held up a card, giving Ben and Reebok a "4" rating.

Andrea Dennis strolled over to us. She introduced herself to the baby and sort of shook hands with him. Ben and the dog came over. Ben's young face was bright, but I couldn't tell if it was from excitement or embarrassment.

Andrea said, "Man, you got robbed! Your dog flew six feet straight up. What do they *want*? They should've given you guys a special award."

Ben absorbed this. I knew that on the car ride home he would relive Reebok's last effort for Bibi and Rennie. He'd say he got robbed.

I asked him to watch the baby a minute—to make sure the kid didn't crawl away, go swimming after the swans, or filch anyone's barbecued spareribs.

I clapped a hand on the smooth blue sweatshirt material on Andrea's shoulder.

"What did I do?" Andrea said, and I said, "A lot."

We walked along together by the rows of blankets and the outdoor furniture that bordered the competition fields. We said hello to people—fellow-teachers of Andrea's, the families of some of her students, old friends of mine.

I was thinking how to tell her that she had been an important distraction for me—maybe even a necessary one. She'd been someone safe for me to focus on while the reality of having no Kit was so fierce. I realized I couldn't make my interest in her into anything polite or easy to explain. I said, "Generally, thanks, Andrea," and I told her how great she looked in her blue.

—MARY ROBISON

THE RECLUSE

THE winter night was long and cold. The beggars and wanderers who slept stretched out on benches in the study house began to stir and wake up. One sighed, another coughed, a third one scratched his head. A memorial candle in a candelabra beside the Holy Ark cast trembling shadows over the walls and ceiling.

Footsteps were heard in the outer room and someone stamped the snow from his boots. The door opened, and a thin, pale man covered with snow entered. The beggars sat up.

"Hey, where are you coming from in the middle of the night?" one of them asked.

"I've lost my way. I was heading in the direction of Lublin on foot, but the road became completely blocked with snow and I could not continue. It is a miracle that I survived."

"In this blizzard it was more than a miracle!"

"You will have to recite the prayer of thanks on the Sabbath," another one called to him.

"You certainly must be hungry," a third beggar said.

"First I must drink."

The stranger took off his shabby coat and then another one underneath it. When he entered, his beard was white with snow, but as the snow melted, it became black again. He didn't really look like a typical beggar or a wanderer but, rather, like a merchant who had lost his way on a trip to a fair. He carried a satchel and the kind of basket used by yeshiva boys.

"What made you take to the road in such weather?" a fourth beggar asked. "You couldn't get a sleigh?"

"They didn't wait for me, and why should a horse drag me when I have my own two feet?"

"If you are hungry, I can offer you a piece of leftover meat that some good-hearted housewife gave me yesterday," said one of the beggars.

"Meat? No. Thank you."

"A slice of bread?"

"Bread, yes. But I will have to wash my hands."

"There is a washbasin in the outer room."

"Thank you. Later."

"Are you afraid that the meat is not strictly kosher?"

The stranger was silent a while, as if he were pondering an answer. Then he said, "To me, all meat is unkosher."

"You don't eat any meat at all?"

"No."

"What do you do on the Sabbath?"

"The Sabbath is a day of rest, not a day of meat."

"What are you? A recluse?"

"You can say so."

"Nu, so that's it."

The paupers began to murmur and whisper among themselves. In Lithuania, a recluse was not such a novelty, but in Poland recluses were rare. One of the beggars asked, "And wine you don't drink, either?"

"No."

"What do you do about the four cups of wine one must drink at the Passover seder?"

"These four cups I do drink."

"What else do you allow yourself?"

They all waited for a response, but the stranger was silent. He paced back and forth in the study house. He warmed one hand on the hot clay oven and walked to the bookshelves. He took out a book, glanced into it, and put it back. Nobody expected him to engage in conversation, but suddenly he came over to the beggars and said, "God Almighty sends us to this world to bear our sufferings. We can never escape from them."

"Who says so? The rich indulge in pleasures and enjoy life."

"What? I was once a rich man myself," the stranger said, "and it brought me no pleasure."

"Were you sick?"

"I was as strong as iron. And I still am, thank God."

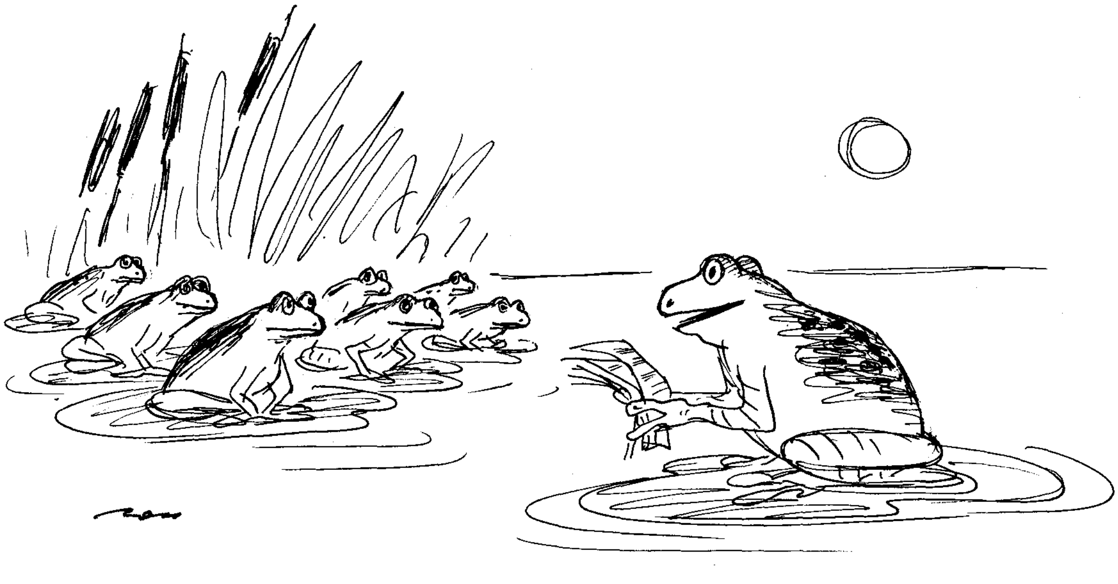
"You speak in riddles."

"My friends, I won't sleep tonight anyhow." The stranger raised his voice. "If you feel like listening, I will tell you a story. I will not drag it out but get right to the point. Maybe you can learn something from it. Unless you want to go back to sleep."

"No. Let's hear."

THE stranger mumbled something to himself and seemed to hesitate. He again looked toward the bookshelves, as if waiting for their advice or permission. He sat down on one of the benches and began:

"I was born in the city of Radom. My father, may he rest in peace, was quite a wealthy man. I am not boasting when I say that I was a scholar as a boy and the matchmakers were after me even before I became bar mitzvah. I married an only daughter from the town of Pilitz. My father-in-law was a rich man and he took me into his business. Since my wife was an only child, his whole estate was to be mine at his demise—in a hundred and twenty years, as they say. We were childless, which was of course a misfortune, but what could we do? My father-in-law dealt in timber, and,

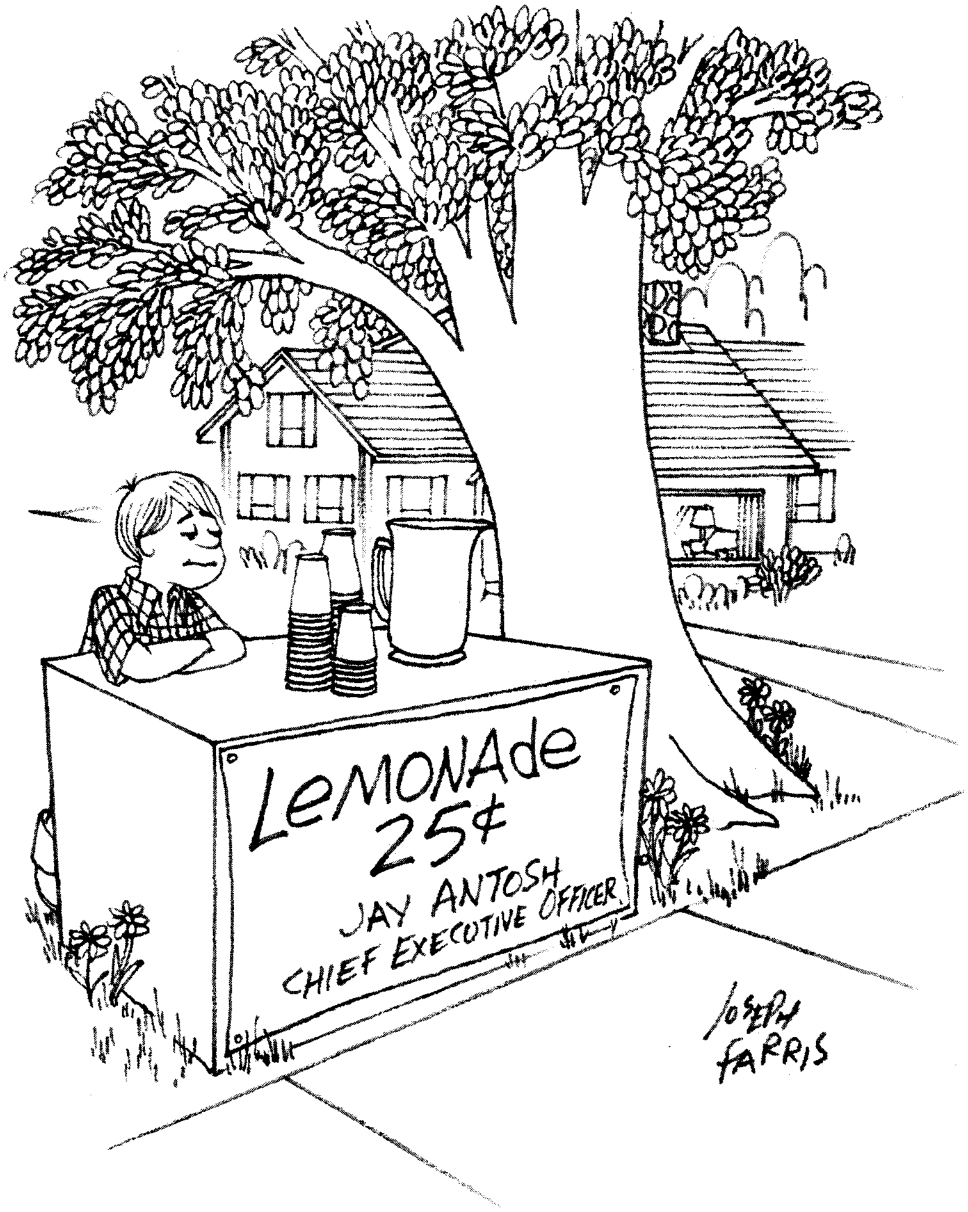


"First of all, how many of you can read music?"

frankly, I turned out to be a fiery merchant. I had all the other merchants in the palm of my hand. If someone had told me then that I would become what you call a recluse, I would have laughed at him. My wife—Esther was her name—did her shopping in Radom and sometimes even as far away as Warsaw, since Pilitz was a small village. She had a lot of jewelry, she kept two maids, and we feasted on roasted pigeon and marzipan on weekdays.

"When there are no children, the man of the house becomes the child. Let me tell you, I was by no means a saint. I succumbed almost entirely to worldly passions. For the sake of appearances, I studied a page of the Talmud daily, but actually I did as I pleased. Of course I ate kosher food. In what way is unkosher food better than kosher? I especially loved what others don't hate—you understand what I mean. I am by nature a passionate man, and one female was not enough for me. My wife was prone to illness, and two weeks in the month a woman is not pure. I travelled for business and, as these things will go, I often returned home just at her impure time. This caused me a lot of grief. So whenever I met up with an appetizing female I could not resist the temptation. I knew it was a deadly sin, but I found all kinds of excuses. The Evil One plays the role of the scholar quite well. He can turn and twist matters so that it becomes a mitzvah to eat pork on Yom Kippur.

"One summer night I was returning home in a wagon. There happened to be two passengers—I and a woman from a village near Lublin. There would be no sense in mentioning names. The night was warm and dark. The driver just happened to be deaf. Well, the perfect setting. I struck up a conversation with her. Her husband was a pious man—an arbitrator in rabbinical lawsuits, she told me. Usually I chose a housemaid, an abandoned wife, or some waitress in an inn, though I always preferred a married woman. For some reason, this time the Evil One got more than he bargained for. 'Baruch,' he said to me, 'don't be a fool. She's ripe for the picking. Have your pleasure.' I moved closer to the woman, but she did not respond. I told her she was pretty and clever and other such compliments, and then she slowly warmed up. Why drag it out? I sinned with her that very night, right there in the wagon. The road was full of rocks and the wheels rattled over the stones. As I said, the night was pitch-dark and the driver was as deaf as a wall. While it was happening, I was astounded, and wondered why the wife of a pious man, a Jewish daughter from a respectable home, would debase herself in this way. Although at the time I felt that I was catching the greatest bargain of my life, I had some misgivings about the whole thing, and the Evil One kept comforting me: 'Was King David given permission to marry Bathsheba? He simply sent the husband, Uriah the Hittite, off to war. Nu, and are all the other so-called saints really so good?' The Evil One has an answer ready for everything.



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"However, after two strangers meet on the road and indulge in this sort of abomination, they feel ashamed, and even estranged. I sat in one corner and she in another. After a while, my eyelids became heavy and I dozed off. In my dream I saw a man. His image was as vivid as if I were awake. He was small, with a blond beard, dressed in a velvet gaberdine, with a wide fringed garment and slippers like a rabbi's. I had never seen this man before and I knew even in the dream that he was a total stranger. I noticed that on the right side of his forehead was a tumor. He came very close to me and said, 'Baruch, what have you done? For such iniquity one loses the world to come.'

"In the dream I asked, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'What is the difference? The eyes only see when there is light, but the soul can also see when there is darkness.' Those were his words. I shook and awoke. I didn't know why, but his words stirred up a storm in me. I heard the woman fumbling with her purse and I asked her, 'Is your husband waiting for you at home?'

" 'Why do you want to know?' she answered.

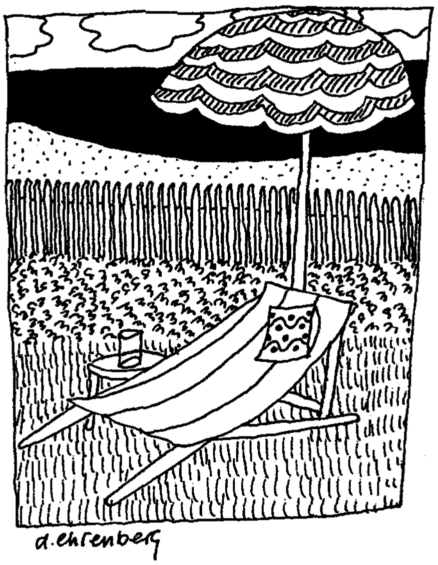
" 'I'm just curious,' I said.

" 'Listen, Mister,' she said. 'What is past is past. I don't know you and you don't know me. And that is the end of it. I will soon be at home with my husband, and you are on your way home to your wife. Let's pretend it never happened.'

"I had heard this kind of vulgar talk from loose maids, cooks, and the like, but coming from this sort of woman it was shocking. I said nothing more. I laid my head down again and dozed off. Immediately, I saw the same man, with the blond beard, the velvet gaberdine, and the tumor on his forehead. He screamed, 'You may no longer be called Baruch. "Baruch" means blessed, but you are cursed.'

"I shivered and woke up in a cold sweat. The woman, too, must have fallen asleep. I said something to her and she didn't answer me. Just as it is written in the Book of Proverbs: She ate and wiped her mouth and said she did no wrong.

"I returned home a shattered man. I had never before felt anger toward women I had had affairs with. Why be angry? But toward this woman I felt an aversion. Something burned in me and I didn't know why. I heard someone scolding me, but I could not tell who it was and what he was saying. I began to think: If a wife like her, married to a scholarly man, is capable of betraying him so lightheartedly, then no man can really be sure of any wife. If this is so, it is the end of the world. It also occurred to me that she could have become pregnant and would then bear her husband a bastard. I could no longer rest. I began to fear that I had sunk into the Forty-nine Gates of Defilement. I looked differently at my own wife, too. Who knows? She seemed frail when she was with me, but when I went away she might suddenly rejuvenate. I could no longer find any peace, neither that night nor many nights and days after. My distrust became so wild that when the butcher came to our home and my wife bought tripe with calves' feet from him I was already suspecting the worst. I imagined that she winked at him and nodded to him. Weeks passed in this way. Usually, time heals such disturbances. But this restlessness grew worse. It was bursting my brain. I was seriously afraid that I was going mad and that I would end up in an insane asylum. For a while I thought about going to a doctor and telling him of my ordeal. I developed a terrible hatred toward my wife, while I knew deep inside me that she was a decent woman and such salacious thoughts never entered her mind for a second. One minute my love for her returned, as well as my desire to see her happy and well. Then I wished for her death and I fancied all kinds of cruel revenge. Whenever I saw her talk to a man, even if he was nothing more than the water carrier, I was sure that they were planning not only to betray me but even to kill me. To make it short, I was on the verge of madness, or perhaps even murder. My good friends, don't look at me that way. It can happen to any man if he doesn't curb the evil powers, which dwell in all of us. One step away from God and one is already in the dominion of Satan and Hell. You don't believe me, eh?"



"I do. I do," said one of the beggars. "In our own town a squire strangled his wife because she smiled at another squire. He tried to kill him, too, but he ran away."

"But those were Gentiles, not Jews," said another beggar. "And not a scholar of the Torah, as you seem to be."

"The Devil tempts everybody," another beggar said. "He can assail even the mind of an eighty-year-old rabbi. I heard this from a preacher in the city of Zamosc."

"True, true," the stranger said. "I didn't know it then, but I know it now. I wish I had known more of it then. My sleep would have been less tortured."

FOR a minute all were silent. The beggars looked at one another and shrugged their shoulders.

"Now listen to this," the stranger cried out. "One morning I went to the study house and I saw a man with a blond beard, in a velvet gaberdine, and with a tumor on his forehead. He was greeted by the congregation with much respect. I asked who he was and they told me he was an arbitrator in rabbinical lawsuits from some other town. I felt as if I had been slammed over the head with a hammer. This

OXFORD, THIRTY YEARS AFTER

The emperors' heads around the Sheldonian
have been replaced: grotesque great heads,
Roman in style, modern in mocking manner,
sculptured lips ajar, drill-holed eyes agoggle.
Well, it kept some Council artist busy
for a year or two, and off the dole.
The fifties heads were rotten, eyeless, blackened,
the limestone leprous yet imperial—

the mind supplied what had been lost to time.
Elsewhere, little change; the long-revered
resists where the new succumbs. Our cafeteria
is gone, but cast-iron gates and hallowed archways
still say *keep out*, *not yours*, *all mine* beneath
England's sky of hurrying gray stones.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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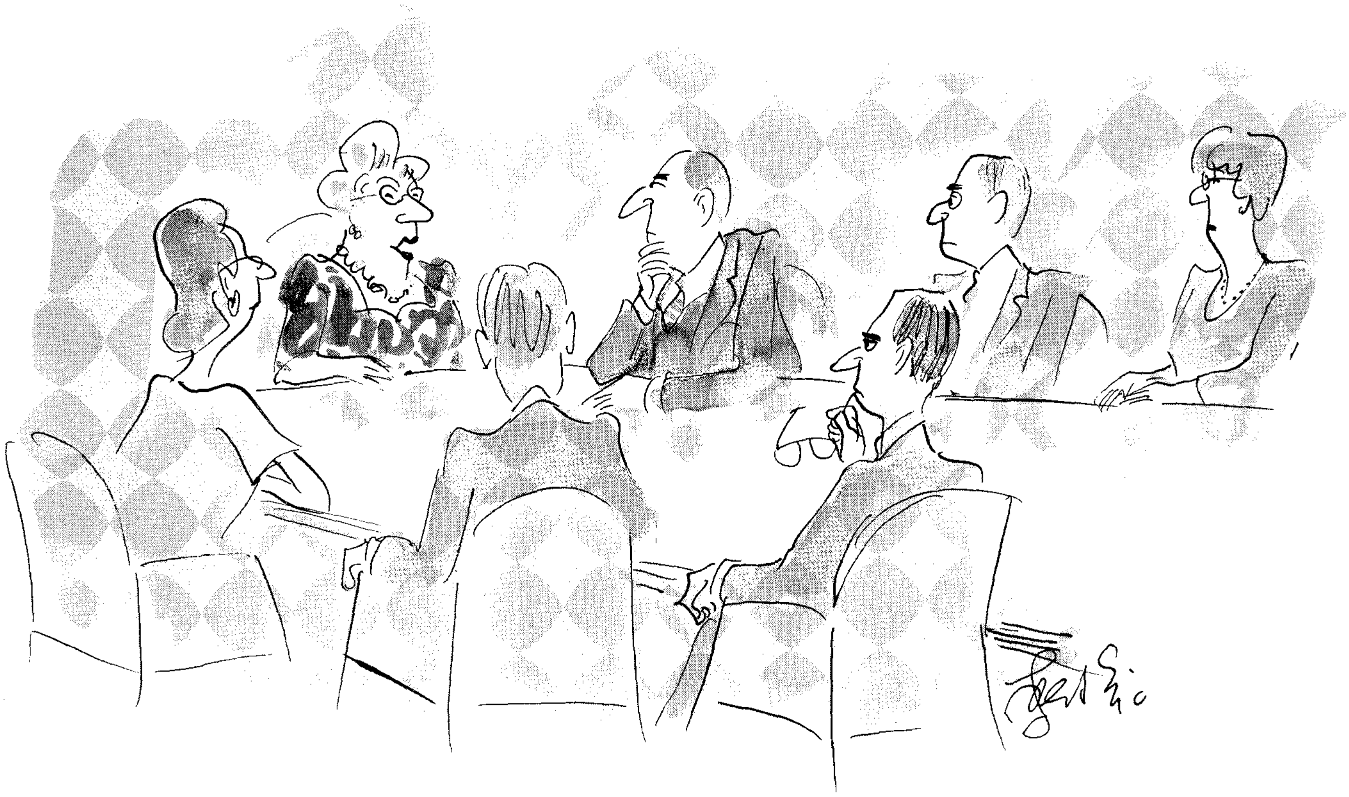


“*All those in favor of the new me say ‘Aye.’*”

• •

was the man of my dream. I became white and began to shake. People came over to me and asked, ‘Baruch, aren’t you feeling well? What’s the matter?’ I clutched at my head and ran out of the study house. I went to my wife and said, ‘Esther, take over everything—all the business. Consider yourself a widow.’ She thought I had lost my mind.

“ ‘What happened?’ she asked. And I said, ‘You are a good wife, but I am not worthy of being your husband.’

“ ‘What have you done?’ she asked. I wanted to tell her the truth, but the words would not come. She was actually not well that day and I was afraid that what I would tell her might kill her. To commit adultery is one thing, but to kill your beloved wife is something else. As a matter of fact, she looked as if she might faint dead away. Since I could not tell her the truth, I had to invent a lie—that I had some trouble with my business. She tried to comfort me. ‘It’s only money,’ she said. ‘Quiet down. Your health is more important to me than all the money in the world.’ I realized in those moments that to suspect the innocent can lead to the worst of crimes.

“That night I didn’t sleep a wink. For a moment I wanted to ask her forgiveness for suspecting her, but then I heard the Evil One say to me, ‘This other man, with whose wife you sinned, might have acted just as cowardly as you if he had had some suspicion about his wife. They are all alike: false and treacherous. Before the Temple was destroyed, when the spirit of jealousy came over a man he could lead his wife to the priest and make her drink from the water of bitterness. And if she had really betrayed him her belly would swell and her thigh would fall away. But in our time they can give in to all lecherous desires and not a cock would crow.’ Immediately, my hatred toward my wife returned. I felt that I had to leave her. And this is what I did. I knew that to desert a decent wife was the worst thing a man can do. But I also knew that divorce papers could be slipped into her possession and then she would still be permitted to remarry. And I did exactly this. I went to a faraway town, ordered divorce papers from a scribe, and sent them to her by messenger. I knew that staying with her would be the death both of her and of me.”

“And you never went back?” one of the beggars asked.

“Never.”

“You were never tempted?”

“I was tempted not once but a thousand times. But I could not do it.”

“She might have been pregnant when you left her.”

“I knew she wasn’t.”

“Do you think that what you did was right?”

“No. It was wrong, but in the years I have been wandering I have heard so many stories of treachery that my faith in human beings has ceased forever. I came to the conclusion that nothing was left for me but to become a wanderer upon the earth. More than that, I never stay longer in one place than a day or two, so as not to develop any attachments to anything or anybody.”

“You are always on the run?”

“I run from nobody but myself. One of my kind should not belong to any community.”

“How long are you going to stay here in this town?”

The stranger thought it over. “I have already spoken too much. I will leave at sunrise.”

—Isaac Bashevis Singer

(*Translated, from the Yiddish, by Deborah Menashe.*)

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CASTRO—I

IT was one of those days in San Francisco when the weather is so close to perfect that there seems to be no weather. The sun shone out of a cerulean sky, lighting the streets to a shadowless intensity. It was a Sunday morning, and the streets were almost empty, so our pickup truck sped uninterrupted up and down the hills, giving those of us in the back a Ferris-wheel view of the city. On Pacific Heights, the roses were blooming, the hollies were in berry, and enormous clumps of daisies billowed out from under palm trees. On Russian Hill, Victorian houses with ice-cream-colored façades seemed to reflect this bewilderment of seasons. At the bottom of the hill, skyscrapers wheeled across our horizon, and the truck careered through the deserted canyons of the financial district heading for the waterfront.

"Don't worry," Armistead Maupin said. "We're on gay time, so the parade won't have started yet." He was right. The Gay Freedom Day Parade had not yet begun. Rounding a corner, we came upon a line of stationary floats. Bouquets of lavender, pink, and silver balloons clouded the sky, and bands were warming up. People in costumes milled about amid a crowd of young men and women in bluejeans.

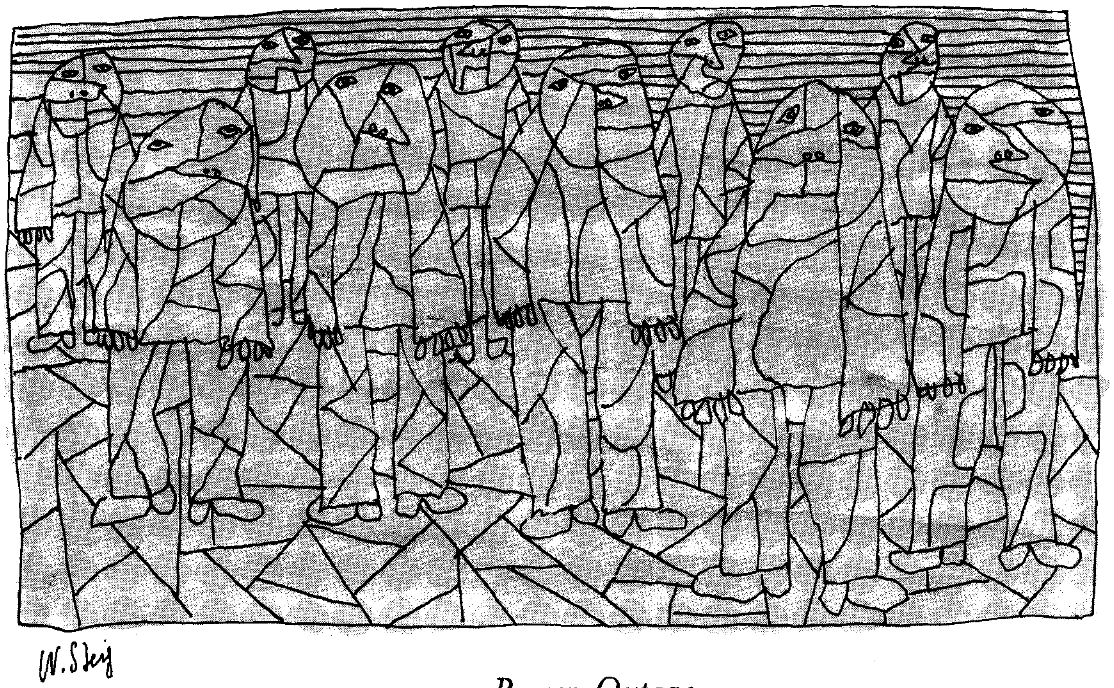
Our truck nosed itself into the parade lineup behind a group of marchers with signs reading "LUTHERANS CONCERNED FOR GAY PEOPLE" and a hay wagon advertising a gay rodeo in Reno. Our truck had no sign on it, but it carried, in addition to me and another journalist, two people well known to the gay community of the city: Maupin, San Francisco's most prominent gay fiction writer, and Dave Kopay, the professional football player. In the front seat were Ken Maley and a couple of other friends of Armistead's.

In a few minutes, our part of the parade began to move forward; a country-and-Western band struck up behind us, and a number of men dressed as cowboys or clowns took their places in and around the hay wagon. A clown in whiteface with baggy overalls walked along beside our truck. I asked him about the rodeo, and he said matter-of-factly, "This is only our second year, so we don't expect any bulldogging, but we've got a lot of calf ropers, some bronc riders, and some really wonderful Dale Evans imitations. You've *got* to come."

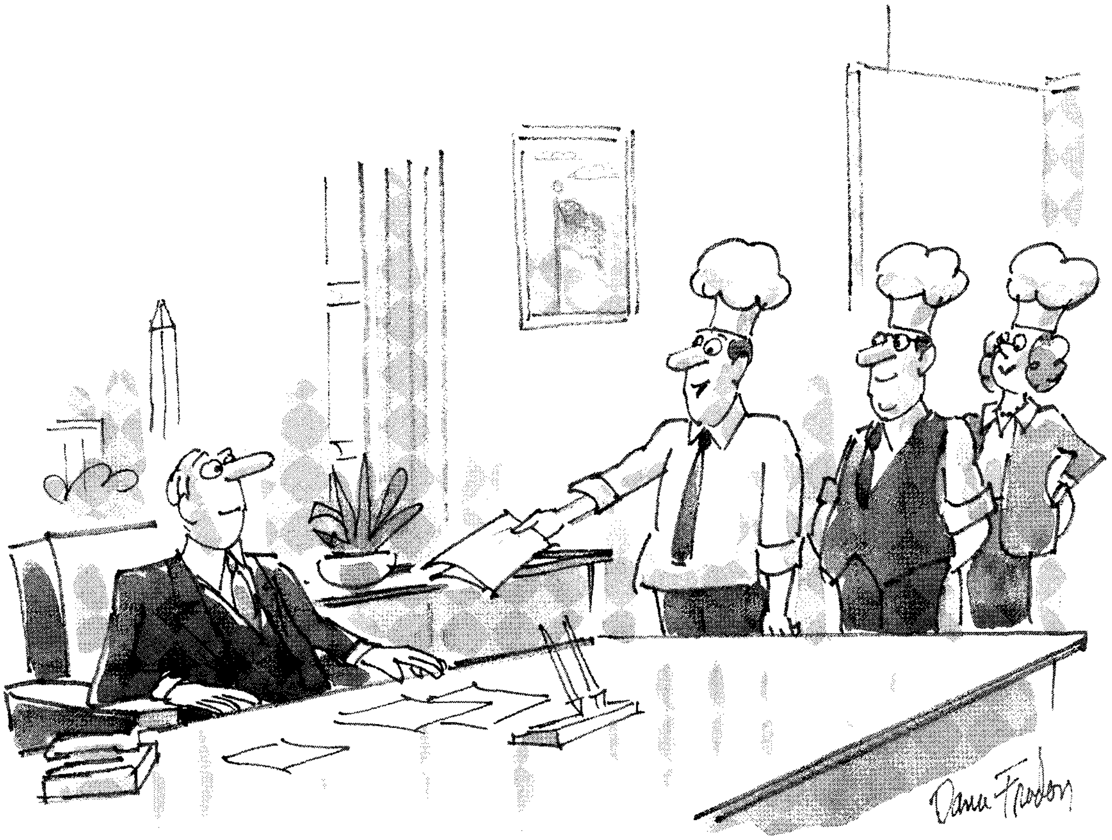
The clown drifted off, and I turned to watch a man in a Batman cape and a sequinned jockstrap roller-skating by. He had the torso of a dancer, and he moved with liquid, dreamlike movements, crossing and recrossing the street. He glided through the Lutheran contingent and then swept through a group of clergymen carrying large placards depicting Jesus on the Cross. At the next intersection, he looped around a yellow taxicab filled with young women in T-shirts. The young women were leaning out of the windows cheering and waving a sign that read "LESBIAN TAXI DRIVERS OF SAN FRANCISCO." I recognized one of them, a slim young woman with long blond hair, as the taxi-driver who had brought me in from the airport a few weeks before.

Eventually, our truck turned onto Market Street, the city's main thoroughfare. Here we could suddenly see the whole first half of the parade—floats and lines of marchers filling the street in front of us—on its way to City Hall. The sun now looked like a klieg light; it burnished the streets and set the windows of the skyscrapers on fire. Nearby, an elderly Chinese man with a dog walked along the sidewalk close to the buildings, his head bowed, his eyes averted from the marchers. A block away, a woman in a baggy coat and a kerchief scuttled into a doorway just in time to avoid the sight of a transvestite copy of herself hulking down the avenue. Otherwise, the sidewalks and the streets leading off into the downtown were nearly deserted; there were no spectators to watch this horde, in its outlandish costumes, march into the city.

That summer—it was 1978—estimates of the gay population of San Francisco ranged from seventy-five thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand. If the oft-cited figure of a hundred thousand was more or less correct, that meant that in this city of fewer than seven hundred thousand people approximately one out of every five adults and perhaps one out of every three or four voters was gay. Many of the gay people—at least half of them—had moved into the city within the past eight years. And most of them were young, white, and male. There were by this time some ninety gay bars in the city, and perhaps a hundred and fifty gay organizations, including church groups, social-service groups, and busi-



Power Outage



"Here are the numbers you wanted cooked, sir."

ness associations. There were nine gay newspapers, two gay foundations, and three gay Democratic clubs—one of them the largest Democratic club in California. Though gays had settled all over the city, they had created an area of almost exclusively gay settlement in the Eureka Valley, in a neighborhood known as the Castro. The previous year, the Castro had elected a city supervisor, Harvey Milk, who ran as a gay candidate against sixteen opponents, including another gay man. Now, quite visibly, this area of settlement was spreading in all directions: up into the hills above Castro Street, down into the Mission district, and across into the lower Haight Street neighborhood. While New York and Los Angeles probably had more gay residents, the proportions were nowhere as high as they were in San Francisco. In fact, the sheer concentration of gay people in San Francisco may have had no parallel in history.

At that time, most San Franciscans still contrived to ignore the growing gay population in their midst. The local press reported on gay events, and occasionally on the growth of the Castro, but most San Franciscans I talked to seemed not to have noticed these pieces, or they had forgotten them. Small wonder, perhaps, for the articles were not sensational in any sense. Local reporters seemed to have got used to the gay community without ever giving it its due. They now took certain things for granted. Earlier that year, an out-of-town reporter had gone with the mayor and other city officials to the annual Beaux Arts Costume Ball. The event had shaken him, but the local newspapers had reported it as they would a mayoral visit to, say, a Knights of Columbus dinner. It was, after all, the third year the mayor had gone to a drag ball in the civic auditorium.

The program in my press kit showed that there were a hundred and thirty-eight contingents in the parade, and that with a few exceptions, such as Straights for Gay Rights and the San Francisco Commission on the Status of Women, all of them represented gay organizations of one sort or another. With the program, it was possible to sort these organizations into certain categories: political organizations, human-rights groups, professional associations, social-service organizations, ethnic-minority groups, religious organizations, college groups, out-of-town contingents (such as the Napa Gay People's Coalition), fraternal organizations (such as transsexuals and bisexuals for gay rights), sports groups, and commercial enterprises. The parade organizers, however, had chosen to mix up all the groups, so the actual order of the parade might have come from the pages of Claude Lévi-Strauss.

By the time our truck turned onto Market Street, I was too late to see the head of the parade: the Gay American Indian contingent, followed by Disabled Gay People and Friends, and then by a ninety-piece marching band and the gay political leaders of the city. Leaving the truck to walk along the sidelines, where a crowd was now gathering, I made my way up to No. 41, the Gay Latino Alliance, or GALA—a group of young men dancing down the street to mariachi music. Just behind them was a group representing the gay synagogue—a rather serious group of people, the men wearing yarmulkes and carrying a banner with the Star of David. This contingent was closely followed by a Marilyn Monroe look-alike on stilts, batting six-inch-long eyelashes and swaying to the music of a disco float just behind her. Farther back were people in country work clothes with a sign for the Order of Displaced Okies. The Local Lesbian Association Kazoo Marching Band led a number of women's groups, including the San Francisco Women's Center, U.C. Berkeley Women's Studies Student Caucus, and Dykes on Bikes. This last group could be easily found: every time the members—six or seven petite women in tight jeans, men's undershirts, and boots—came to an intersection, they would rev up their motorcycles, bringing loud applause from the crowd. Farther back, behind the Gay Pagans, the Free Beach Activists, the Zimbabwe Medical Drive, and the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club, came the float that many had been waiting for: a sequinned, spangled, and tulle-wrapped chariot, holding the Council of Grand Dukes and

Duchesses of San Francisco. Somewhere in this neighborhood there was a truly unfortunate juxtaposition. The Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media had taken their proper place in line, but then somehow, perhaps as a result of some confusion in the Society of Janus, elements of the sadomasochistic liberation front had moved in just behind them. The pallid-looking men in uniforms were not dragging chains—the parade organizers had counselled against that—but they were carrying a sign that read "Black and Blue Is Beautiful."

At that time—the very height of gay liberation—many Americans believed that the homosexual population of the United States had greatly increased in the past ten or twenty years. And they were willing to explain it. Some said that the country was going soft—that there was no discipline anymore, and no morality. Others, including a number of gay men, said that the country was in the act of finding its ecological balance and creating natural limits to population growth. There was, however, no evidence for the premise—to say nothing of the theories built upon it. Demographic studies showed that male homosexuals had remained a fairly stable percentage of the population since 1948, when the first Kinsey report came out. What had happened since then—and particularly in the past ten years—was that homosexuals had assumed much greater visibility. Gay liberation was, more than anything else, a move into consciousness. The movement "created" some homosexuals in that it permitted some people to discover their homosexual feelings and to express them, but its main effect was to bring large numbers of homosexuals out of the closet and into the consciousness of others. A secondary effect was to create a great wave of migration into the tolerant cities of the country. All the gay immigrants I talked to said that they had always known they were attracted to the same sex; their decision was not to become a homosexual but to live openly as one, and in a gay community. "I lived in Rochester," a young political consultant told me. "I was white, male, and middle-class, and I had gone to Harvard. I thought I could do anything I wanted, so I resented having to conceal something as basic as sex. I resented being condemned to repress or ignore my homosexuality, and to live in turmoil for the rest of my life. The solution was to move here."

The parade was advancing slowly, and the farther up Market Street we went the more spectators there were. First, there was a line of people, and then a crowd filling the sidewalks and spilling out into the streets behind. Many of the spectators were young men, and it now happened frequently that one of them would call out "Hey, it's Armistead!" or "Look, it's Dave Kopay!"

Kopay, tall, broad-shouldered, and lantern-jawed, was not hard to recognize: he looked like the movie version of a football player. A veteran running back, he had played pro ball for eight years with the 49ers, the Lions, the Redskins, the Saints, and the Packers. He retired in 1972, and three years later, convinced that rumors of his homosexuality had denied him a coaching job, he decided to come

CEDAR WAXWING ON SCARLET FIRETHORN

To start again with something beautiful,
and natural, the waxwing first on one
foot, then the other, holding the berry,
against the moment like a drop of blood—
red-wing-tipped, yellow at the tip of the
tail, the head sleek, crested, fin or arrow,
turning now, swallowing. Or any bird
that turns, as by instruction, its small, dark
head, disinterested, toward the future; flies
into the massive tangle of the trees, slick.
The visual glide of the detail blurs.

The good gun flowering in the mouth is done,
like swallowing the sword or eating fire,
the carnival trick we could take back if
we wanted. When I was told suicide
meant the soul stayed with the body locked in
the ground I knew it was wrong, that each bird
could be anyone in the afterlife,
alive, on wing. Like this one, which lets its
thin lisp of a song go out into the wood-
land understory, into its voice, gone.

But to look down the long shaft of the air,
the whole healing silence of the air, fire
and thorn, where we want to be, on the edge
of the advantage, the abrupt green edge
between the flowering pyracantha and
the winded, open field, before the trees,
to be alive in secret, this is what
we wanted, and here, as when we die what
lives is fluted on the air: a whistle,
then the wing—even our desire to die,
to swallow fire, disappear, be nothing.

The body fills with light, and in the mind
the white oak of the table, the ladder
stiffness of the chair, the dried-out paper
on the wall fly back into the vein and
branching of the leaf—flare like the waxwings,
whose moment seems to fill the scarlet hedge.
From the window, at a distance, just more
trees against the sky, and in the distance
after that everything is possible.
We are in a room with all the loved ones,
who, when they answer, have the power of song.

—Stanley Plumly

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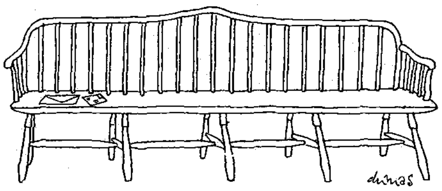
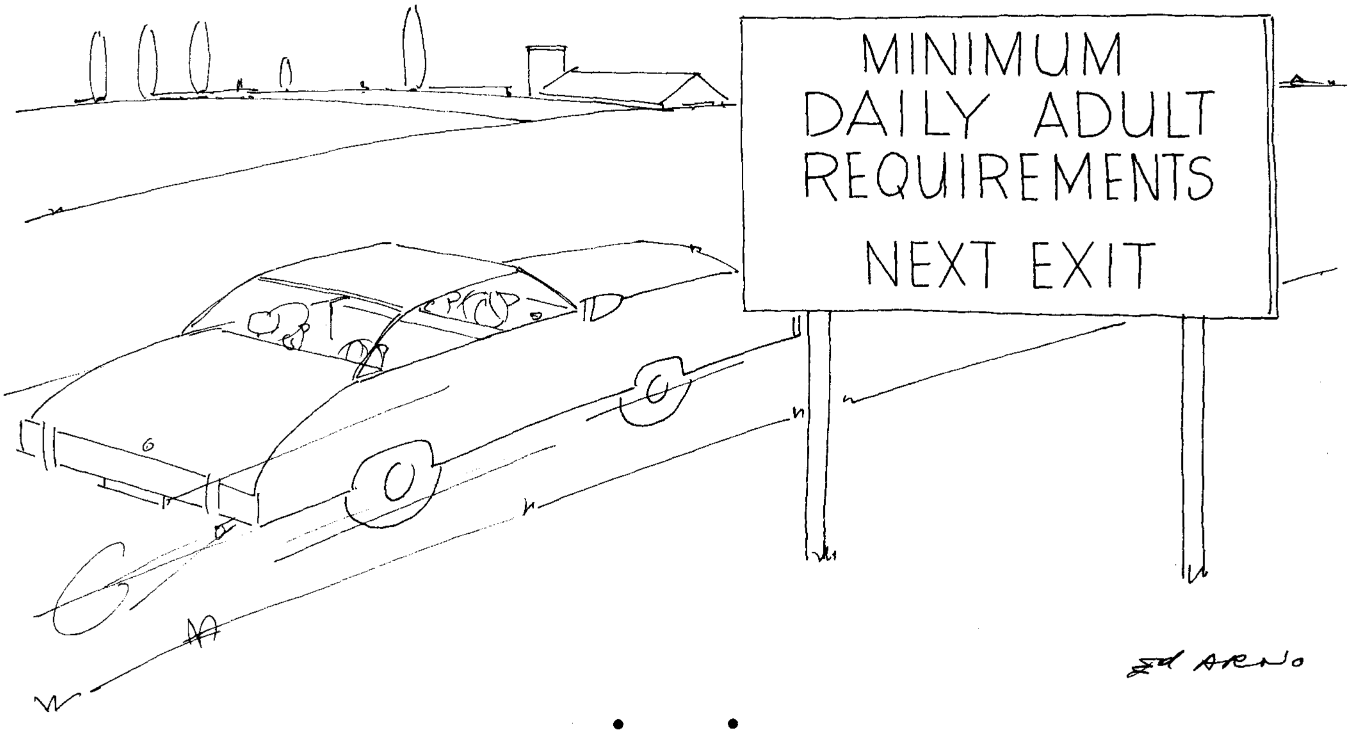




out to a newspaper reporter doing a story on homosexuality in professional sports. The reporter had talked to a number of gay athletes, but only Kopay permitted his name to be used. His gesture created a scandal in the sports world, for while everyone knew there were homosexuals in professional football, no one wanted evidence of it. But Kopay became something of a hero among gay men.

Armistead Maupin, who was wearing a lavender-and-yellow hockey jersey and a hat pulled down over bright-blue eyes, might have been more difficult to recognize. But in San Francisco he was just as well known as Kopay. He was the author of "Tales of the City," a humorous serial about San Francisco life that appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The terrain he mapped in his "Tales" was the world of young single people, gay and straight, who came to San Francisco to change their lives. It was a world he knew well. Maupin, as it happened, came from an aristocratic and ultraconservative North Carolina family. On graduating from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, in 1966, he joined the Navy, went through officers' school, and served a tour of duty in Vietnam. He then spent an additional summer in Vietnam, as a volunteer, building refugee housing with some fellow-officers. On his return, President Nixon invited him to the White House and honored him as the very model of patriotic young Republicanism. He worked for a year on a newspaper in Charleston, South Carolina, and then left for San Francisco.

Maupin, because of his writing but also because of his enormous Southern charm, had become the Gay Personality of San Francisco. The year before, he had been master of ceremonies of the gay parade, and he had opened the annual game between the San Francisco Sheriff's Department and the Gay Softball League by throwing out an orange. Once, to demonstrate that nothing is sacred, including amour propre, he turned up in a white rabbit suit to sell jockstraps for a gay charity. The epigraph for his first book was a quotation from Oscar Wilde: "It's an odd thing, but anyone who disappears is said to be seen in San Francisco."

Most of the spectators now crowding the sidewalks appeared to be in their twenties or thirties. Dressed California style, in natural fibres and hiking or jogging shoes, both the men and the women looked lean, tan, and athletic. Many of the men, now shirtless in the sun, had admirably muscled chests. Looking out at a row of them sunbathing on a wall, Armistead said, "Just think of all the fortunes spent on bodybuilding equipment." There were some older people, including a group of four women with butch haircuts and lined faces, and a couple of men with identical beards and identical canes, but not very many. And apart from a few glum-looking tourist families there were hardly any mixed couples or children. To the expert observers on my truck, most of the spectators appeared to be gay.

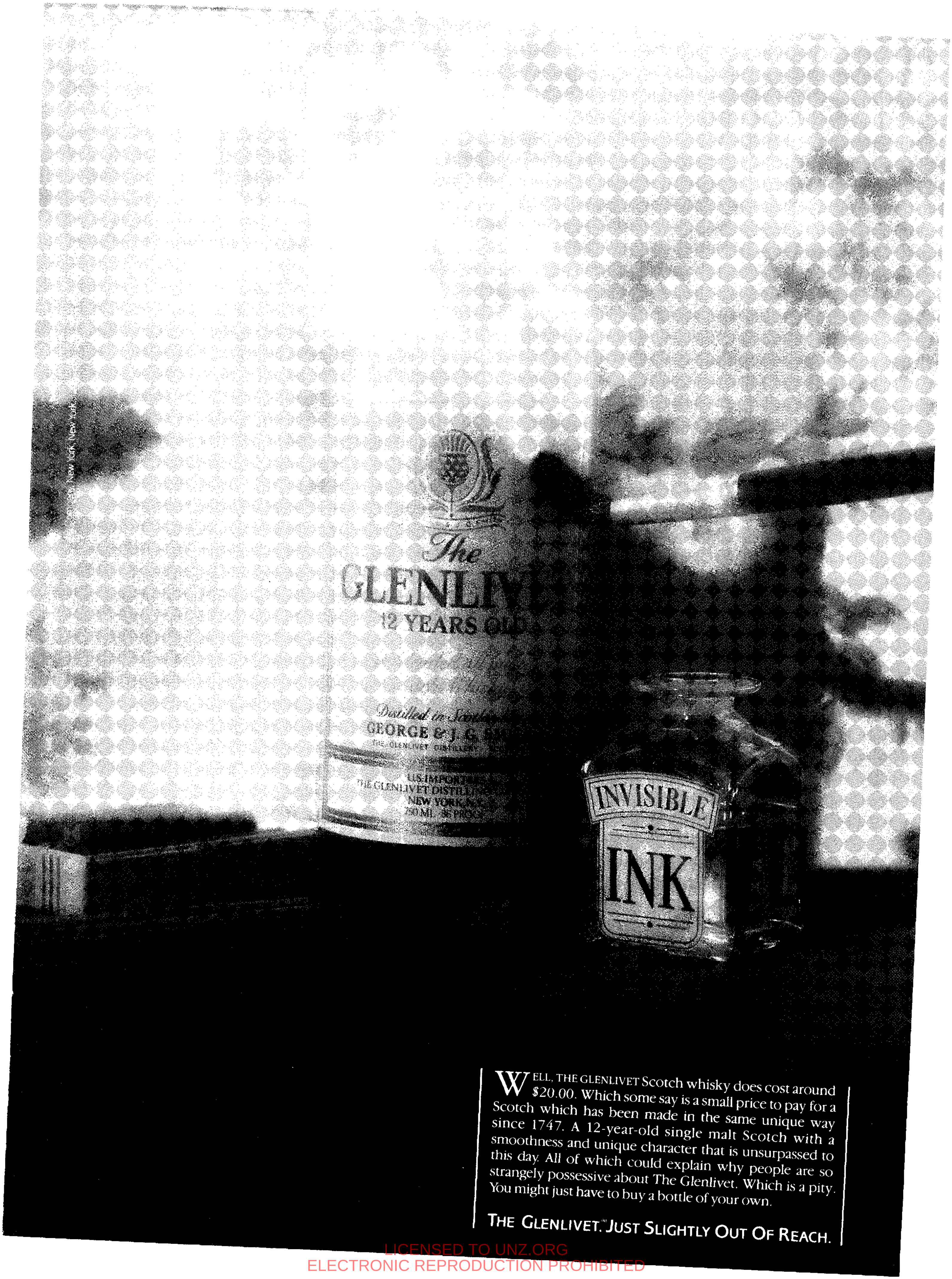
The majority of San Franciscans could continue to ignore the growing gay population in their midst in part because the city was still decentralized, its residential neighborhoods a series of ethnic villages: black, Hispanic, Irish, Italian, Chinese. Like all the other minorities, the gays had their own neighborhoods and places of entertainment, which other San Franciscans circumnavigated as they went from home to work and back. But, then, unlike the rest, most gay people had no distinguishing marks, no permanent badges of color, class, or accent. Going to work downtown, gay people—black or white, men or women—were invisible to others for as long as they wanted to be. Politically speaking, they acted like a highly organized ethnic group; indeed, this year they had persuaded the city government to give the gay parade the same sum it gave ethnic parades for the purpose of encouraging tourism. Yet this minority, being defined by desire alone, materialized in full only once a year, on Gay Freedom Day.

From time to time during the slow march up Market Street, it came to me to see the gay parade as the unfurling of a municipal dream sequence—the clowns, the drag queens, and the men in their leather suits being the fantastic imagery of the city's collective unconscious. Sigmund Freud, after all, had believed that man was born bisex-

"Cornelia has created a seventy-five-acre animal refuge in the Adirondacks. You can only get there by canoe."

ual and that every human being had homosexual desires in some degree. From this perspective, it seemed unreasonable that the parade should not include everyone in San Francisco. On the other hand, Freud believed that each individual's inner world was unique—individual desires having different qualities or textures, different degrees of intensity and modes of expression. And from this perspective it seemed unreasonable that all these thousands of people should pick up a banner labelled "GAY" and march with it to City Hall. What made the experience more bewildering still was that to watch the contingents pass by was to watch a confusion of categories something like that of Kafka's Chinese list: Dykes on Bikes, California Human Rights Advocates, Sutro Baths, Lesbian Mothers, the Imperial Silver Fox Court. Looking at the costumes—the leather and the tulle—I wondered which were new and which had been worn for decades, even centuries, in the undergrounds of Paris or London. Which were the permanent archetypes of desires, and which merely fashions or the jokes of the young? My friends on the truck would answer with the counterculture koan that everyone was in drag—all of us. And yet some of these costumes and dream images had settlement patterns in the city.

There were four gay centers in San Francisco, each geographically distinct, each containing what appeared to be a distinct subculture or culture-part. The oldest gay center lay in the Tenderloin, a triangle of sleazy bars and cheap hotels bordered by the business district, the theatre district, and Market Street. Like its counterparts in other cities, the Tenderloin was by no means exclusively gay. The home of winos and bums, it was a transit station for sailors and impecunious travellers, and it harbored most of the prostitution, both gay and straight, for the entire city. In the late afternoon, female prostitutes, male hustlers, and transvestite whores could be seen performing a complicated street-corner ballet as they tried at once to evade the police and sort out their initially undifferentiated customers. In the nineteen-fifties, the district had harbored most of the gay bars in the city, but now only the hustler bars and the drag-queen bars were left. The Kokpit, owned by a queen called Sweet Lips, had been in operation for a decade. Now lined with trophies and photographs of countless drag balls, it had become a kind of Toots Shor of drag San Francisco. A few blocks away was a bar of a professional and much more highly specialized nature, where six-to-seven-foot-tall black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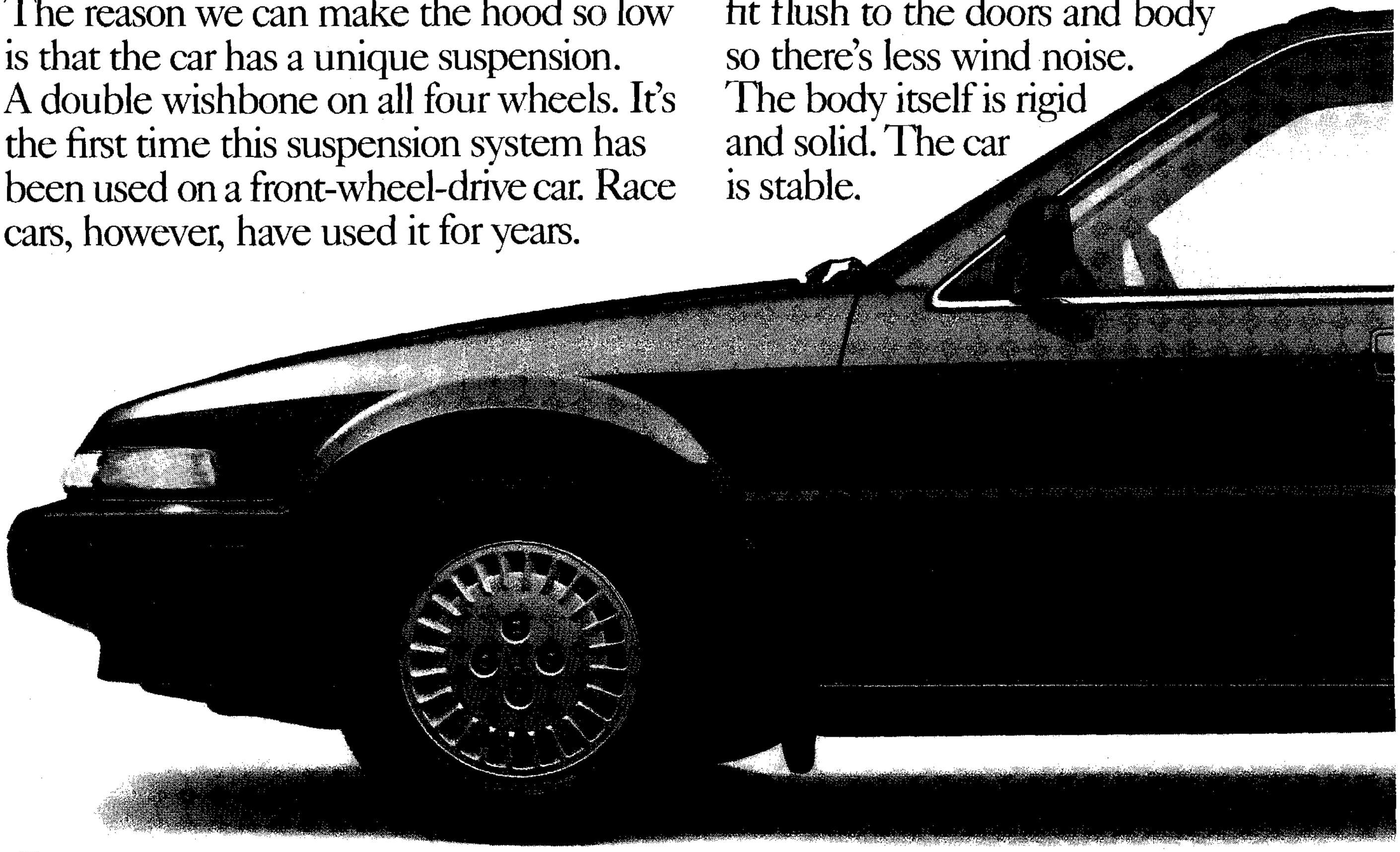

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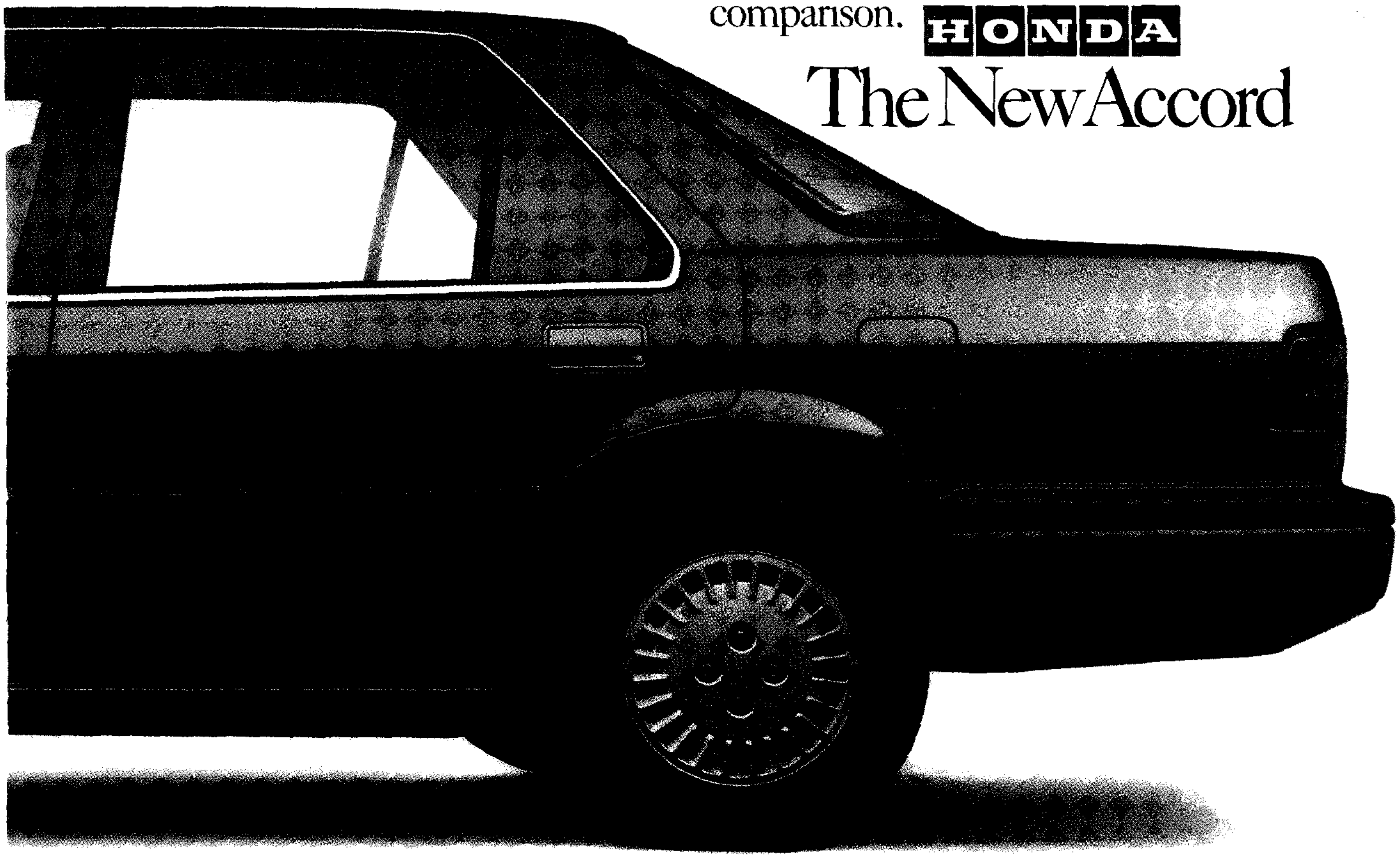

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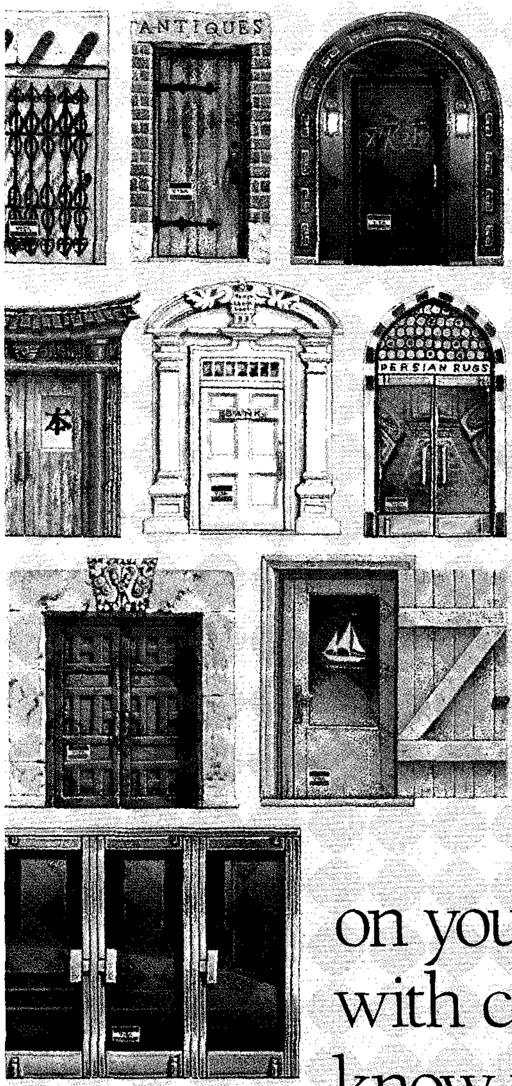

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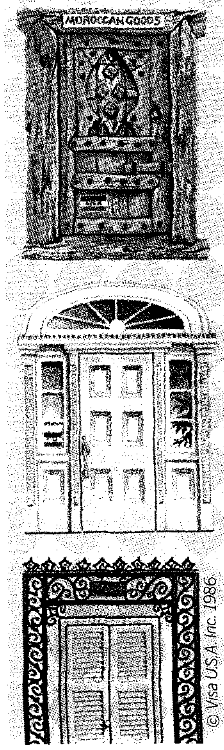

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S MEMO, BY R. CRANDALL WELLCROFT III
CHENEY

• •

transvestites hustled white men in business suits.

Chronologically, Polk Street, or Polk Gulch, was the second gay center of the city. It was the decorators' district, and in the sixties a number of gay bars had moved into blocks lined with antique shops and furniture stores. Since then, it had been the major site of the Halloween festivities. On that one night a year, the police stood by, leaving the street to a carnival of witches, clowns, nuns on roller skates, and Jackie Kennedy look-alikes, or Patty Hearst look-alikes with toy machine guns. Polk Street was a mixed neighborhood—both gay and straight people lived there, and its restaurants catered to both crowds. Its gay bars were thus not conspicuous except at night, when groups of young hustlers stood out on the sidewalks around them. A number of the gay bars still catered to the stylish and the well-to-do. They had low lights, expensive furniture, and music by the old favorites—Marlene Dietrich, Noël Coward, and Judy Garland. Even to outsiders, their patrons would be recognizable, for Polk Street was still the land of good taste and attitude: the silk scarf perfectly knotted, the sentimentality, the witty little jab.

A newer gay center lay on Folsom Street, in the old warehouse district, south of Market. At night, Folsom Street was the complement of Polk Street, for it was lined with leather bars: the Stud, the Brig, the Ramrod, to name a few. Late at night, groups of men in bluejeans, motorcycle jackets, and boots would circle around ranks of Triumphs and Harley-Davidsons, eying one another warily. The bars had sawdust on the floors, and men drank beer standing up, shoulder to shoulder, in a din of heavy metal and hard rock. In the Black and Blue, some of them wore studded wristbands, studded neckbands, and caps with Nazi insignia; above the bar, a huge motorcycle was suspended in a wash of psychedelic lights. On Wednesday nights, the Arena bar had a slave auction, at which men would be stripped almost naked, chained up by men in black masks with whips, and sold off to the highest bidder. Such was the theatre of Folsom Street. The men in leather came from Polk Street and other quiet neighborhoods; the money went to charity; and the "slave" put on a business suit and went to work the next day. The Folsom district was a night town—the Valley of the Kings, it was called, as opposed to the Valley of the Queens, in the Tenderloin, and the Valley of the Dolls, on Polk Street. In addition to the leather bars, a variety of gay restaurants, discothèques, bathhouses, and sex clubs had moved into its abandoned warehouses and manufacturing lofts. It was an entertainment place, and few people lived there.

The Castro, by contrast, was a neighborhood. Though gays first settled there—homesteaded, in effect—only in the early seventies, it had become the fulcrum of gay life in the city by 1977. At first glance, it was much like other neighborhoods: a four-block main street with a drugstore, corner groceries, a liquor store, dry cleaners, and a revival movie house. Here and there, money was visibly at work: a café advertised crab ravigote, a store sold expensive glass and tableware, and there were two banks. But there was nothing swish about the Castro. The main street ran off into quiet streets of two-story and three-story white-shingled houses; the main haberdashery, the All-American Boy, sold clothes that were conservative, traditional. In fact, the neighborhood was like other neighborhoods except that on Saturdays and Sundays you could walk for blocks and see only young men dressed, as it were, for a hiking expedition. Also, the bookstore was a gay bookstore, the health club a gay health club; there was a gay real-estate brokerage, a gay lawyer's office, and the office of a gay psychiatrist. The bars were, with one exception, gay bars, and one of them—the Twin Peaks, at the corner of Castro and Market Street—was, so Armistead told me, the first gay bar in the country to have picture windows on the street.

Armistead and his friends liked to take visitors to the Castro and point out landmarks like the Twin Peaks. But in fact the only remarkable-looking thing on the street was the crowd of young men themselves. Even at lunchtime on a weekday, there would be dozens of good-looking young men sitting at the café tables, hanging out at the bars, leaning against doorways, or walking down the streets with their arms around each other. The sexual tension was palpable. "I'd never live here," Armistead said. "Far too intense. You can't go to the laundromat at 10 A.M. without the right pair of jeans on." The Castro was the place to which most of the young gay men came. Perhaps fifty to a hundred thousand came as tourists each summer, and thousands of these decided to settle, leaving Topeka and Omaha for good. New York and Los Angeles had their gay areas, but the Castro was unique: it was the first settlement built by gay liberation.

The denizens of the Castro were overwhelmingly male, but occasionally in a crowd of men on the street you would see two or three young women dressed in jeans or jumpsuits. A few gay women lived in the Castro—they considered it safe—and close by were a few small lesbian settlements, in Haight-Ashbury, Duboce Triangle, and the Mission district. But these settlements were so inconspicuous that you couldn't find them unless you knew where to look. On one quiet street, there was a comfortable neighborhood bar with a jukebox and a pool table; on the walls were framed photographs of a softball team that its regulars organized each summer. This was Maud's Study, and the bartender and all the customers were women. But there were only five or six lesbian bars in the entire city. There were many more women's organizations—theatre groups, social-service centers, and so on—but there was no female equivalent of the Castro. In Berkeley and northern Oakland, across the bay, young political women had taken over some of the big, slightly run-down shingled houses and started a newspaper, a crafts coöperative, a recording company, and various other enterprises. And there were a number of lesbian farm communes up the coast in Northern California. But nowhere did gay women congregate the way gay men did. In the city, feeling themselves vulnerable, they took on protective coloring and melted into the landscape. No one ever knew how many of them there were in San Francisco, for no research money was ever allotted to finding out. They appeared in large numbers only on Gay Freedom Day.

The front of the parade had long ago reached its terminus, City Hall, when our truck pulled into the Civic Center Plaza. San Francisco City Hall—a rotunda building like the United States Capitol—looked large and imposing, fronted, as it was, by tree-lined malls and a reflecting pool. At the same time, recently cleaned and bright white against a bright-blue sky, it looked like an enormous wedding cake, of the sort displayed in old-fashioned Italian bakeries. Harvey Milk was standing next to the dais, with a lei of purple orchids around his neck and a bunch of daisies in one hand, giving interviews to a small group of radio and television reporters. He had already made his speech—a strong one, I was told—denouncing the so-called Briggs Initiative, a proposition on the November ballot that would have driven all openly gay teachers and all discussion of gay rights out of the public schools. He was now calling for a national gay march on Washington the following year. Nearby, a woman in a gypsy costume was swinging her child around through the air; a man in a tuxedo with makeup on and long red nails strolled past her humming to himself.

In front of the dais, a large crowd had assembled—a very large crowd. Indeed, it seemed to me when I looked at it from the top of the City Hall steps that I must be looking at all the twenty-to-thirty-year-olds in Northern California. The young people in front were following the proceedings on the dais enthusiastically. Some were waving banners; others were standing with linked arms, chanting and cheering. Behind them, groups of people were lying on the grass, their heads pillowed on backpacks, talking and rolling joints, while other groups of young people drifted around them. From the front, the crowd looked like an early anti-war demonstration; from the back, it looked like the Woodstock nation. Both seemed to be crowds of the sixties returned—only now both of them were gay.

The next day, June 26, 1978, the San Francisco *Chronicle* reported that two hundred and forty thousand people had turned out for the annual Gay Freedom Day Parade. It quoted the police estimate rather than the Chamber of Commerce estimate of three hundred thousand, made later in the day, or the figure of three hundred and seventy-five thousand which appeared in the Los Angeles *Times*. Even the second figure would make the turnout one of the largest in San Francisco's history, and would equal nearly half the adult population of the city. The local press tended to avoid figures leading to such arithmetic. It did not like to advertise that San Francisco had become the gay capital of the country, and perhaps of the world.

JUST why so many gay people came to San Francisco was a question that few non-gay San Franciscans asked themselves in the summer of 1978. But after the death of Harvey Milk, in November of that year, local journalists would be called upon to explain the Castro every time events focussed national attention on San Francisco. The boosterish explanation they evolved had to do with the Gold Rush, and with the thought that San Francisco had always been a wide-open city tolerant of "diverse life styles" and unconventional behavior. The city, it was true, did grow up as a wide-open miners' town, and long after the Gold Rush was over it continued to attract a raffish crowd of fortune seekers and adventurers—not for tradition's sake but because it became a port city, the largest on the West Coast, and the main jumping-off place for the American outback. During the Spanish-American War and again during the Second World War, it was a center for American naval operations in the Pacific. Like most port cities, it had a big, raunchy waterfront, which expanded mightily during wartime. But by the end of the nineteenth century it was also a manufacturing city, with a solid citizenry of blue-collar workers and prosperous, civic-minded entrepreneurs. In peacetime, its citizenry would wage strenuous and often successful campaigns against vice and sin on the waterfront: its preachers mounted a successful effort after 1906 by claiming that the earthquake was divine intervention against the new Sodom and Gomorrah; the city government cracked down in the twenties, the thirties, and then again in the fifties and early sixties. During that last period, the police championed bourgeois morality to the extent of confiscating copies of Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" from the City Lights bookstore and closing most of the gay bars. But then, as had happened so often in the past, a new wave of invaders came to disrupt the order so carefully restored. In other words, San Francisco's tolerance for unconventional behavior seemed to be cyclical.

What was certainly true about the booster version of San Francisco his-

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tory was that among the immigrants to San Francisco, and to California in general, were a great many people who were looking for personal freedom and wanted to break with the past. Such was Henry Hay, the founder of the Mattachine Society, which was the first homosexual-rights organization in the United States. Not much was known about Hay until the mid-nineteen-seventies, when the gay historian John D'Emilio interviewed him, for Hay and his first two associates, Chuck Rowland and Bob Hull, had Communist Party backgrounds. Well-educated and highly cultivated men—Hull was a classical musician—all three of them were immigrants to California. They had worked as organizers on Communist Party cultural committees and affiliates in the forties. Hay, who was then married, met Rowland and Hull in Los Angeles in 1950 and asked them to join him in creating an organization whose aim would be to raise the consciousness of homosexuals and take political action on behalf of what he defined as an oppressed cultural minority. Hay founded a society along lines familiar to them: its membership was secret and its structure cell-like and hierarchical. The need for secrecy seemed evident, for the House Un-American Activities Committee and other agencies, operating in California, had already begun a hunt for Communists, and for homosexuals with security clearances. In 1955, Hay was called up before HUAC for his Communist associations, but, perhaps because of the security system he had instituted, HUAC never discovered his connection with the Mattachine Society. The committee members thus missed the chance to substantiate their thesis that Communists and homosexuals were almost the same thing. In fact, Hay had quit the Party, and was now engaged in the most all-American of endeavors—a civil-rights struggle and the pursuit of happiness.

The Mattachine Society was enormously successful in California; so popular were Hay's consciousness-raising sessions that it grew to several hundred members in the first few years. The new members, however, insisted that it have a democratic structure, and as secrecy could no longer be assured, Hay, Hull, and Rowland had to resign their leadership roles, fearing that their former associations might become a liability to it. The leadership then passed into the hands of people who were defensively anti-Communist, and who did their best to erase all memory of the founders. The headquarters moved from Los Angeles to San Francisco, and in 1955 two other San Franciscans, Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, founded a sister organization they called the Daughters of Bilitis.

These two "homophile" organizations, as they were known, did not, of course, create the homosexual population in San Francisco; rather, the reverse was true. According to students of gay history, the city had homosexual baths and meeting places as far back as the eighteen-nineties. (According to gay mythology, the fashion for wearing colored bandannas to signify sexual preferences came from the Gold Rush—from the miners' practice of using bandannas to indicate "female" partners in their all-male square dances.) Though gay history remains largely anecdotal until the nineteen-fifties, it is clear that the homosexual population increased after the Second World War, when homosexual soldiers and sailors demobilized in the city took a look at the waterfront and decided not to return to Kansas City and Duluth. In any case, there were some thirty homosexual bars in the city in the early sixties, when the new crackdown occurred.

The proximate cause of this crackdown was a charge made in 1959 by a mayoral candidate that the incumbent mayor had allowed "sex deviates" to establish their national headquarters in the city. The candidate was, of course, referring to the members of the Mattachine Society and the Daughters of Bilitis. There was a good deal of irony in this, for at the time two groups of more conservative and respectable people could hardly have been found. During the witch hunts of the fifties, the Mattachine Society had rejected the Marxist-style program of consciousness-raising and direct political action; indeed, it was rejected so completely that most of its members never knew it had existed at all. The emphasis in both societies was now on improving the "image" of homosexuals through educational programs and through appeals to clergymen, psychologists, and sex researchers. So eager were the members to demonstrate their respectability that they would have nothing whatever to do with the people who went to the bars. As a result, their numbers were extremely small, and had remained so into the sixties.

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For most of the sixties, and even into the early seventies, San Francisco was not a completely tolerant city as far as homosexuals were concerned. Police harassment was often ferocious: in the crackdown of the early sixties, most of the bars were closed (some temporarily, some permanently), and hundreds of gay men and women were picked up each year, often simply for dancing together or holding hands. In 1961, José Sarrio, a drag entertainer at a bar called the Black Cat, ran for supervisor in protest against this harassment. He won more than six thousand votes and came in seventh in the race, but two years later the state liquor authority closed the Black Cat for good. In 1965, the police even broke up a dance held by a group of local clergymen to raise money for a new committee they had formed—the Council on Religion and the Homosexual. Under the circumstances, the homophile organizations made little headway, and after 1961 the center of gravity in the Mattachine Society shifted to New York. In 1964, a new organization, the Society for Individual Rights, known as SIR, was created in San Francisco to provide a meeting ground for gay men that was safer than the much-besieged bars. SIR differed from the homophile groups in that it addressed the needs of gay men, and not what the larger community thought about homosexuality. Though it was mainly a social organization, it had committees to deal with legal and political issues and to offer social services. And because it dealt with the world of the bars it attracted a great many more members than the Mattachine Society: some twelve hundred at its peak. But it was not until the early seventies that gay organizations gained the strength to challenge city policies, and by that time two almost seismic changes had taken place. One of them was an eco-

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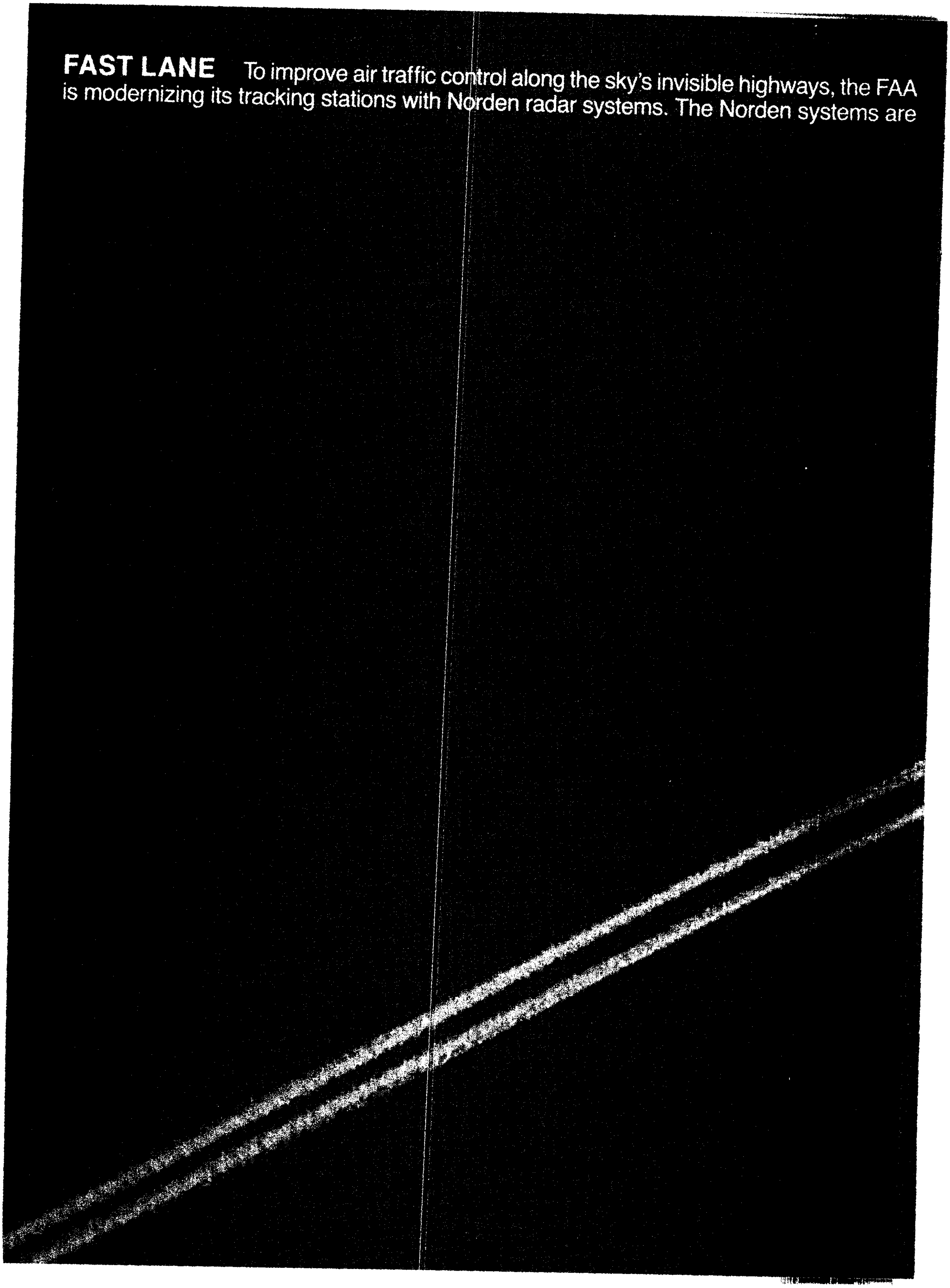

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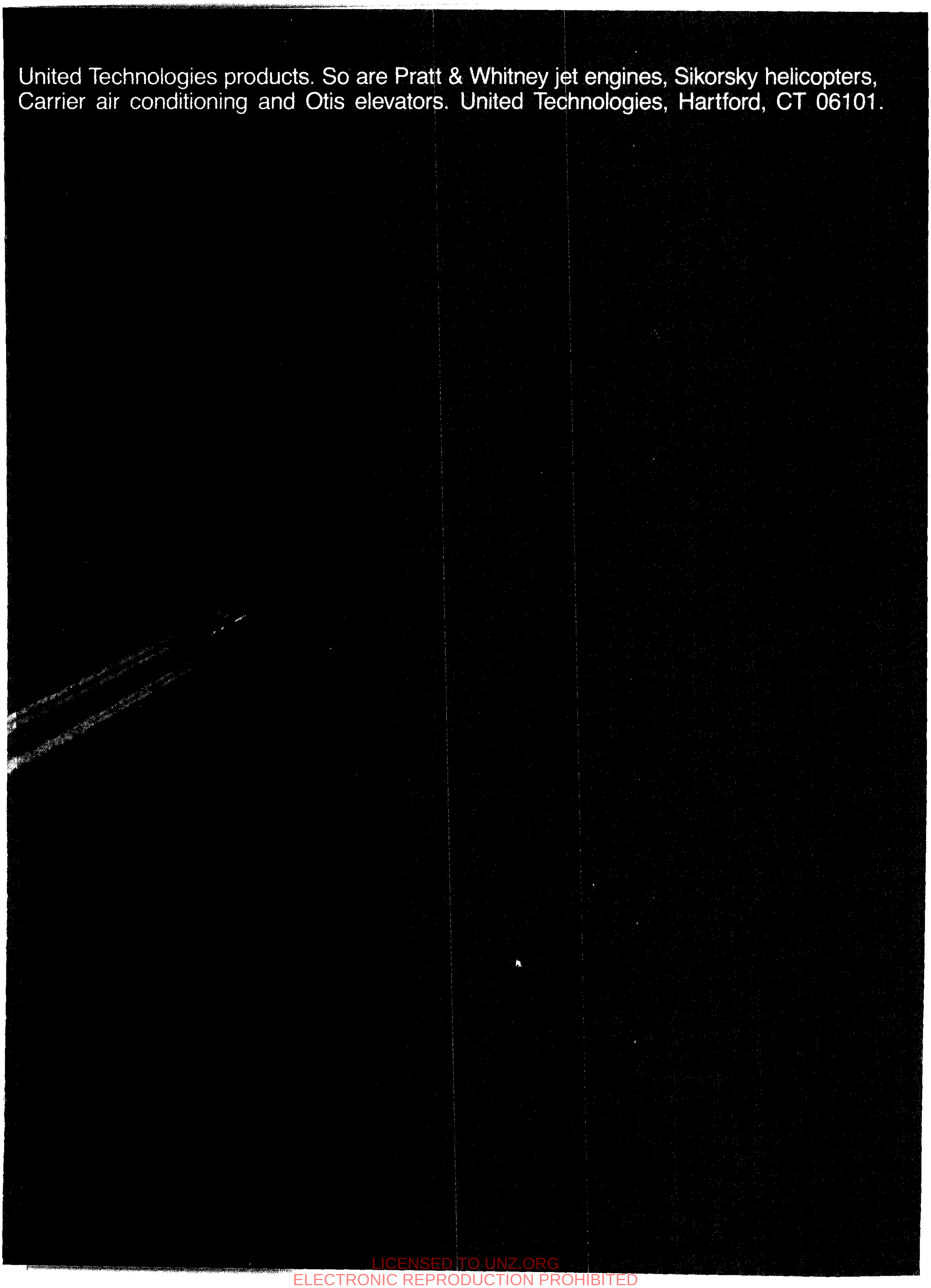

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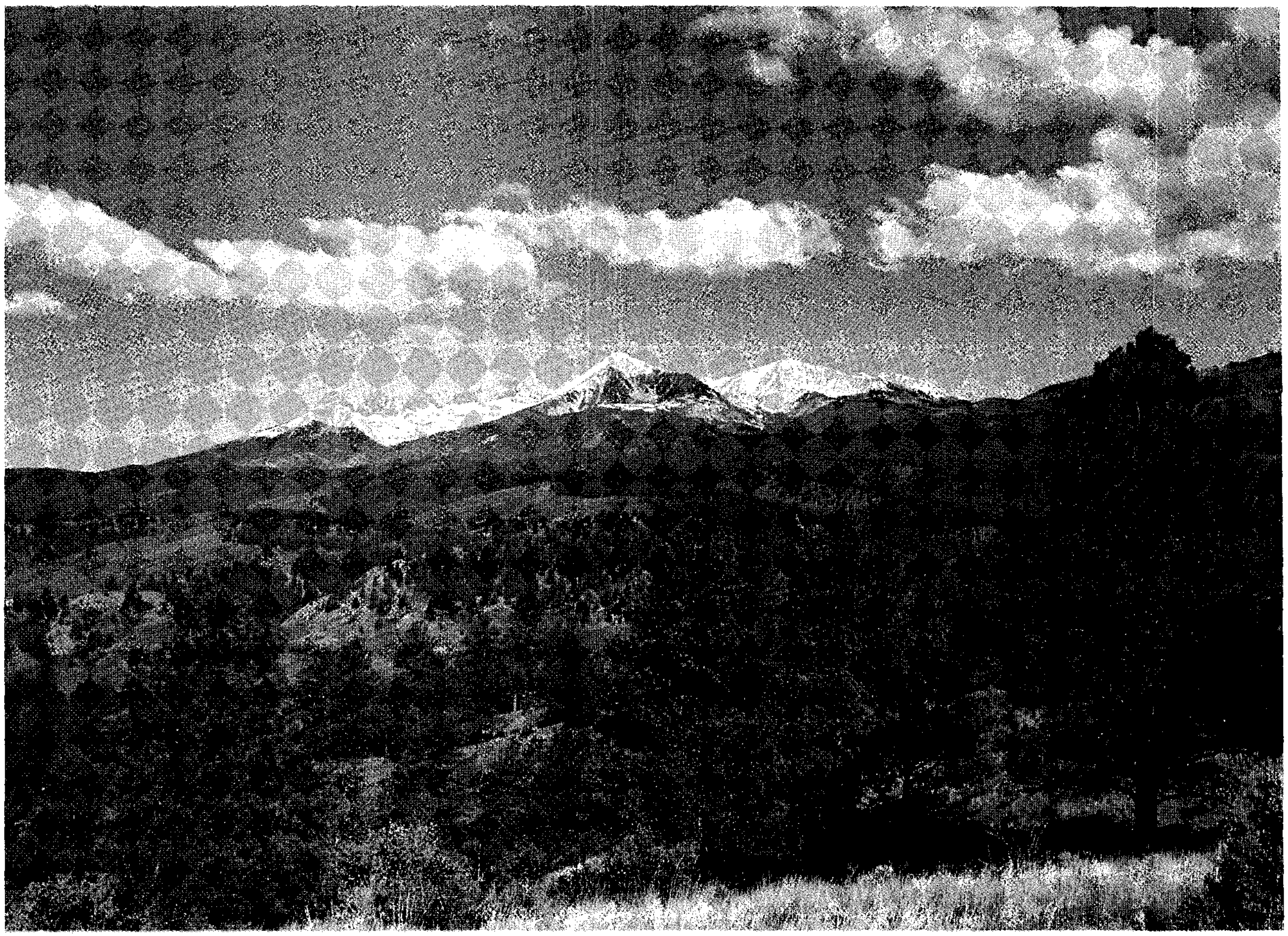

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nomic transformation of the city. The other was gay liberation.

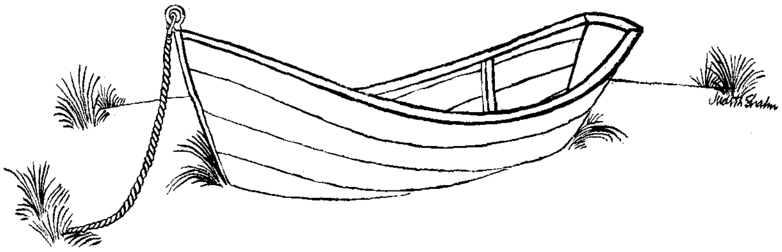
OUR truck was idling at an intersection during the parade when Larry Glover emerged from the crowd and came up to say hello. He was wearing only shorts and hiking boots; with a backpack slung over his tanned shoulders, he looked like an advertisement for a wilderness trip or natural foods. I had met Glover on my first trip through gay night town. That was on a Saturday—Sunday morning, actually—and the Black and Blue, in the Folsom district, was packed so tight that it had taken me and a journalist friend fifteen minutes to work our way across the room. The crowd was not of the yielding variety. There were no other women, and all the men were dressed in heavy leather, Hell's Angels style: leather boots, studded leather belts, motorcycle jackets. They were big men, many of them, with a lot of muscle and shoulder, and they had tough-guy expressions. My colleague, though gay, had never been to a bar like this before, and he, too, was feeling distinctly out of place. All of a sudden, he disappeared into the crowd, and a minute later he was back, smiling, with one of the more imposing figures there—a tall man with chest muscles bulging beneath an undershirt. "Old friend of mine!" he shouted at me over the din. "College together . . . Ann Arbor . . . S.D.S.!"

I thought that I had heard wrong. But no. Glover left the bar with us and, volunteering to act as our guide, took us to several other Folsom Street bars and after-hours clubs. A few days later, I went to see him in his apartment. It was a plain apartment, but the living room had a lot of hanging plants and a Victorian sofa covered with ancient, hairless Teddy bears. Glover was, it turned out, a gentle soul; he had a job he didn't much like and was studying to be an actor. Over white wine, he told me about his days at the University of Michigan. He had gone to Ann Arbor in the late sixties, and though he came from a conservative blue-collar family, he had joined the anti-war movement and become a member of Students for a Democratic Society. He heard about the gay-liberation movement soon after it began, in 1969, and, feeling that it was closer to his own concerns than the peace movement, started a chapter in Ann Arbor. From then on, he devoted himself entirely to it, organizing educational programs and gay dances. The period was, he said, an exhilarating one for him. But it was also a sad time, because his lover, who was running for Congress on a peace ticket, decided that Glover was too radical, and left him. Then his best friend, a lesbian, became a separatist and would not speak to him again. Glover was sombre that day, and he seemed a little lonely. But on the street, in the midst of the parade, he looked much happier. "I'm in a good space," he said. "I'm jogging now as well as doing weights. Then, we've got two plays in rehearsal, and I'm really getting into Brecht." He smiled and waved as our truck pulled away.

The 1978 Gay Freedom Day Parade marked the ninth anniversary of gay liberation. The event heralding its birth had been a riot on Christopher Street, in Greenwich Village. On June 27, 1969, the New York City police raided the Stonewall Inn, a bar that catered to effeminate young street people and drag queens, among others. Instead of acquiescing, the customers and a crowd that gathered on the street fought back with beer bottles and paving stones. The scene was iconic, and as the rioting continued for a second night graffiti announcing the birth of a revolutionary movement appeared on walls and sidewalks. Extraordinarily, a movement came into being that summer, and it was immediately successful. In the first year, it spread across the campuses—from Columbia to Berkeley and Ann Arbor, to colleges across the nation.

As John D'Emilio has shown, gay liberation did owe something to the older, homophile organizations. The gay liberationists, however, were largely college students, a generation younger than most of the members of the Mattachine Society, and a large proportion of them were involved with the other radical movements of the sixties rather than with the homophile groups. For them, gay liberation was simply a logical extension of the New Left, the counterculture, black power, and the feminist movement. Whereas the homophile groups had retained a moderate, reformist character long after other social movements passed into a radical phase, the gay liberationists adopted militant, confrontational tactics. The rhetoric of oppression, consciousness, and revolution came naturally to them, and they had, as well, a sense of impending apocalyptic change. They were not out to persuade and educate; they were out to shock the society into a sudden "change of consciousness." Abandoning the old networks, they used the platforms provided by the other radical sixties movements. Gay-rights contingents carried banners at anti-war demonstrations; lesbian groups ran workshops at feminist conferences; gay speakers addressed New Left and black-power rallies; and gay students did guerrilla theatre on the campuses. While the older groups had counselled self-acceptance, the gay liberationists called upon homosexuals to make an open avowal of their sexual identity. Coming out symbolized the shedding of self-hatred, but it was also a political act, directed toward the society. In San Francisco, Leo Laurence, a thirty-six-year-old radio journalist, returned from the 1968 Democratic Convention "radicalized," to write for the *Berkeley Barb* and for *Vector*, the publication of SIR. He wrote of the "homosexual revolution" and called upon homosexuals to "come out from behind a double-life." He and his lover posed semi-naked for a photograph in the *Barb*, and he lambasted homophile activists and called them timid, bigoted, and "a bunch of middle-class, uptight, bitchy old queens." This was gay liberation speaking.

The movement caught on as the homophile movement never had. The students, of course, had less to lose than their elders, and when they were called upon to do so they came out, and went out into the streets to demonstrate. In just a few years, the movement did "change the consciousness" of young gay men and women across the country: not just in the colleges but in the high schools; not just in the cities but in the small towns; and among those who otherwise cared nothing for radical politics. This change, in turn, set off the wave of migrations. In the seventies, thousands upon



thousands of young gay men and women left their small towns and went to the cities. They went not only to San Francisco but also to New York and Los Angeles, to Chicago, Boston, Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, and Houston. Roughly speaking, they went from the interior of the country to the cosmopolitan cities of the coasts. There were no reliable statistics, but the movement was clearly national, and in many cities it was on a scale to be of some significance to city planners and politicians.

In the early seventies, San Francisco seemed to be a logical place for movement activists to settle; not only was there a large and fairly open homosexual community but San Francisco was the place where gay liberation had its longest and probably its strongest roots. In the nineteen-fifties, the poets Allen Ginsberg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, and Kenneth Rexroth had created, with others, a small literary community in the North Beach district and launched a bohemian protest against literary conventions and also against the social and political conformity of the period. A number of them, including Ginsberg, Robert Duncan, and Jack Spicer, were homosexuals, and proclaimed it —Ginsberg raucously and joyously. Unlike the homophile groups of the period, Ginsberg and his literary friends were not purveyors of good taste; indeed, they thought of good taste as the enemy. Ginsberg's first major epic, "Howl," created a scandal on many counts, one of them its celebration of homosexual sex, and it was on that count that the San Francisco police confiscated copies of it from Ferlinghetti's City Lights bookstore. The Beats, as Ginsberg and his group came to be known, captured the attention of the press, and before long North Beach was inundated by young drifters, hipsters, and dropouts, enchanted with the notion of rebellion against, or simply escape from, social and parental authority. Before long, a number of the writers who had given North Beach its bohemian cachet moved to quieter quarters, in Haight-Ashbury, and, predictably, the young people followed them there.

The young who moved into the Haight in the sixties were the front ranks of a generation so large that it seemed ~~to~~ have no parents and no memory. In the Haight, the taste was for drugs rather than drink, metaphysics rather than poetry; and instead of despair at the condition of the world there was the arrogant optimism of youth. But the Haight was in some sense a fulfillment of the North Beach prophecy, for the hippies were pacifists in an age of war, critics of consumerism in an age of plenty, and the enemies of all convention. They believed that love—love or an altered state of consciousness—had the power to sweep away all repressive social institutions. Articulation was not their forte, and that was reasonable, since their whole endeavor was to disarticulate the society and the intellectual frames they had grown up in. Their long hair and loose clothes blurred the shape of the family and the sexual exclusivity that went with it. If people over thirty were not to be trusted, people under thirty were to be trusted implicitly: they were brothers and sisters, and everyone had a right to do his own thing. If they were gay, that was their thing, and it had to be respected.

As the Haight was the successor to North Beach, so the Castro was the direct descendent of the Haight. It grew out of its side, geographically speaking, for its main street, Castro, was only a few blocks away from the Haight settlement. When the first wave of gay settlers arrived there, around 1972, what they found was a decaying Irish neighborhood with two gay bars catering to hippies from the Haight. And the first settlers fitted right in. One of them, Harvey Milk, had been looking for a place to drop out. He had worked for years as a financial analyst in New York, but then the sixties had hit him, and at the age of forty-three he had long hair and friends in the avant-garde theatre. The Castro, with its cheap housing and good weather, suited him, and he bought a camera store with his lover. Milk, as it happened, was not a man in flight. He had lived most of his life quite openly as a gay man. Many of the others who moved there in the first wave, however, were looking for the shelter of bohemia in order to become gay; indeed, they equated gay and hip. For example, Frank Robinson, a science-fiction writer, had been an editor of *Playboy*, in Chicago, and deep in the closet until he picked up a sign at a gay-rights demonstration one day. Harry Britt, a Methodist minister from Texas, had been involved in the civil-rights movement, and had been married. He quit the church and got a divorce in 1968; three years later, he came to San Francisco, went into the human-potential movement, and finally realized that he was a homosexual. He took a job as a mailman in the Castro and began to think out his life anew.

The counterculture helped to bring the young men of the post-Stonewall generation to San Francisco. For them, however, there were other attractions as well. There was cheap housing in nice parts of the city; there were jobs available, too, and because most of the younger men were not dropouts—far from it—this was important to them. In addition, the city was now well known for its tolerance of unconventional behavior and "diverse life styles." In fact, all these things were quite new, and all were related to the fundamental transformation of the city's economy which occurred during the sixties—a transformation that changed the population of the city and its politics.

In 1960, San Francisco was a commercial and industrial city, with a wide variety of manufacturing enterprises. Its population was heavily blue-collar, and though the city was racially and ethnically diverse, it was not truly integrated. It was low-lying and decentralized: a city of neighborhoods, each with its own main street, its own shops and restaurants. It was a city of villages—Irish, Italian, black, Hispanic, Chinese. And, much as most San Franciscans resented being told so, it was quite provincial. Its Wasp establishment was more than a little stuffy, and its policemen and politicians, largely Irish or Italian Catholics, had no respect whatever for "diverse life styles." During the sixties, however, the economic base of the city eroded. Manufacturing declined as factories moved out to cheaper quarters, across the bay; the port lost much of its shipping to Oakland. New York (among other cities) was going through the same kind of decline in that period, but since San Francisco was a much smaller city—it was like Manhattan with its Brooklyn and Queens as separate cities across the bay —the decline was sharper and more thoroughgoing in its effects. The flight of manufacturing emptied the factories and warehouses south of Market Street. The consequent flight of blue-collar workers emptied the ethnic neighborhoods, among them Haight-Ashbury and the Castro. It emptied the Irish and Italian neighborhoods, and it also thinned the black population in the Fillmore district and the Hispanic population in the Mission district. Great tracts of the Fillmore were razed and never rebuilt; the other neighborhoods offered good, cheap housing, but no jobs. This was ideal for the tribes of sixties children who came to live on the fringes of the economy.

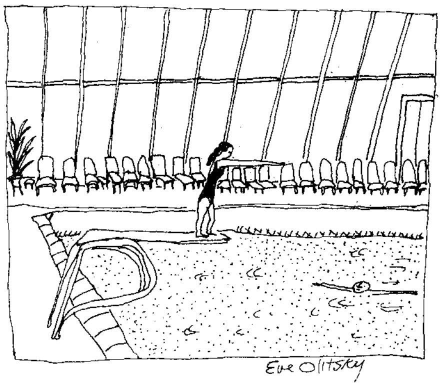
In the nineteen-sixties, the city fathers sought to compensate for the losses by building up the already strong financial sector, attracting corporate headquarters, and making the city a major tourist and convention center. In the late sixties, Mayor Joseph Alioto cleared the path for real-estate developers, and new hotels and office buildings went up downtown. Corporate executives arrived and tourists arrived, and the city soon had a demand for white-collar office workers, professional people, and service-industry personnel. What it needed was young people with college educations, and since these were the most mobile people in the population, they came quickly.

Mayor Alioto, an Italian Catholic, was a big-city Democrat of the old school. He ruled the city autocratically and in part through the old networks—the ward bosses, the unions, and the construction firms. He changed the city, and at the same time swept away his own power base. As the manufacturing left, so did his supporters. By the mid-seventies, only one of the city's eleven voting districts had a majority of conservative blue-collar Democrats. And, ironically, those for whom he had remade the city detested him and his politics. By the early seventies, the city was electing liberals to the Board of Supervisors and to the state legislature and Congress—liberals who believed that government should be more democratic, more open to racial minorities, and more tolerant of diversity. Even before the new wave of gay immigration began, a number of these liberals were attending candidates' nights organized by the homophile groups. Dianne Feinstein went to them in 1969, when, as a thirty-five-year-old housewife from Pacific Heights, she took more votes than any other candidate in her first run for the Board of Supervisors. The same year, Willie Brown, the flamboyant state assemblyman, who later became the speaker of the California State Assembly, made his first attempt to repeal state statutes proscribing various forms of consensual sex. (In 1975, he and George Moscone, then the majority leader of the State Senate, engineered the passage of the legislation.) In 1971, Richard Hongisto, a civil-rights and anti-war activist, who was in the San Francisco Police Department, was elected sheriff of San Francisco County; on taking office, he gave a great deal of attention to improving relations between the gay population and the police. It was under the stewardship of these liberals that San Francisco politics gained its reputation for tolerance.

How many gay immigrants came to San Francisco during the nineteen-seventies it is difficult to say exactly, for they came in a flood of other young immigrants, most of them white, most of them single, themselves shaken loose from their home towns by the nationwide shift from an industrial to a postindustrial economy. The 1980 census showed that while the population of the city had declined by five per cent since 1970, the number of people between twenty-five and thirty-four had a net increase of more than twenty-five per cent.

A great many of the gay immigrants moved into the Castro and the neighborhoods around it. Beginning in 1973, the price of residential property climbed sharply; the boom was city-wide, but greater in the Castro than anywhere else. A federal survey of one small neighborhood near the Castro showed that real-estate transactions increased by seven hundred per cent in the decade 1968-78. In 1977, Harvey Milk estimated through precinct counts that from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand gay people had moved into the Castro. That year, the annual Castro Street Fair attracted seventy thousand gay tourists and immigrants, most of them men.

It was Armistead Maupin who introduced me to what he and his friends called alternately "the ghetto" and "the liberated zone." Literally, this was the Castro, but, figuratively speaking, it was the world of gay immigrants in their twenties and thirties throughout the city. At the time, Armistead did not live in the Castro. He had an apartment in a small wooden house on Telegraph Hill overlooking the Filbert Steps. A number of his friends, including Ken Maley, Daniel Detorie, and Steve Beery, lived within shouting distance; their houses and apartments, backed up against the precipitous hillside, had clear views across San Francisco Bay. It was like the pueblo of some cliff-dwelling tribe. How many young men lived there I never really knew, for the friends seemed so much alike. Blond, pleasant, collegiate-looking, they wore khakis and Brooks Brothers shirts and went about in groups, often with other young men of the same general description. In the course of a year, there would be substitutes—a Greg for a Bob, a Steve for another Steve—and since they introduced themselves, California style, by their first names alone, the substitutions could easily be missed. They were full of high spirits. On weekends, they would often hang out in someone's apartment for hours, smoking a little dope and talking, talking. Then they would suddenly burst off down the hill to some adventure, laughing at some private joke. Their group was much like a college fraternity—the one they had never belonged to. At the bottom of the Filbert Steps, a garden bench had a plaque on it that read "I Have a Feeling We're Not in Kansas Anymore." The plaque, with its "Wizard of Oz" inscription, had been put up by Armistead for Ken, who came from Kansas, and from a fundamentalist family to boot.

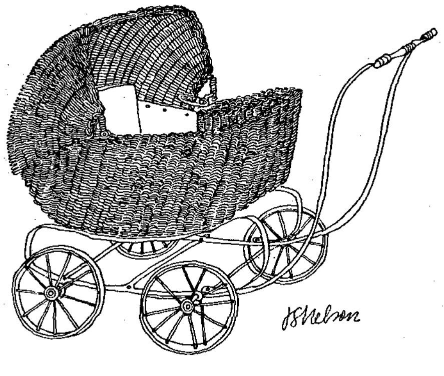


Through Armistead and also through Maley, who was working as a P.R. man for gay organizations, I met a number of young men then active in the cause of gay liberation. At a party that Maley had at his house after the gay parade, I met, among others, Randy Shilts, then a correspondent for the local public-television station, KQED, and the only openly gay major-media journalist in town; Peter Adair, a documentary filmmaker, whose latest film, "Word Is Out," explored the lives of twenty-six gay men and women from several generations; Toby Marotta, a Harvard-trained social scientist, who was doing a study of gay hustlers for a policy research institute and writing a history of gay liberation in New York; and Jim Rivaldo, a political consultant, who with his partner, Dick Pabich, had worked on the Harvey Milk campaigns. Through them, in turn, I met a number of other gay activists. Both personally and politically, it was an exciting time for these men. They were too young to have suffered in any overt way for their homosexuality, but, having recognized in school or in college that they were homosexual, they had expected a life of suffering. They had equated homosexuality, as Toby Marotta wrote, with "a world of eccentric bachelors and effeminate characters, of unsavory public sex scenes and dingy bars and steam baths"—a shadowy world of indirection and conflict, guilt and tragedy. They had been isolated even in college. "I used to think that all gay people were hairdressers," Rivaldo said. "It took coming here to find that there were gay lawyers, gay businessmen—a lot of people like me." For these young men, coming out was a profound experience. It was, Ken Maley said, something like the evangelical experience of being born again: it lifted a huge burden and gave them a fresh start. Just the possibility of leading a normal life was heady, and on top of that was the fact that, historically, they were an avant-garde. "We're the first generation to live openly as homosexuals," Randy Shilts said. "We have no role models. We have to find new ways to live."

In San Francisco, these young men had not only changed their lives but also found a community, a cause, and an intellectual endeavor, all in one. The homophile leaders had been engaged in a civil-rights struggle, but gay liberation had widened the task, for, like feminism, it offered a new perspective on the whole culture. The taboo against homosexuality went, after all, to the heart of it; to deny the taboo was to throw into question the traditional family structure, traditional sex roles, and sexual mores. Homosexuals had always been marginal to the culture, anomalies within it; thus, liberated homosexuals—gay men and women—had, as they saw it, a privileged position from which to observe it. In changing their own lives, they would provide a model for other gay men and women, in the generations to come; in breaking sex taboos, they would change the whole society. Gay liberation was, of course, a national movement, and its theorists lived largely in New York, but what was a matter of theory elsewhere seemed a matter of imminent realization here. The Castro was, after all, the first gay settlement, the first true gay community, and as such it was a laboratory for the movement. It served as a refuge for gay men and a place where they could remake their lives; now it was to become a model for the new society—a "gay Israel."

As it happened, by the summer of 1978 the new society of the Castro had already taken shape; indeed, from the perspective of some years later, that summer marked a high point in its development. Given the homogeneity of its inhabitants, it had quite quickly and spontaneously evolved a new kind of politics, a new style of dress and behavior, new forms of couple relationships, and new sexual mores. It had an ideology rather different from that of gay groups on the East Coast, and it had what the sociologists call institutional completeness. It was something new under the sun.

THE politics of the Castro were essentially the politics of Harvey Milk—the hip politics that the forty-three-year-old convert to bohemia devised in the front room of his camera store. They were difficult to define without reference to the man himself. Randy Shilts, who later wrote Milk's biography, "The Mayor of Castro Street," traced Milk's decision to run for city supervisor a few months after he settled in the Castro to three incidents: first, a contretemps that Milk had with a state official over a hundred-dollar deposit against sales tax; second, his discovery that the local public school could not afford to buy enough slide projectors (a teacher had to borrow one from him); and, third, his indignation at former Attorney General John Mitchell's performance at the Senate Watergate hearings. This was typical Milk politics. The man had no received political opinions when he decided to run for office. He had once professed right-wing Republicanism, but recently he had turned into an anti-war demonstrator. Abstractions didn't interest him; his own immediate experience did. Energetic, sociable, gusty of temperament, he had a great capacity for sympathy and an even greater one for outrage. In many ways, he was the perfect representative for the Castro, a community coming out of the counterculture and trying something new.



Up to then, Milk had drifted, though respectably. Born in Woodmere, Long Island, into a middle-class Jewish family, he had attended teachers' college in upstate New York and then gone into the Navy and quickly become an officer. He had spent nearly four years stationed in the Pacific. He later claimed to have been dishonorably discharged, as many homosexuals were, but this was not true; restive under the discipline, he simply left the Navy after four years. He returned to Long Island and taught high-school history and math for a few years; then he left, going to Dallas, with a lover, for no better reason than to get out of the cold weather. He soon moved back to New York. He took a job as an actuarial statistician for an insurance company, then one as a researcher for a Wall Street investment firm. Both jobs bored him eventually—as did running a camera store in the Castro. He seemed to be a hippie who had taken a long time to discover that he was one. He was, in fact, a born politician, and at the age of forty-three he had finally found his vocation.

Otherwise, Milk's first campaign for supervisor made no sense at all. In the first place, the Castro was still a working-class neighborhood in 1973; largely Irish, it was known to its inhabitants as the parish of the Most Holy Redeemer Church. In the second place, Milk had no money, no staff, and no roots in San Francisco. And he presented himself quite openly as gay. This did not help him on any score, since the gay community in San Francisco already had well-entrenched political leaders—people who had stood up to be counted during the sixties and had recently taken the cause of gay rights a giant step forward. In the mid-sixties, the homophile leaders had of necessity remained largely anonymous to the outside world; by the end of the decade, however, a number of well-educated professional people were working openly for the cause. Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon became well known in the city. Jim Foster, a sales representative and a founder of SIR, took over the political committee at SIR and made it an effective political organization. With him at SIR was Larry Littlejohn, a public-health worker; Rick Stokes, a Texas-born lawyer;

and, later, David Goodstein, a financier from New York. Many of these people had been victimized because of their homosexuality. Foster had received a dishonorable discharge from the Army; Goodstein had been fired as vice-president of a bank; Stokes had been committed to a mental institution and given electroshock therapy (and had later studied law in order to fight for gay rights). In 1971, Foster turned his political committee into a Democratic club—the Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club—and put it to work for George McGovern, the Presidential candidate that year with the strongest stand on gay rights. At the Democratic Convention, Foster, at the invitation of the California McGovern committee, made a major speech on gay rights. His speech marked a turning point for the movement nationally, because it permitted homosexuals to claim that, for the first time, a mainstream political party recognized homosexuals as a minority with legitimate grievances and claims to equality before the law.

In 1972, therefore, Foster, Stokes, and their colleagues had the best of credentials to represent "the gay vote." In alliance with the new liberal Democratic politicians in the city—Feinstein, Brown, Moscone, and Representative Phillip Burton—they had changed city politics. Electorally, they had proved that they did not need the local New Left organization, Bay Area Gay Liberation. (BAGL had few members in San Francisco proper, and these seemed preoccupied with ideological hairsplitting.) And now, as far as they could see, they did not need an aging hippie who had just arrived in town and was running a camera store in the Castro. Yet Milk, running for supervisor in citywide elections in 1973, came in tenth in a field of thirty-two candidates, and proved to be the top vote-getter in the heavily gay precincts around Polk Street and the Castro. In 1975, he ran again for supervisor, and finished seventh, behind the six incumbents who were running that year. In 1976, he ran for the State Assembly and was narrowly defeated by a liberal, Art Agnos, who was backed not only by all the important liberal politicians in the city but by the gay leaders as well. In 1977, after a referendum that changed the electoral laws so that candidates for supervisor ran in their own districts, and not citywide, Milk ran for supervisor from the Castro and won.

Harvey Milk loved campaigning; that was the real secret of his success. For months out of every year, he would let his business drift into further disarray in order to get up at five in the morning and shake hands at bus stops, to visit people in the neighborhood, to speak at every meeting that he was invited to. He organized a Castro Village business association and the annual Castro Street Fair; he persuaded gay bars across the city to boycott Coors beer in aid of a union campaign. He became a figure in the neighborhood, and, eventually, one who could get things done. At the same time, he knew how to attract press attention. Witty and outspoken, he attacked Foster and Stokes as the Uncle Toms of the gay movement, and after Moscone was elected mayor he lambasted "the Machine." His early supporters included a Eureka Valley housewife; the head of the Teamsters local; José Sarrio, the drag-queen entertainer; and a young lesbian, Anne Kronenberg, who wore black leather jackets and rode a motorcycle. After his first defeat, he cut his hair—a sign of the times—and took to wearing secondhand three-piece suits. As

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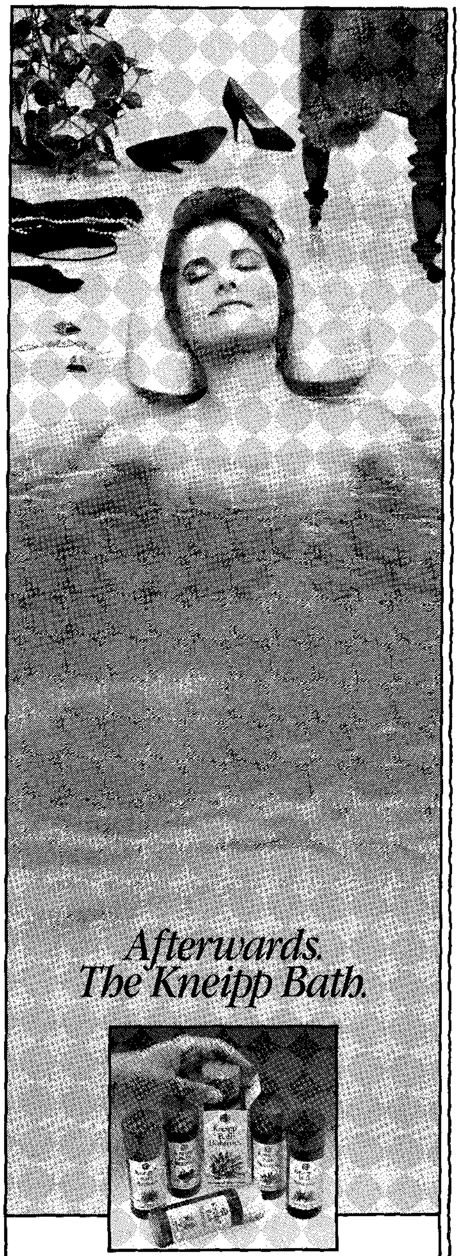

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an outsider running against liberals, he became at once a fiscal conservative and a populist: he was for "the little people" in the neighborhoods against the downtown interests and the landlords; he was for mass transit, better schools, better city services for the elderly; to pay for these things, he said, he would end waste in government and tax the corporations and the commuters from Marin County. Along the way, he gained support from the Teamsters, the Firefighters Union, the Building and Construction Trades Council locals, and small businessmen, but in the end his main supporters were the thousands upon thousands of young gay men settling in the Castro.

In many respects, of course, these young men did not differ very much from the older generation of gay immigrants making up Foster and Stokes' constituency. Most of them were white, most came from middle-class families, and most had college degrees. Those who went to work for Milk were liberal Democrats rather than New Leftists; their dispute with Foster and Stokes was largely a fight over turf—a struggle of the newcomers to make a place for themselves in city politics. On the other hand, the newcomers were virtually all in their twenties or early thirties. As members of the baby-boom generation, they were used to collective self-assertion, and used to getting their way. They had grown up with gay liberation, and they were still young enough to take risks. Furthermore, their very concentration in the Castro constituted a kind of critical mass. On June 7, 1977, the night the born-again singer Anita Bryant proclaimed victory in her campaign to repeal a gay-rights ordinance in Dade County, Florida, three thousand people gathered on Castro Street to shout their protests. The police, fearing a riot, called on Harvey Milk to help, and to defuse the tension he led the crowd on a five-mile march through the city. At midnight, he rallied the marchers in Union Square and, taking up a bullhorn, told them, "This is the power of the gay community. Anita's going to create a national gay force." Ten days later, when Vice-President Walter Mondale came to Golden Gate Park to address a rally on the subject of human rights, Milk and a number of his supporters picketed the rally and heckled Mondale for not speaking about gay rights. This was how the Castro expressed itself—not by alliances and persuasion but by demonstrations and non-negotiable demands.

Harvey Milk's victory in the 1977 election was a victory for the Castro and a proof of its new political power. At the same time, it signified a much more general triumph for gay liberation in the city. The homophile organizations had long been forgotten, and SIR had collapsed. Foster and Stokes—whatever Milk said of them—had long ago accepted the basic tenets of gay lib, and with the help of the liberals they had already made such changes in the city that Milk had a relatively short agenda of gay-rights items to take to City Hall. Then, too, emboldened by the Castro, important local businessmen and lawyers were coming out of the closet to join the cause. Between them, the older and the younger immigrants were introducing the concepts of gay liberation into fields far more resistant to change than city politics.

In the early seventies, John Schmidt, a San Francisco insurance broker, left the big company he had been working for to start his own firm. In his former job, he had learned that most insurance companies penalized single people and gay couples by the structure of their premiums. His new firm equalized the premium structure, and attracted a good deal of business in the gay community. A few years later, he founded a savings-and-loan association, on the similar premise that loan officers in banks often discriminated—consciously or unconsciously—against gay and single people. Established in the depths of the savings-and-loan depression of 1980 on two million dollars scraped together from sixteen hundred shareholders, the Atlas Savings & Loan Association made an annual profit of a million dollars three years later.

During the seventies, a great many gay businessmen and women followed much the same pattern, starting travel agencies, hotels, financial services, and so on, that were tailored to a gay clientele. Gay professionals, too, developed specialized gay practices. Lawyers, for example, became expert not only in discrimination cases but also in cases involving child custody and inheritance. Some gay doctors specialized in the diseases common to the gay population, while others came out far enough to assure their gay patients that they found the gay way of life quite normal. The same went for gay psychotherapists. In 1978, Don Clark, a clinical psychologist, told me that when he came to San Francisco, in 1970, he knew only a couple of openly gay therapists, and they lacked credentials. Now, eight years later, he knew almost fifty, and he had worked with several of them in rethinking all the questions involved in treating gay patients. In Clark's view, gay therapists were almost always better qualified than others to treat gay patients, because "they knew about gay life styles and could love and celebrate homosexual desires."

A number of liberal Protestant clergymen in San Francisco, headed by the Reverend Cecil Williams, the pastor of the Glide Memorial Methodist Church, had been active in the gay civil-rights struggle of the nineteen-sixties. They had developed gay fellowships in their own churches, which now welcomed the gay immigrants. Other churches, however, were not so accommodating, and because this was true all over the country many gay people had simply lost their faith, or had lost interest in organized religion. Others had led double lives. Now, however, in the spirit of gay liberation, a number of these undertook to create churches where they could worship as gay men and women. For example, Bernard Pechter, a playwright and a stockbroker, had founded a gay synagogue. When I asked about it, he told me that he had gone regularly to a Conservative synagogue until eleven years earlier. At that point, it had occurred to him that, however accepting of homosexuals the rabbi seemed to be, the synagogue was family-oriented, and thus it excluded him. He could not go back. Then, some years later, a friend told him about a gay synagogue in New York, and after visiting it he became, as he put it, "a born-again Jew." He then formed a congregation in San Francisco; it had no rabbi—a learned layman had written the liturgy, and the congregants took turns performing the services—but it now had two hundred and fifty members, most of whom, Pechter said, had come back to Judaism only because of it.

The gay Catholics in San Francisco had done much the same thing. Because the Catholic Church still viewed homosexual sex—along with all forms of extramarital sex—as a sin, gay Catholics had founded a separate congregation; they had found a priest to perform the services, but outside the church sanctuary. Protestants, too,

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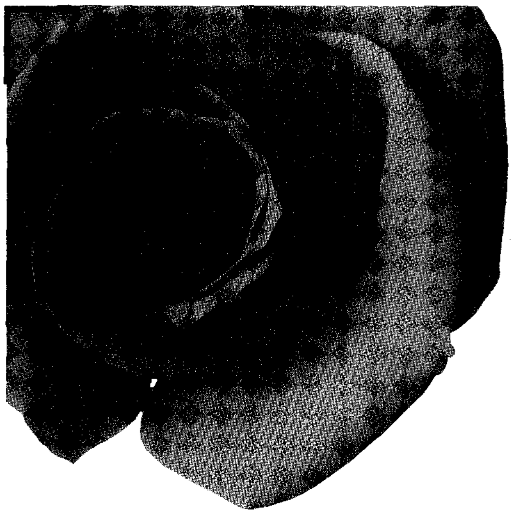

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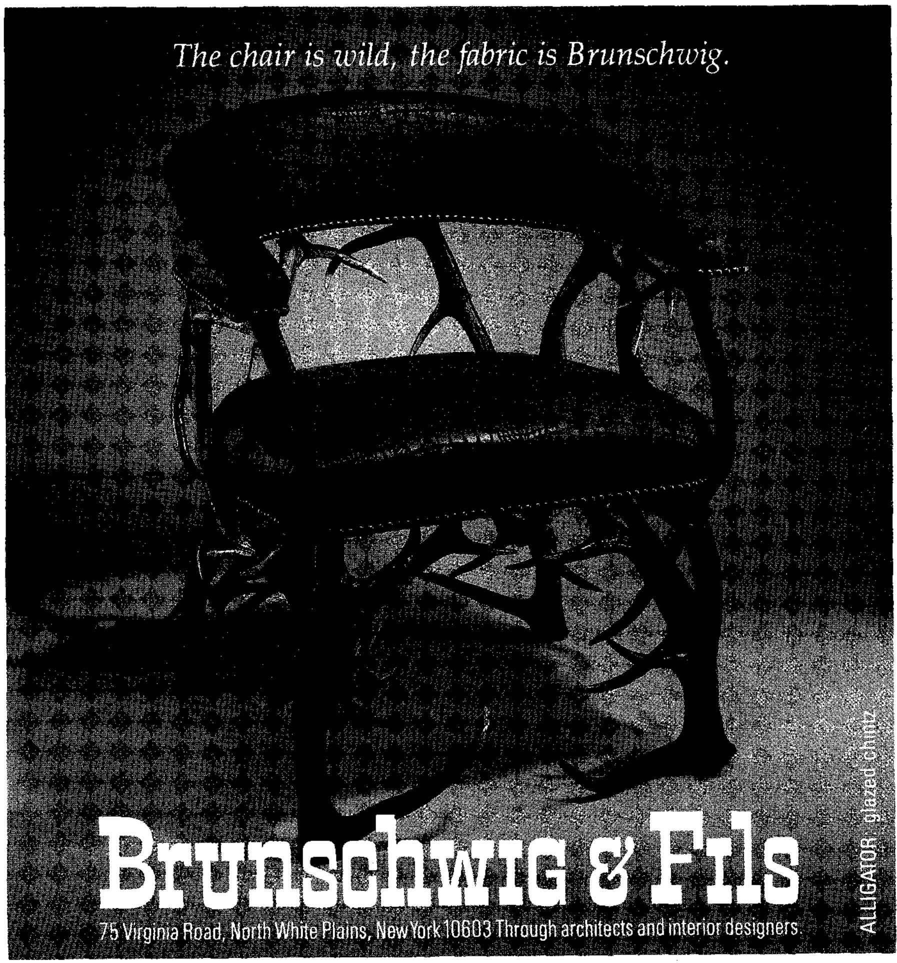

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now had an entirely gay church—the Metropolitan Community Church, a member of a nondenominational association founded by the Reverend Troy Perry, in Los Angeles. The pastors would perform gay marriages, and were rather more accepting of the far-out fringes of the gay community than most other Protestant clergymen in the city. In 1978, for example, the church took donations from drag balls held for charity and had a bike club described on its posters as an "outreach to the Western leather community." Gay women as well as gay men went to these separatist churches, but a number of radical feminists were in the process of developing a whole religion of their own. Having abandoned the Judeo-Christian tradition as essentially and unalterably sexist, they were researching other traditions and discovering a host of female spirits and deities.

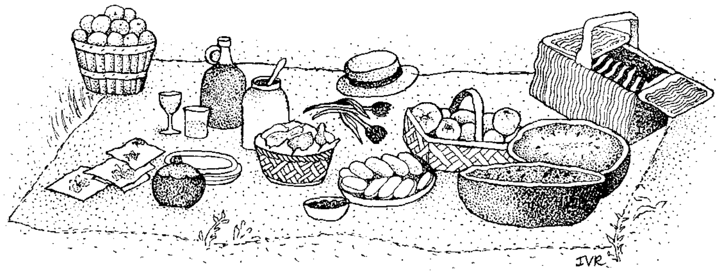
To a great degree, gay men—and, to a lesser degree, gay women—were building themselves a world apart from the rest of the city. Gay men could spend days, or an entire week, going to their offices, to the cleaner, to the bank and the health club, dining in restaurants, attending political meetings, and going to church without seeing anyone who was not gay. Some, such as Bob Ross, the head of the gay Tavern Guild, said that they actually did just that on occasion. Others normally lived all but their working lives within gay society. While the density of gay institutions gave them a good deal of power and influence in the city, it also, paradoxically, had the effect of separating them from it. The gay community, evolving according to its own logic, became more and more articulated and distinct. It now had not only its own political leaders but also its own habits and customs and its own holidays—Gay Freedom Day, Halloween—and the Castro Street Fair. As for the Castro, it was a great hive where everyone knew everything that happened every day. To an outsider, it seemed self-preoccupied and claustrophobic. Gay activists might argue among themselves, but they presented a united front to the outside world; gay men in the Castro even presented a uniform appearance.

Looking back, Randy Shilts felt that 1978 was the year when the Castro-clone style reached what was almost a Platonic perfection. Six years before, the look had been unisex hippie: green fatigues and pea jackets snatched from military-surplus stores and added, willy-nilly, to items found on the racks at the Salvation Army. Now the Castroids, as they sometimes called themselves, were dressing with the care of Edwardian dandies, except that the look was cowboy or bush pilot: tight bluejeans, preferably Levi's with button flies; plaid shirts; leather vests or bomber jackets; and boots. Accessories included reflecting sunglasses, and keys dangling from leather belts; in the hot weather, there were muscle shirts. The look was male to the point of what the psychologist C. A. Tripp called "gender-eccentricity." Short hair was now the style—very short hair, cut far above the ears. Mustaches were clipped, and there wasn't a beard or a ponytail to be seen anywhere. And the new gear was cut to show off bulging deltoids, slim hips, and washboard stomachs. The muscles seemed to belong to the uniform, and so did the attitude. Men would swagger slightly, walking down the street, and watch each other from under lowered lids; there was a slightly hostile air about them. Bellied up to a bar, they would look around them with a studied casualness and, with one foot on the rail, communicate with their neighbor in grunts. The look, Shilts wrote later, was super-macho. "Tell 'em they're femmy queers who need wrist splints and lisp lessons and they'll end up looking like a bunch of cowboys, loggers, and M.P.s. Whaddaya think of that?"

Shilts, Maupin, Adair, and their friends had—personally—no interest in the clone style. I knew Armistead worked out only because he once gave a party for *le tout* San Francisco in a Market Street health club (he floated gardenias in the Jacuzzis). Randy Shilts dressed conservatively, and Peter Adair, tall and bearded, wore baggy trousers and oversize checked coats from the time they were hip to the time they were New Wave. They saw the Castro style as a caricature; all the same, they saw it as an important step forward. "The culture proceeds by contradictions," Shilts told me. "These days, the style is straight but sensitive, gay but macho. There's some compensation involved. Gay men used to be expected to play women, so now they're playing superstud." What the change meant in particular, he felt, was that the Judy Garland style was really dead: there would be no more hostile mimicry of women, no more bitchiness, no exaggerated sense of vulnerability, and no self-destructiveness. "Younger people can't relate to that kind of thing anymore," he said. "Life is so much easier for us now. It's the juggernaut effect of openness." Gone, too, so my friends said, was gay mimicry of heterosexual marriages, with the "male" and "female" role-playing it had involved. "In the Castro, there are all kinds of experiments going on with communal arrangements and open relationships," Adair said. "You have a roommate, or perhaps several of them. Or you have a lover but not an exclusive one. How people live together is a matter of negotiation." It was in the sphere of relationships, my friends felt, that gay men were leading the way for the rest of the society—there and in the sphere of sexual freedom.

By 1978, the Castro had become the most active cruising strip in the city, and perhaps in the country. Even in the daytime, there were hundreds of young men out cruising in the bars, the bookshops, the restaurants, the stores—even the vast supermarket some distance down Market Street. At night, the bars were jammed—there were lines out on the sidewalks—and cars had trouble getting through the crowds of men. The scene was mind-boggling to newcomers: the openness of it and the sheer turnover. "It was crazy," one gay activist told me, speaking of his first visit to the Castro. "I belonged to the Yippies at home, and I'd been through a smash monogamy period, but, you know, we were still very sexually oppressed. I came out here with my lover, and we couldn't believe it. Everyone seemed to be living out his fantasies from day to day. We had dates at breakfast, lunch, and dinner. It was like opening up a treasure chest and rummaging through it in some hysterical way." The gay activists had had a political vision, but few of them had imagined what a sexually liberated society might be like; few, certainly, had imagined the sexual carnival of the Castro in the late seventies. That year, two Kinsey Institute researchers, Alan P. Bell and Martin S. Weinberg, published the results of a survey they had done of gay men and women in the San Francisco area in 1970, and these remained the only statistics available. Even then, over forty per cent of the white males interviewed (and a third of the black males) said that they had had at least five hundred sexual partners; twenty-eight per cent said that they had had over a thousand.

The extent of the sexual free-for-all in the Castro surprised gay women as much as anyone else. A decade before, gay liberationists had generally supposed that gay men and gay women had a great deal in common; the society, after all, assigned them to virtually the same category. But as gay liberation revealed them—and as their social worlds developed—they provided instead a study in contrasts. According to the Kinsey Institute researchers, for example, over half of the gay white females they interviewed said they had had less than ten sexual partners; most of the gay women they talked to rarely cruised and rarely had casual sex; they tended to be monogamous, serially. According to gay therapists I spoke with, a major problem for gay men often lay in developing intimate relationships; gay women often had the reverse of that problem—their relationships were generally so close and so emotionally intense that even the unhappiest of couples would have difficulty separating. If gay-male society seemed in many ways impersonal and atomistic, lesbian society often seemed to be private and intimate to the point of suffocation. While gay men flocked to bars and bathhouses, gay women nested at home or gathered in small groups. The female co-chair of the 1978 gay parade told me that after the parade the women organizers were going to a retreat in the countryside. "It's a lovely place," she said. "It has Jacuzzis and steam baths. When we go there, we usually ditch our clothes and do a lot of chanting. It's very sensual, but there's not much sex." While gay men built businesses, gay women built communes, both literally and figuratively speaking; that is, while gay-male organizations tended to be rationalized and, in the case of businesses, hierarchical, women's organizations were structured for coöperation and the



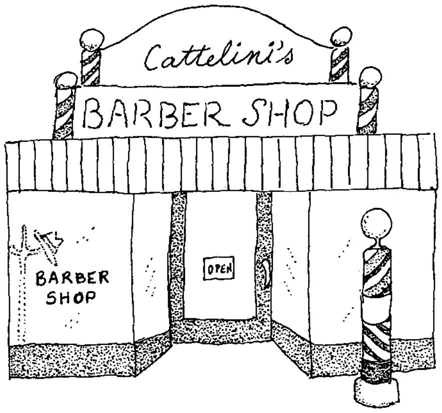
melding of individuals into the collective enterprise. The most businesslike of lesbian organizations would build in encounter-group techniques as a management strategy; the emotions, they understood, always had to be considered. Liberated gay women, in other words, turned out to be archetypically women, and gay men in the Castro archetypically men—as if somehow each gender had been squared by isolation from the other.

In a sense, the oddest thing about gay liberation in general and the Castro in particular was that neither gay men nor gay women had any agreed-upon explanation for homosexuality. The gay men I knew said that they had known they were homosexuals so early in their lives that they felt it must be a matter of chemistry or biology. They felt this intuitively, but, lacking evidence to prove it, did not insist upon it. Perhaps it was nurture rather than nature, they said, but, if so, the psychologists had no very convincing explanation. Until 1973, the American Psychiatric Association listed homosexuality as a mental illness. In that year, its board of trustees voted to take it off the list, but did so as a result of political pressure from gay activists and from the gay caucus within the Association. Though this was an advance, my friends felt, the procedure was hardly scientific.

What gay activists generally believed was that, whatever the genesis of homosexuality, there was always—for reasons unknown—a fixed proportion of homosexuals in the population; ten per cent was their estimate. The figure derived from the Kinsey report of 1948. In that survey, Kinsey researchers had found that four per cent of American men were exclusively homosexual, and that ten per cent of the male population was almost exclusively so. (A later survey showed that from one to three per cent of single women in the United States were exclusively homosexual.) Changing attitudes toward sex would have changed these figures somewhat, the activists thought, but a figure of ten per cent would be roughly correct. Beyond that, they were resolute agnostics—indifferent or actually hostile to any further attempts at explanation.

As it happened, Wardell Pomeroy, one of the original members of the Kinsey research team, was now academic dean of the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality, in San Francisco. Pomeroy told me that he thought the 1948 figures were still approximately correct, but that he did not see them as permanent—as an attribute of nature. Pomeroy believed, with Freud, that man was innately bisexual. After all, he said, anthropologists had found that in many societies—including that of ancient Greece—homosexuality was ubiquitous. "The real question," he said, "is not why anyone is homosexual but why everyone is not." His own theory was that if cultural constraints were set aside, the spectrum of sexual behavior in the United States would be quite different. Perhaps half of the male population would continue to be exclusively heterosexual and four per cent would be exclusively homosexual—but the rest would be bisexual to one degree or another. As it was, he said, the culture pushed most people into the exclusively heterosexual end of the spectrum by condemning homosexual desires as sick or sinful. Therefore, in his view, the major thrust of the gay movement was correct, and homosexuals who were willing to stand up and be counted as such had a liberating effect on the whole society.

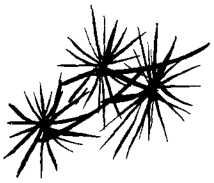
Pomeroy's theoretical spectrum was a counterculture idea, in that it assumed—if only for purposes of argument—that cultural constraints could be put aside. While anthropologists would have rejected it categorically, on the ground that cultures will invariably condition sexual expression, it served to point up the dilemmas involved in gay liberation and in the particular society of the Castro. Gay liberationists were, of course, reacting to a culture that understood homosexuals as a distinct category of people and endowed them with all kinds of special attributes, from effeminacy to mental illness. But though they rejected the attributes, they accepted the category; that is, they viewed homosexuals as a distinct group of people, who had to unite and fight their oppression. In the view of many European gay intellectuals, this might be a mistake. The philosopher and historian Michel Foucault cautioned the gay movement in the United States against accepting the terms of its enemies—and not just its enemies but everyone's. The real task, as he saw it, was to subvert all such distinctions, since the isolation of any sexual category could lead only to further oppression—or, at best, to further marginalization of the group.



By 1978, many gay liberationists in New York had discussed the Foucault argument and rejected it on the ground that it was politically infeasible: gay men and gay women had to unite to break the taboo—there was no other possible strategy. In San Francisco, the argument was hardly discussed at all, and yet the dilemma was nowhere more apparent than in the Castro: by uniting, homosexuals were hardening the category. In the Castro, a gay society was coming into being, and, along with it, a "gay identity," which, though still superficial, tended to divide gay men from others. In 1978, that society was still defining itself. It was pulling further and further away from its origins in the counterculture. It was doing so in part for reasons that had little to do with homosexuality and a great deal to do with the fact that its inhabitants were well-educated young white men. It had become a male preserve, and a society that more or less ignored gay women; it was now becoming a class preserve as well. For most young gay activists in the Castro, this was the tension, and this was the real issue.

BY 1978, Harvey Milk had succeeded in representing the Castro and all that it stood for in the city. But, ironically, the Castro was no longer the place he had pictured in his campaigns. It had ceased to be a poor neighborhood. The Irish working-class families had largely gone, but so had most of the hippies. On Castro Street, there was an expensive home-furnishings shop, a wine-and-quiche café, a card-and-gift shop, and two expensive men's-clothing stores, and boutiques were moving in. The neighboring streets looked equally prosperous, for gay men had bought up the old houses, stripped them of their aluminum siding, painted them, and renovated their interiors. By 1976, the old houses were fetching five times their value in 1973. In 1977, the rent on Milk's camera store tripled. Milk denounced the landlord and all landlordism, but to no avail, for the rents up and down the street were now doubling every six months. He moved his store to a cubbyhole on Market Street, and the space he vacated was quickly occupied by a boutique selling Waterford crystal.

The Castro was no longer poor, and in a sense it was no longer a neighborhood. Milk had railed against the city's spending money on making San Francisco a tourist center, but now the Castro had become a mecca (as journalists put it) for gay tourists. The air shuttle between Los Angeles and San Francisco was now nicknamed the Gay Express, for every Friday night it was filled with gay Angelenos coming to town for the weekend. New Yorkers, Chicagoans, and others would spend their vacations in San Francisco, staying at gay hotels, going to gay restaurants, and shopping at gay stores. In the summertime, you could hear the accents of New York and Houston on the streets of the Castro, and also of London, Paris, and Sydney. Then, too, with many of those who came as tourists returning to settle, the Castro was becoming the hub of a vast redevelopment project. Gay men—and some gay women—were moving into Noe Valley and the Mission district; they were moving into the Haight-Fillmore district and settling the back slopes of Pacific Heights, painting and refurbishing as they went. In some of the poorest neighborhoods in the city, Victorian façades blossomed with decorator paint.



Harvey Milk, the populist, spoke of gay people as an oppressed minority and promised to make common cause with the racial-minority groups in the city and with the poor. But the gay immigrants were now calling this alliance in question. They might be refugees from oppression, but they were also, by and large, young white men who had arrived in town at the very moment for beginning their careers. In practice, they were taking professional and managerial jobs, or they were staffing the numerous new service industries, or they were starting businesses of their own. In many ways, they were proving a boon to the city. By pioneering the dilapidated neighborhoods, they were helping to reverse the white and middle-class flight to the suburbs, thus increasing the tax base both directly and indirectly. Since they had no children, they made no demands on the schools, and they had more income than the average family man or woman to spend both on entertainment and on housing. They were supporting the opera, the ballet, and other cultural institutions of the city. But in settling the poor neighborhoods they were pushing real-estate prices up and pushing black and Hispanic families out.

This was not, of course, their aim. Jim Rivaldo was one of the early settlers of the Haight-Fillmore, and when he arrived there, in 1972, the main street was a combat zone of alcoholics, drug dealers, and thugs. He set up a neighborhood association to make the area livable for black and white residents. Under his leadership, the association brought in the police, demanded efficient city services, and began to reverse the process of decay and dereliction in the area. Many black residents applauded his efforts, but, as one black social worker pointed out, the alcoholics and the drug dealers were the people who had been keeping the rents down. The safer the streets were, the more attractive they became to white settlers and real-estate developers, and the larger the number of black families that were pushed out—including the poorest families, with nowhere else to go. The logic was inescapable. Rivaldo understood it; he was defensive on that score. What he wanted was what Harvey Milk had wanted some years before in the Castro—to maintain an integrated neighborhood. But he could not insure it any better than Milk had, and for many gay settlers it was simply not a priority. And while Milk worried about gentrification, he predicted with some relish that an alliance of gay and Asian immigrants would control the city in a few years. It was, Shilts wrote, a time of gay manifest destiny.

The new Castro and all that it stood for set off a debate within the gay community—a debate whose terms were quintessentially Californian. One side of that debate was represented by the financier David Goodstein, who was now the publisher of the *Advocate*, a biweekly newspaper and the best-selling gay publication in the country. Published out of plush offices in San Mateo, the *Advocate* combined political and cultural journalism with photographs of beautiful semi-naked men and ads for gay baths, skin flicks, and hustlers. It was a kind of *Playboy* for the gay community, and Goodstein, short, plump, and forty-five, had

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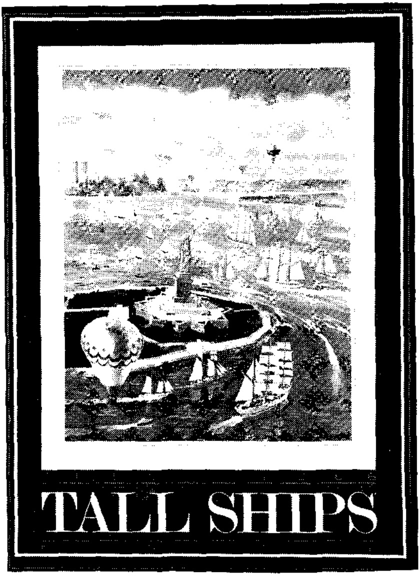

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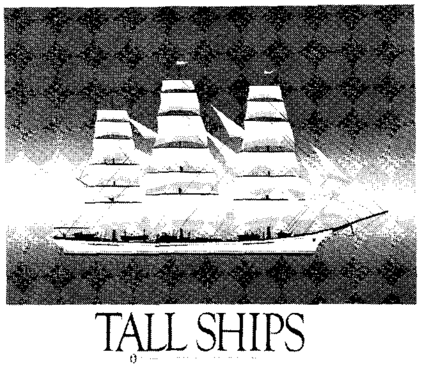

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Hugh Hefner views, except that he was considerably to the right of Hefner on economic issues. "I'm a libertarian," he said when I went to see him. "I believe that freedom is indivisible—political and economic freedom are the same thing. I think that people have the right to Laetrile if they want it. I'm for the decriminalization of marijuana and prostitution. And I'm pro-abortion." Goodstein was also strongly in favor of the new Castro. "Our cities are in very bad trouble, as the groups moving into them are generally without skills, education, or affluence," he said. "The gay immigrants have these things, and they have a real interest in the cities." Of course, he said, people were upset by the rise in rents, so gay landlords had to be tactful, and careful to establish communication within their communities.

It was on the ground of individual freedom that Goodstein defended the sexually explicit, if perhaps not pornographic, advertisements in the second section of the *Advocate*. "Sexuality is a private matter," he said. "You should be able to regulate street signs but not censor books. Every expert I've talked to believes that pornography is good for sex. We support all forms of human sexuality that are freely consensual, not medically harmful, and not offensive to bystanders—so that rules out sex in public, anything to do with children, and extreme forms of s. and m. There's nothing wrong with ads for male prostitutes. For people who use prostitutes, it's much better to find them in a magazine than to have to look for them on the streets."

Goodstein was a friend of Werner Erhard's, and that year he was putting together a national organization to conduct est-type seminars for homosexuals, called the Advocate Experience. On this subject, Goodstein, a man known to his staff as a hardheaded businessman and political broker, talked like a religious visionary. "I believe the human-potential movement is more important for humanity than anything else that has ever happened," he told me. "Est is just one aspect of it. What we're all aiming for is transformation."

He seemed quite surprised to be asked, "Transformation into what?"

"Transformation means the all-rightness of people," he replied. "Health, happiness, love, and full expression."

On the other side of the debate were young gay activists from the left wing of the movement. Bill Hartman and others from Bay Area Gay Liberation put the case most vehemently. They believed in the Castro as a liberated zone—a place of refuge for gay men. At the same time, they deplored what was happening to it. Gay men were becoming "fodder for Wall Street West;" they were being "scapegoated" for driving out ethnic minorities when what was really happening was that the real-estate speculators and other forces for gentrification were seeing to it that only young white professionals or paraprofessionals could settle in San Francisco. A number of gay bars, Hartman said, now discriminated against blacks, women, and effeminate gay men. The new Castro was the sign and symbol of this tendency. And the *Advocate*, which ran only photographs of beautiful white men, was encouraging "ageism, sexism, and beauty snobbery."

This analysis went far beyond the conventional Marxist analysis of political and economic factors, into the domains of psychology and aesthetics. The left-wingers were, in other words, joining Goodstein from the other side of the political spectrum to insist on the importance of social and psychological criteria. What they were saying, Goodstein to the contrary, was that the *Advocate* made a lot of people feel bad. Just how far they could take this radical egalitarianism remained to be seen, but Bill Hartman told me that friends of his were now suing a popular gay bathhouse on the ground that it discriminated against older and more effeminate men. He defined the litigation as "a class-action suit on behalf of sissies."

Armistead Maupin, Randy Shilts, and Ken Maley did not fully sympathize with either side of this debate. The three of them had gone through the Advocate Experience by invitation from Goodstein and come out profoundly unmoved. Goodstein had taken up his role as facilitator by dramatically unveiling a blackboard with the word "Toilet" written on it, and in their view things had gone—aesthetically speaking—downhill from there. The facilitator had in the end asked them to contribute to various organizations, including a political-action fund, that he himself had set up, and, as they saw it, he was trying to transform himself into Chief and them into Indians. They were having none of it. On the other hand, they tended to take a more philosophical view of the new Castro than did Hartman et al. Gay irony, after all, had it that everyone, including the pin-striped banker and the long-haired truck driver, was in drag. Still, they believed that the Nautilus-machine look was only a phase, and that Castro residents would eventually grow up and come to look like normal human beings, without any distinctive style to speak of. When discussing the subject in dead earnest, they said that the Castro was a stage in gay development, and that in the end "the ghetto" would no longer be necessary to gay men.

Right now, however, the Castro flourished. And instead of returning to normal, whatever that might be, gay styles were proliferating, becoming more and more various. That is, while the Castro presented a fairly uniform look to outsiders, its residents could point out a huge number of species and subspecies, as distinct from each other as those of warblers. There was the clone style proper: short hair, clipped mustache, bluejeans, and bomber jacket. There was the preppie-athletic look: Lacoste or rugby shirt and well-shined loafers. There was the cowboy look, the logger look, the bodybuilder look, and so on. Randy Shilts—observer that he was—used to speak of the Folsom-district leather bars as something alien to the Castro. But in fact black leather had already made its début on the street. What was surprising was not that these varieties of dress existed but, rather, that their wearers did not seem to mix any more than did warbler species. If the limp wrist had been a sign of fraternity between one homosexual man and another, the number of signs had now multiplied to the point where they required the interpretative assistance of a Jacques Derrida. Some of the items of apparel—the bandannas, the keys—were precisely encoded for sexual preference. Other signs, however, belonged to the realm of aesthetics rather than to that of the sex manual. And these were so precisely and exquisitely articulated as to confound those who fought such grosser forms of discrimination as ageism and sexism. They were a type of "beauty snobbery," all right, but what was a Bill Hartman to do about them?

The minute forms of discrimination testified, of course, to the sheer numbers of young men in the Castro and the extraordinarily high volume of sexual activity. Figuratively speaking, it was as if a small general store with staple items had been replaced by a vast supermarket where anyone could find virtually anything at any hour of the day. New choices were available, and so new distinctions had to be made. Bars became more specialized, and so did sex clubs; in fact, gay entrepreneurs were now creating the sexual equivalent of supermarkets, specialty markets, and boutiques. Some of these—high volume, quick turnover—were the equivalent of fast-food shops. In the South of Market Club, for example, a dark warehouse filled with plywood cubicles, a customer could take a cubicle and have sex through a hole in the partition without even the delay occasioned by eye contact. The entrance fee was only three dollars. There were eight of these "glory hole" establishments in the city now, and nine bathhouses. In the distant past, bathhouses had been squalid places where men deep in the closet had secret, guilty liaisons; now, however, they were well-appointed clubs—some with Jacuzzis and video screens—where young men went for fun or a change of scene. They had private rooms, lounges, public rooms for orgies, and specialty rooms. At least one of them had a room full of s.-and-m. machinery—racks, pulleys, and the like.

In addition to the increase in the volume of sexual activity, there was an increase in experimentation with new techniques. There was a vogue for various extremist practices, some of which were medically harmful. Sadomasochism, once confined to a tiny minority and considered perverse, was now rising to the surface of acceptability. "Why get hung up with higher prices when all you want is a place to hang your handcuffs?" one Folsom-district hotel brochure asked jauntily. Gay boosters—when they did not deny that it existed—would explain that s. and m. was only theatre, involving fantasies, not bodily harm. Theatre was certainly the idea behind it, but, perhaps because of the number of amateurs involved, violence did occur. In 1981, the San Francisco medical examiner, Dr. Boyd Stephens, warned that he was seeing an "alarming increase in injuries and death from s.-and-m. sex."

Most San Franciscans did not really know what went on in the Castro and Folsom districts at night. They avoided the two areas, and they avoided knowing about what went on if they could. But the sexual exuberance tended to spill over into the rest of the city. People who lived near the Castro or Buena Vista Park, in the Haight, sometimes could not help seeing gay men having sex with each other in public and in broad daylight. Such sights were not unknown in other parts of the city, either—particularly on gay holidays, such as Halloween and Gay Freedom Day. And, with the growing fad for s.-and-m. garb, men with spiked collars on their necks and Nazi insignia on their caps would appear on downtown streets. Dianne Feinstein, now in her third term as president of the Board of Supervisors, spoke to this issue in an interview with the *Bay Area Reporter*, a large-circulation gay weekly distributed in the bars. "I know of no city in the United States where gay people live and work and create as constructively as they do in San Francisco," she said. "What I see happening in San Francisco—in the bar scene, in the street scene, in the s.-and-m. scene—is an imposition of life style on those who do not wish to participate in that life style. I've tried to talk to various leaders in the gay community to say that the community needs to set some standards. I was not able to get a commitment. I am very concerned that unless some standards are set . . . many people will want to see a crackdown." Feinstein said much the same thing on one other occasion that year.

The Castro reacted to such expressions of concern with ridicule or outrage. How dare she say such a thing! Feinstein was a prude—that was Ken Maley's view. Her "interest in the gay leather scene bordered on an obsession"—that was Randy Shilts's. "What if she told blacks their behavior was offensive?" someone asked indignantly at a gay-political-club meet-

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ing. To report that the sight of gay men in Nazi caps or gay men having sex in public did offend other San Franciscans—that Feinstein was not making it up—was to call forth a storm of objections from gay activists. The very same people would argue that public sex did not exist, that those who proclaimed themselves offended were closet cases or voyeurs, and that everyone had better just get used to it. The fact that an outsider had asked the gay community to "set some standards" was seen as a challenge to the movement and a threat to the civil rights of all gay men. An editorial in the issue of the *B.A.R.* in which the Feinstein interview appeared said, "What Feinstein cannot or will not face is that the Gay movement is much more than a civil-rights affair. . . . It is a revolution. To digest that the Gay movement has to do with the reëvaluation of sexuality . . . is more than she can handle. Her solution is tolerance—not to be confused with acceptance. To Feinstein a gay presence is possible, gay dominance a disaster." This was indeed a time of gay manifest destiny.

That the whole bar-and-sex culture of the Castro might be harmful to the gay men themselves was not at the time given any serious consideration in the gay community, and yet it was clearly unhealthy in many respects. "In the seventies, you used to go into someone's refrigerator and see no food, only drugs," one gay activist told me years later. The bar scene involved a great deal of alcohol and various sorts of drugs, including amyl nitrite, which puts stress on the heart. Alcoholism was prevalent, and so were a good many sexually transmitted diseases. Syphilis and gonorrhea were epidemic in the Castro. According to Bell and Weinberg, two-thirds of the gay men they interviewed had had a venereal disease at least once, and according to public-health authorities homosexuals accounted for between fifty and fifty-five per cent of all syphilis and gonorrhea cases across the country. In 1978, the San Francisco Health Department announced that over the past three years there had been a dramatic increase in hepatitis and intestinal infections among males in their twenties and thirties. In 1979, there were seven hundred and forty-four cases of hepatitis and two hundred and twenty cases of amoebic dysentary in the city; a year later, health officials found that from sixty to seventy per cent of the gay men in San Francisco had the virus for hepatitis B. Some gay leaders, including some of the bar owners, worried about the casualties from alcoholism—to the extent, at least, of raising money for treatment centers and outdoor activities. No one worried about the sexually transmitted diseases, because they were curable. "Clap was a big joke," Shilts told me years later. "Going to the city clinic was part of the routine. There would be all this camaraderie, and people would tell each other how many times they'd been there."

The idea that the sexual free-for-all might be aesthetically unpleasing, emotionally unrewarding, or morally troubling in its disregard for the individual was generally rejected by the Castro generation. Older men, however, expressed concern. Zohn Artman, at the time the head of public relations for the rock impresario Bill Graham, and a respected figure in the city, said, "They're meat palaces. Grade A, Grade B, Choice, U.S.D.A.-approved. I worry a lot about the young right now. They think they are free, but they are getting locked in behind their genitalia. So much of life seems concentrated there. It worries me that they don't have more of a sense of self."

Dianne Feinstein had warned of a backlash against gays in San Francisco. There was no evidence of this now, but another kind of backlash had already taken shape outside the city. In the mid-seventies, conservative churches across the country experienced a revival, and fundamentalist preachers drew huge new audiences on radio and television. Now preachers such as Jerry Falwell and political strategists such as Richard Viguerie were translating fundamentalists' concerns into politics, reviving the right wing of the Republican Party. The New Right, as it was called, made the Panama Canal treaty its first major foreign-policy issue and gay rights its first major domestic issue. In fundamentalist doctrine, homosexuality was simply a choice—a sexual preference, as it were—except that it was a sinful choice, in the same general category as adultery or rape. For fundamentalists, the very notion of gay rights was an abomination, and at the same time made no sense at all. (Falwell and others, however, adopted the general parlance and spoke of "homosexuals," thereby implying that homosexuality was not a choice, but the logical problem was generally overlooked.) In 1978, the year after Anita Bryant won her campaign against the Dade County gay-rights ordinance, similar ordinances were defeated by voters in St. Paul, Minnesota; Wichita, Kansas; and Eugene, Oregon. In Oklahoma, a law was passed permitting public schools to fire homosexual teachers. On the strength of these victories, California State Senator John Briggs gathered enough signatures from fundamentalist constituencies around the state in 1978 to put a proposition on the November ballot mandating the dismissal of any schoolteacher who advocated or encouraged homosexuality. The wording of what came to be known as the Briggs Initiative was vague enough to threaten the job of any teacher who as much as discussed gay rights in class. Briggs put out a series of pamphlets associating all homosexuals with child molestation and pornography. The "moral decay in this country," he said, was "a greater danger than Communism."

Since the spring, a number of gay organizations in San Francisco and Los Angeles had been preparing a riposte to the Briggs Initiative and the fundamentalist crusade in general. Harvey Milk had spearheaded a voter-registration drive through his own political organization, the San Francisco Gay Democratic Club. In the Castro, leaflets had been distributed, demonstrations held, and committees formed. Countering the initiative was the major political theme of the Gay Freedom Day Parade. In the gay community, there was a good deal of consternation about the backlash: many thought that the Briggs Initiative would pass, and that that would be only the beginning. Leaflets and placards announced that Anita Bryant—or Falwell or Briggs—wanted to put all gay people in concentration camps. In his speech at the gay parade, Harvey Milk said:

> I want to recruit you for the fight to preserve your democracy from the John Brigges and the Anita Bryants who are trying to constitutionalize bigotry. We are not going to allow that to happen. We are not going to sit back in silence as three hundred thousand of our gay brothers and sisters did in Nazi Germany. We are not going to allow our rights to be taken away and then march with bowed heads into the gas chambers.

There was among gay activists, just

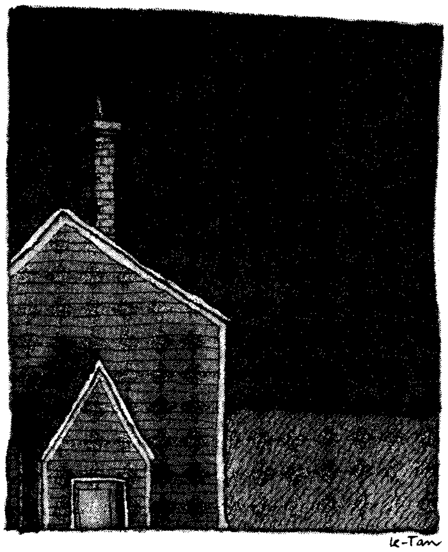
as among fundamentalists, a general propensity to seek out signs of impending doom and to imagine the worst. Milk had this vision, but at the same time he was delighted with the opportunity the initiative presented. Judging that the proposition would not pass, he saw it as a means of raising the issue of gay rights in places where it had not been raised before. As for Briggs, a born-again Christian with ambitions for the governorship, he virtually acknowledged that the issue was an attention-getting device for himself. When Milk challenged him to a series of debates in towns and cities across the state, he accepted with alacrity, and the two went on the road together, joking with each other in airports and lambasting each other in front of audiences. At one point, Briggs brought up the Bell and Weinberg statistic on the percentage of gay men with over five hundred sexual partners. "I wish," Milk replied, laughing.

Milk could afford to laugh, for in five years of campaigning he had become a powerful speaker—articulate, witty, and capable of pulling out the full range of rhetorical stops. On the rostrum, Briggs was no contest for him, and in November Milk's political judgment turned out to be correct. The teachers' associations viewed the Briggs Initiative as threatening to teachers and to the cause of civil liberties in general, and campaigned vigorously against it. The liberal politicians in the state came out against it, but so, too, did former Governor Ronald Reagan. President Carter came out against the initiative, as did former President Ford. On Election Day, Californians voted two to one against it.

The defeat of the Briggs Initiative was a personal triumph for Milk. In San Francisco, the campaign against it had brought a number of wealthy conservatives out of the closet and had focussed the attention of the Castro on politics. The attention went to Milk. In addition, the campaign brought him statewide, and even national, coverage. In a movement that had no well-known national leaders, Milk began to stand out as the most effective spokesman for gay rights. Politician that he was, Milk understood this very well. When, in his speech at the parade, he had called for a national gay march on Washington for the following year, he knew his assistance would be required for mounting such an effort, and he was looking forward to it. Then, too, he was thinking (as most city supervisors do) of running for mayor one day. The idea was not wholly unreasonable.

In the ten months since his inauguration, Milk had proved an effective member of the Board of Supervisors. His colleagues, who had seen him as a single-issue candidate, found him hardworking and concerned with all issues, from the city transportation system to social services for the elderly. He worked for his own district like a good ward boss, seeing to it that more street lights were put in, that the streets were cleaned regularly, and that the local branch of the public library had adequate funds. At meetings of the Board of Supervisors, he was sometimes abrasive—gleefully so—and his talent for attracting the spotlight was hardly collegial, but he was an engaging man, with a talent for disarming opponents. He made friends. And, on a board that often split six to five, he voted consistently with the liberal minority in support of the mayor, George Moscone. His own bill forbidding discrimination against gays in housing and employment passed by a majority of ten to one. When I went to see him that summer, he spoke enthusiastically about new projects, including the revamping of the Civil Service Commission and a pooper-scooper bill he himself had introduced. He said that the direction of the board was changing: the old guard was losing ground, the liberals and minority representatives were gaining power. Self-confident and outspoken, he seemed very much at home in City Hall.

ON November 27, 1978, just three weeks after the election and the defeat of the Briggs Initiative, Harvey Milk and George Moscone were shot and killed. They were shot down in their City Hall offices by Dan White, a former member of the Board of Supervisors. Dianne Feinstein was the first to see Milk's body; later, she announced the news to the press in a horror-stricken voice amid a milling crowd of people at the head of the stairs at City Hall. It was just eight days after the news of the Jonestown suicides reached the city, where Jim Jones had been a prominent minister. San Francisco lay in shock. That night, forty thousand people walked from the Castro to City Hall carrying candles, singing, and weeping.



Some months later, in May of 1979, Dan White was tried for murder. He was charged with two counts of first-degree murder—murder committed with premeditation, deliberation, and malice—and it was generally assumed that the prosecutor would make the case for deliberation on circumstantial evidence. The question was why White shot his two colleagues; the answer was not obvious. White, thirty-two years old at the time of the trial, had been elected to his first term on the Board of Supervisors in district elections the year before. A former policeman, he represented District Eight, the last of the conservative blue-collar districts in the city, and the only one that had voted in support of the Briggs Initiative. His campaign photographs showed a good-looking young man with sideburns, well groomed and neatly dressed in a three-piece suit. White had served only eight months on the board. He had resigned in early November, explaining that his supervisor's salary, ninety-six hundred dollars a year, was not enough to support him, his wife, and their new baby. The Mayor accepted his resignation. Four days later, however, White asked for his job back, giving no clear reason for his change of mind. Moscone was inclined to reappoint White, but Milk went to see him and argued that he now had the opportunity to change the majority on the board and get his programs through. Milk then told the press what he had told the Mayor.

White heard of the Mayor's decision from a radio journalist the evening before it was to be announced. He stayed up all night long. The next morning, he took out his loaded .38 Smith & Wesson police revolver, put ten extra dumdum bullets in a handkerchief, and put the handkerchief in his pocket. His aide picked him up and drove him to City Hall. After she dropped him off, he went into City

Hall through a window below the ground floor, thus avoiding a metal detector at the door. He walked into the Mayor's office, asked the secretary to announce him, and talked with her until the Mayor ushered him in. Shortly after Moscone told White of his decision, White pulled out his revolver and shot him once in the right arm and once in the body. As Moscone slumped to the floor, White walked over to him and, bending over, shot him twice in the head at very close range. He then reloaded and ran to Harvey Milk's office. Finding Milk there, he asked if he could see him in his own former office, now empty, which was across the hall. Having ushered Milk into the office ahead of him, he closed the door, and, after some words passed between the two, he shot Milk five times—three times in the body and twice in the head. He then ran out of City Hall, called his wife from a pay phone, and asked her to meet him at St. Mary's Cathedral. When she arrived, he went with her to a nearby police station, where he had once worked, gave himself up, and confessed to the killings.

The trial lasted three weeks, and at the end of it the jurors returned a verdict of voluntary manslaughter. San Franciscans were shocked. District Attorney Joseph Freitas said he didn't think justice had been carried out. The judge in the case, who later gave White the maximum sentence—seven years and eight months—said he thought the punishment "inappropriate." Dianne Feinstein, now mayor, called a press conference upon hearing the verdict. She had been in her City Hall office when the killings occurred; she had heard the shooting, she said, and had been the first to rush into White's office. She had seen her colleague on the floor in a pool of blood and felt for his pulse. She said she had no doubt what the verdict should have been. "As far as I'm concerned, these were two murders," she said.

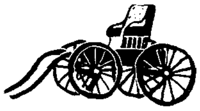
How the jury had reached its verdict was not entirely clear. The defense counsel, Douglas Schmidt, had pleaded temporary insanity (or "diminished capacity," as California law had it) for his client, and he had made a good case, given what he had to go on. He constructed a picture of Dan White that looked like this: White was a good person from a fine background. A native of San Francisco, he went to school in the city and was a noted high-school athlete. He served in the Army in Vietnam and thereafter joined the San Francisco Police Department. "A brief hiatus developed" (so said Schmidt); then he rejoined the police force and later transferred to the Fire Department. As a fireman, he was decorated for saving a woman and a child from a burning building. He was an idealistic young man who believed strongly in traditional American values; he was "supremely frustrated with crime and the politics of the city and saw the city deteriorating as a place for the average and decent people to live." He was moral—almost rigidly moral—but he was a fair man and "perhaps too fair for the politics of San Francisco." He had sought to befriend Harvey Milk, though the man represented "a vastly different life style" and different values from his own. He had worked hard over issues only to find that the politicians had no interest in their merits. What no one knew until after "those tragedies" occurred was that White had a history of "manic depression." That fall, he had been depressed and under great strain in his job.

To fill in this picture, Schmidt introduced a battery of psychiatrists to testify to White's depression. According to one of them, White, when depressed, would consume inordinate quantities of junk food: Cokes, Twinkies, chocolate bars, and the like. Junk food, according to the psychiatrist, especially that with a high sugar content, was thought to exacerbate anti-social behavior. Schmidt's insistence on White's junk-food habit became known as "the Twinkie defense." Significant help for the defense case came from a tape recording of the confession that White had given to Homicide Inspector Frank Falzon. On the tape, White sobbed out a story of the great stress he had been under and how he had heard something like a roaring in his ears after Moscone told him that he would not reappoint him to the board. White, the defense counsel concluded, was not in his right mind when he went to City Hall; with his background of mental illness, his high consumption of junk food, and under the strain of having to deal with devious politicians, he had snapped. It had to be that, he said, because "good people, fine people with fine backgrounds, simply don't kill people in cold blood."

On the face of it, the problem with this story was that White had no clinical history of mental illness; he had been depressed—that was all that the psychiatrists knew for sure. Then, too, if he had had a lapse of sanity, he had never, on returning to sanity, expressed any remorse in public for what he had done. His confession was full of self-pity. It was a story about how he had worked hard and tried to be honest, and how Milk and Moscone had deceived and mocked him. (He said that in the end Milk had "smirked" at him, as if to say "Too bad.") He had given this confession to a homicide inspector whom he had worked with and whom he had known since grammar school. Falzon, as was clear from the tape, had not pressed him about his intentions when he went to City Hall, but had allowed him to narrate his own version of events, in which stress played such a big role.

To the journalists following the trial, it seemed that at least some of the responsibility for this "miscarriage of justice," as Freitas later called it, lay with the jury. The defense counsel had eliminated all prospective jurors who belonged to racial minorities or who acknowledged that they supported gay rights. The prosecution had not questioned Schmidt's choices, and, as a result, the jury was made up largely of white working-class people, most of them Catholics. A number of them lived in or around White's old district. Long after the trial, a few of the jurors came forward to say that they had agonized over the decision. They had deliberated for thirty-six hours and dismissed premeditation early on, but some had voted for second-degree murder; eventually, however, they had come to the conclusion that, given the trial record, they had no choice but voluntary manslaughter. In their view, the responsibility for the verdict lay squarely with the prosecution.

Whether or not the jurors were justified in their verdict, the fact was that the prosecutor, Thomas F. Norman, had made a very poor case. He took only three days to make it, and seemed to rely on a bare presentation of the facts to establish premeditation. In addition, he made a number of blunders. First, he apparently did not anticipate that the jurors might react sympathetically to White's tearful confession. Second, he did not rake Falzon over the coals for failing to interrogate his friend aggressively; instead, he let the homicide inspector testify to White's good character and to his impression that White was a broken individual after the killings, and not at all the man he had known. Third, in cross-examining the psychiatrists called in by the defense counsel, he failed to make them differentiate clearly between signs of "diminished capacity" and the agitation that any normal person might feel before shooting two men in cold blood. Finally, and most important, he failed to address the question of motive adequately. He had to prove malice, and he merely pointed to the fact that Moscone and Milk had blocked White's reappointment to the board. To the jury, this did not seem an adequate reason for any wholly sane man to kill two of his colleagues.



But what was the motive—if there was a motive? What could it have been? The question haunted San Francisco journalists. After the trial, a number of them came up with a good deal more information about Dan White and the political circumstances surrounding the killings than had ever been presented to the jury—though they did not satisfactorily resolve the question, either. Still, from what they found out, it was possible to put together a rather different picture of Dan White from the one presented by Schmidt. Also, they discovered that there were people in the city, and particularly in the Police Department, who were not at all sorry to see Harvey Milk and George Moscone dead.

During his campaign for supervisor, Dan White had been a spokesman for conservative social values—for the importance of the family and the neighborhood. When he was interviewed on television, he had sounded concerned, civic-minded, and moderate, but some of his constituents had noticed signs of a mean streak in him. It was said that he packed other candidates' meetings with gangs of young hecklers; at one joint meeting, four hecklers had shown up with White buttons on—and with Nazi insignia. White had refused all requests to ask them to leave. One of his campaign leaflets read, "I am not going to be forced out of San Francisco by splinter groups of radicals, social deviates, and incorrigibles."

When he joined the Board of Supervisors, in January, the board members, who knew nothing of these incidents, found him a nice young man, if a bit naïve. Dianne Feinstein undertook to educate him in the ways of city government, and Harvey Milk, who saw him as a potential ally on neighborhood issues, made an effort to cultivate him. As the defense attorney suggested, the two had a cordial relationship for some time. White voted for Milk's gay-rights bill in committee after making a long statement about how as a paratrooper in Vietnam he had found "a lot of things that I had read about—that had been attributed to certain people: blacks, Chinese, gays, whites—just didn't hold up under fire, literally under fire," and how he had learned that "the sooner we leave discrimination in any form behind, the better off we'll all be." As time went on, however, it became clear that the two would never be allies. White drifted to the pro-big-business, anti-neighborhood side of the board; he voted for bills favored by the real-estate developers, and one developer arranged to get him the lease for a baked-potato stand on one of the piers renovated for the tourist trade. Also, he became the voice of the conservative Police Officers' Association, championing every request it made. Milk lost his initial interest in White, but so, in another way, did the more conservative members of the board. After working with him for a while, Feinstein found him neither very bright nor very reliable; he hated to lose, and would erupt into a fury of temper if he could not make his point. After Joseph Molinari, one of the board members who had befriended him, voted for a trivial traffic measure that White was opposing on behalf of the Police Department, he would not speak to Molinari for days. For a time, White seemed to have inhaled a whiff of higher political ambition. When he was asked whether he might run for mayor, he answered, diplomatically, "Not yet." To his colleagues, however, it became clear that he was not cut out to be a politician. He seemed unable to compromise, and unable to "disagree without being disagreeable,"

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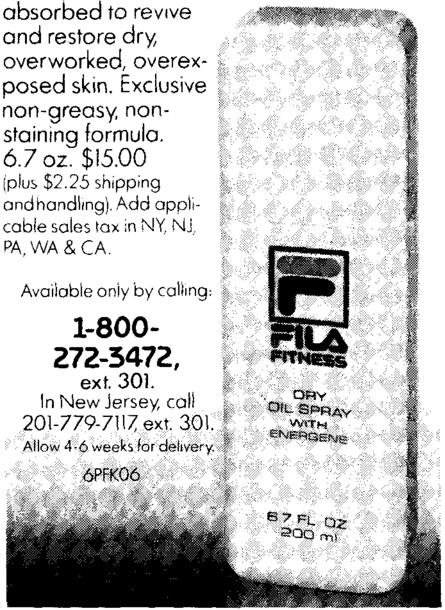

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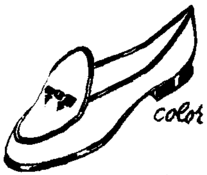

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as the Irish political credo has it. Mel Wax, Mayor Moscone's imperturbable aide, felt that there was an extraordinary tension in him. Playing softball with city officials, he would play "as though this were the World Series," Wax said, while the other players swapped stories and drank beer in the sun.

During the spring, a feud had broken out between Dan White and Harvey Milk. From the beginning, White had attached great importance to the defeat of a bill that would put a psychiatric-outpatient clinic for teen-agers in his district. Milk initially told White that he would probably vote against the bill, but then, after examining the needs of the patients, he changed his mind and voted for the bill. After the bill passed, White refused to speak to Milk. He cast the only vote against Milk's gay-rights bill when it came to the floor, and opposed every request that Milk made on behalf of the gay community. The feud became public, but neither the defense counsel nor the prosecutor gave it any weight at the trial. In early November, Milk told friends and aides that he thought White was "a closet case" and "dangerous;" he did not explain why he thought so, but he repeated the remark several times.

When White tendered his resignation from the board, he spoke of financial pressures, and these were real. The salary of a supervisor was not enough to support a family, as he had said, and he, unlike most of his colleagues, had no outside source of income. The baked-potato stand only added to his worries, because his wife had to leave her baby to go out and tend it, and still it looked as if it might fail. Molinari, who sympathized with White, thought he had made the right decision in resigning, and thought he looked relieved and happy because of it —as though a great weight had been lifted from him. But four days later, after meeting with the leaders of the Police Officers' Association and representatives from the Board of Realtors, White asked to have his job back. He never really explained why.

Harvey Milk had cheered when White resigned and, on hearing that the Mayor was inclined to reappoint him, went to Moscone and pointed out that White's vote had been crucial to the defeat of a number of the Mayor's projects. He also pointed out that if Moscone reappointed the only anti-gay spokesman on the board he would lose every gay vote in the city in the next election. Milk was not kidding, and he gave the Mayor to understand that. "You won't get elected dog-catcher," he said.

At the trial, both the defense and the prosecution generally avoided the whole subject of city politics, but since White had the swing vote on the board, there were real political issues at stake in his reappointment. There were also real political tensions in the city. Harvey Milk took the question of White's reappointment seriously, but so did the Police Officers' Association. The old-line policemen had a number of problems with the Mayor. In the first place, they disliked Charles R. Gain, the police chief Moscone had appointed two years before. Gain was an outsider—he had not come up through the ranks—and he was not one whose values they respected. According to Frank Falzon, the trouble had begun on Gain's arrival, when he removed the American flag from his office and replaced it with plants. In their view, the gesture symbolized the man. The disaffection grew when Gain had the police cars painted powder blue, and when he backed the Mayor on minority hiring. For some months, Moscone had been pushing the board to settle a discrimination suit brought by the few black officers in the Police Department—a settlement that would have required the police to take affirmative action to hire and promote members of racial minorities. The Police Officers' Association had come out against it, and thus far the board had blocked it, six to five. What was more, Moscone and Gain were promising to hire openly gay policemen, and Moscone had said he would put an acknowledged homosexual on the Police Commission. It had been less than ten years since the police were asked to raid gay bars and lock up gay men as perverts—and this was too much for them. The year before, there had been loose talk in the department about killing the police chief. Now there was loose talk about getting rid of the Mayor.

Anne Burgess

Investigating the police connection during the trial, Warren Hinckle, of the *Chronicle*, found an undersheriff who had witnessed White's arraignment and his first evening in jail. White, he said, had not shown any signs of "diminished capacity," nor had he seemed at all sorry for what he had done. And why should he? The police were laughing and joking with him and giving him friendly pats. The undersheriff worried about this. It wasn't that he suspected a police conspiracy in the killings; rather, he thought that if there were any police approval of the assassinations, the prosecutor should have brought this out at the trial.

Later, journalists reëxamining the case investigated the possibility that there might have been a police conspiracy. They found no evidence for one, though they did find considerable animosity toward the former Mayor among conservative policemen (and some officers wore "FREE DAN WHITE" T-shirts after the killings). From a factual standpoint, the better hypothesis seemed to be that White had acted independently for the purpose of making himself a hero in their eyes. Yet this didn't make sense, either. On the board, White had been of great service to the Police Officers' Association—the proof being that the officers wanted him back on it. But if he wanted their approbation why had he resigned? Then, too, if he had killed Moscone and Milk simply because he knew—or thought he knew—that the police wanted them out of the way, his act would not have been that of a totally sane man. Yet the journalists refused to believe that White was insane—even temporarily insane. The killings had been too deliberate. White, after all, had sat up all night after he heard of the Mayor's decision; then he had acted methodically. His former aide testified that he had seemed agitated that morning, but the Mayor's secretary had noticed nothing unusual about him. He had killed the two men like an executioner; then he had called his wife, gone to the police station where he had worked, and confessed—not to murder but to voluntary manslaughter. He had seemed quite himself in the police lockup. When he went to the state prison to serve his term, psychiatrists had examined him and had decided against prescribing therapy; he had "no apparent signs" of mental disorder, they said. He served his term without incident, and was back out on parole in 1984.

But there was a workable hypothesis. There was a story that the prosecutor might have told about Dan White if he had wished to construct a plausible motive for murder. The story went like this: Dan White had resigned from the Board of Supervisors for purely personal reasons. He had financial problems, and he worried that his wife and child were suffering because of him. Besides, the job did not suit him: he was too tense—too controlled and too controlling a man to get along in the rough-and-tumble world of politics. Because of all this, he had fallen into a depression—a depression that had been alleviated by his decision to resign. But he had also quit because he was a quitter. In a television interview after the trial, Frank Falzon said that White had finally left the Police Department for good because he objected to the treatment of a prisoner in handcuffs and could not get his way. "He had a tendency to run occasionally from situations," Falzon said in his testimony during the trial. White did not lack physical courage—that was not the point. Rather, he lacked the psychological flexibility to deal with the everyday politics of any organization.

Being politically naïve, White did not realize the political consequences of his private decision to quit the board until the real-estate men and the police came to him. What kind of pressure was put on him remains unknown, but the pressure was certainly great enough to make him put himself in the humiliating position of asking the Mayor to give him his job back after only four days. The developers meant nothing to him—that was politics. But the police—well, they were his buddies. He hung around with them even while he was on the board. And if you have been a policeman or a fireman, and if you have been a trooper on the line in Vietnam, you know that your honor and your life depend on your not letting your buddies down. White (as someone may have reminded him) had let his buddies down—had let them down by quitting, the way he always did.

For a time, White thought he could get his job back. "I've got a real surprise for the gay community," he told a reporter from a gay newspaper a day or so after he heard that Harvey Milk had opposed his reappointment. He

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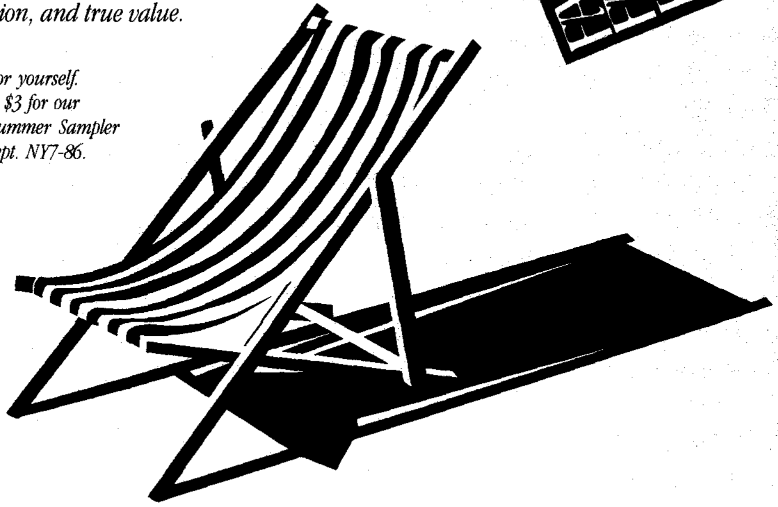

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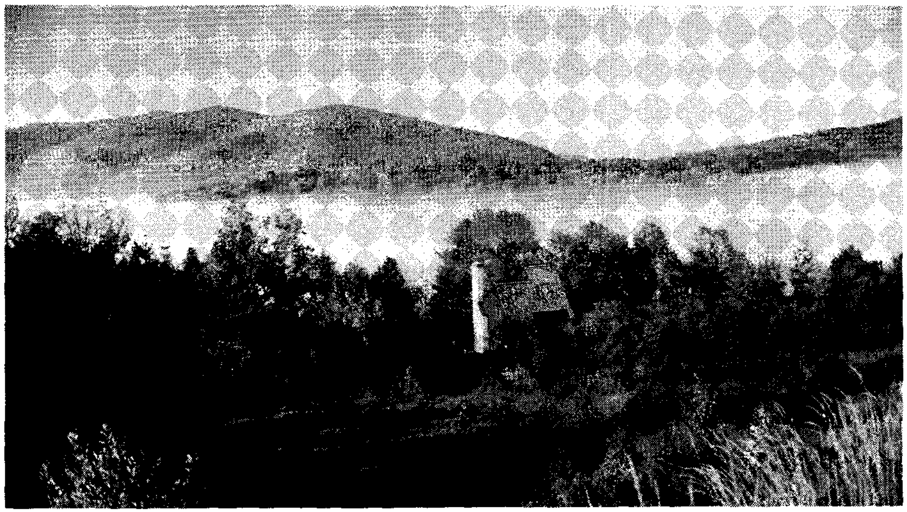

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had hope, but then he learned that the Mayor had decided against him. That evening, after the radio reporter called him, the realization hit: he had sold out his buddies for his family life and a baked-potato stand. He wrestled with his guilt all night long; then, in the morning, he made his plan. He carried it out, and afterward his conscience was clear; he had done the right thing; he had sacrificed himself for his buddies.

Of course, no one knew, or could know, what went through Dan White's mind the day he shot George Moscone and Harvey Milk. But a plausible scenario was what a prosecutor would have needed to establish premeditation and convict him. For a prosecutor, however, the difficulty was that to construct a plausible motive for White was necessarily to bring city politics into the courtroom. Such a prosecutor would have had to bring witnesses to testify to the conflict between the Mayor and the old-line policemen. He would have had to talk about the police opposition to the antidiscrimination suit brought by the black officers, and about the hostility that many of the rank-and-file felt toward their own police chief. Further, he would have had to expose the repugnance the police felt for what went on every night in the Castro and Folsom districts. He would have had to reveal the vein of anger against the gay community which lay below the surface of city politics and public discourse—the anger that Dianne Feinstein had warned the gay community about. He would have had to show that San Francisco was not the perfectly tolerant city that it seemed to be. But Thomas Norman did not do this, and so the conflict broke out into the open. —FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

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DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Miami Herald*]

The British surrender at Yorktown, Va., in October 1781 was the last major battle. Since news moved slowly in those days, sporadic fighting continued until a peace treaty was signed in September 1983.

JAZZ

Black and White

BLACK musicians invented jazz (a handful of white musicians were in attendance in New Orleans), and black musicians have in the main brought it forward. In return, they have suffered racism, neglect, misunderstanding, derision, and countless petty indignities (bad pianos, no dressing rooms, poor pay, rudeness). They have watched white musicians raid them and grow rich. They have endured imitation, which, though flattering, dilutes the original. So black musicians have tended to ignore white musicians or to put them down, even when they secretly admired them. Some of these secrets have been broached in recent years. Benny Carter admired Frankie Trumbauer, and Lester Young admired Trumbauer and Jimmy Dorsey. Rex Stewart liked Bix Beiderbecke, as does Doc Cheatham. Art Tatum studied Lee Sims. Duke Ellington parsed Paul Whiteman. Dizzy Gillespie and Miles Davis listened to Bobby Hackett, and Davis listened to Chet Baker. Cecil Taylor learned from Lennie Tristano. Certainly the number of excellent white musicians has grown enormously in the past forty years. The old giants remain—Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, Dave Tough, Jess Stacy, Pee Wee Russell, Red Norvo, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Joe Venuti, Stéphane Grappelli, and Django Reinhardt. The newcomers include such as Jimmy Rowles, Al Cohn, Jim Hall, Lee Konitz, Michael Moore, Zoot Sims, Jake Hanna, Serge Chaloff, Lennie Tristano, Joe Morello, Warne Marsh, Buddy De Franco, Chet Baker, Paul Desmond, Buddy Rich, Tom Harrell, Gene Bertoncini, Gerry Mulligan, and Stan Getz. They also include such little-known players as Tony Fruscella, Don Joseph, and Don Fagerquist. Fruscella and Fagerquist were trumpeters, and Joseph is a cornettist. Joseph was born in 1923, and Fruscella and Fagerquist in 1927. All were developing their attacks and styles just as bebop arrived. Fruscella has become something of a legend. He was born and raised in an orphanage in New Jersey, and came up—after a stint in the Army—with Lester Young, Gerry Mulligan, and Stan Getz. In 1955, he recorded under his own name for Atlantic. This record has now been reissued by Atlantic as "Tony Fruscella." It was rare and affecting when it came out, and it seems even more so now. Fruscella did not get a brass sound on his instrument. It was closer to a cello. His tone was soft and gentle, almost hesitant. He breathed his notes. He played behind the beat, and he used a lot of silences and long notes. He dipped constantly and without show into his emotional reservoir. His playing was full of blueness and regret; it was ineffably sad. He is said to have admired Miles Davis and Charlie Parker and the great legato trumpeter Joe Thomas. Fruscella is accompanied on the record by Allen Eager on tenor saxophone, Chauncey Welsch on trombone, Danny Bank on baritone saxophone, Bill Triglia on piano, Bill Anthony on bass, and Junior Bradley on drums. The arrangements—tight, boppish, slightly fussy—are by Phil Sunkel, who also wrote seven of the nine numbers. "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Blue Serenade" are almost all Fruscella, and they are of the highest lyrical order. The same is true of the slow "Metropolitan Blues," on which Fruscella takes a delicate, otherworldly stop-time chorus. Fruscella's career did not develop after the fifties. He had drug and alcohol problems, and he died in 1969, undersung and unfinished.

Fruscella also admired Don Joseph, who during the past thirty years has been teaching school on Staten Island and playing only intermittently. His style is similar to Fruscella's, but it is tighter and lacks Fruscella's ghostliness. Joseph has been brought out of obscurity on a new record called "Don

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Joseph: One of a Kind" (Uptown). With him are the tenor saxophonist Al Cohn, Fruscella's old friend Bill Triglia, the bassist Red Mitchell, and Joey Baron on drums. All goes smoothly, but there is a sense of tentativeness, and even rustiness, on Joseph's part. The record should be an introduction to future imposing work. Cohn takes up whatever emotional slack Joseph leaves, and Triglia is a fine John Lewis pianist.

Fagerquist died in 1974. He had, like Joseph, been trained in the big bands (Gene Krupa, Woody Herman, Artie Shaw, Les Brown), and he eventually settled into the California studios. His admiration stretched from Bobby Hackett to Harry James, and the result was a flowing, precise player who never paused and whose solos had a perfect rococo balance. They also have much of Bill Coleman's eloquence and generosity. Fagerquist can be heard on an old Mode L.P., made in 1957 in Hollywood and reissued recently by V.S.O.P. records, in Washington, D.C. On hand with him are such West Coast musicians as Herb Geller (alto saxophone), Bob Enevoldsen (valve trombone), Marty Paich (piano and arrangements), and Mel Lewis (drums). There are eight standards, and all have consummate Fagerquist solos. He was, incidentally, the trumpet soloist who rose like a swan out of so many of those plastic Les Brown recordings of the forties and early fifties.

DUKE ELLINGTON died in 1974, yet new recordings continue to appear, some workaday, some choice. There are several notable numbers on "Reflections in Ellington" (Everybodys). Two were done in 1932 as medleys. ("Mood Indigo," "Hot and Bothered," and "Creole Love Call" make up the first, and the second includes "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Lot o'Fingers," and "Black and Tan Fantasy.") The medleys are of interest chiefly because two West Coast Ellington aficionados, Steve Lasker and Brad Kay, accidentally discovered that they had been recorded in stereo. Kay put the two channels together and—shazam!—there is the Ellington band of 1932 in full three-dimensional fig. Neither medley is first-rate, but the stereo versions provide evidence for the first time that the electrical recordings of the late twenties and early thirties may not have had as much to do with making the music of the time sound stilted and old-fashioned as has

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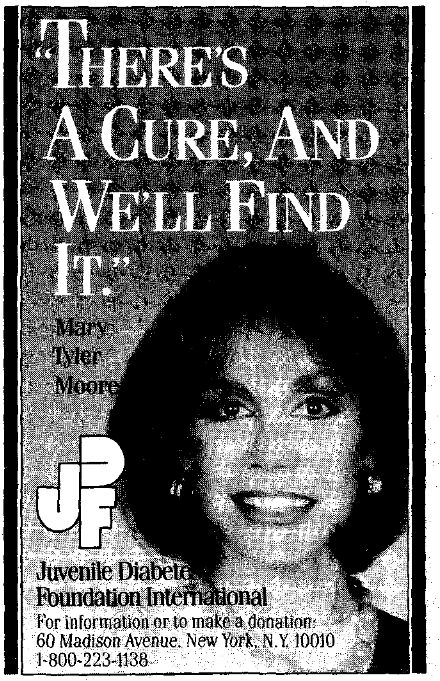

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been thought. The Ellington band is crystal clear, but it is stiff and somewhat clanky. The rest of the ten numbers on the L.P. are taken from radio broadcasts made in Detroit, Chicago, and Salem, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1940. There are exhilarating readings of "Harlem Air Shaft" and "Riding on a Blue Note" and aggressive, pumping renditions of such Ellington evergreens as "Stompy Jones," "Jig Walk," and "Boy Meets Horn." The best moments occur in "Riding on a Blue Note," in the duets by Johnny Hodges (on soprano saxophone) and Cootie Williams, who is at his hustling, growling best. The sound on the broadcasts is clear and full.

Circle Records has released, as "Duke Ellington and His Orchestra: 1943," two L.P.s that contain thirteen radio transcriptions done in November of that year. The great 1940-42 band was waning, and the brassy, somewhat long-winded band of the late forties and early fifties was coming forward. Cootie Williams was gone, as were Ben Webster and Barney Bigard, and Jimmy Blanton had died. But there are luxurious numbers. These include two faultless takes of "Sentimental Lady," one of Hodges' most royal productions; a swinging, intense "A Slip of the Lip," which reminds us how fine a jazz singer Ray Nance was; and a long "Mood Indigo," on which Harry Carney takes a superb chalumeau clarinet solo. It instantly demonstrates that he was a better and more imaginative clarinettist than Bigard. But Ellington needed that Bigard fretwork.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

You're strapped into a cramped cockpit staring at a row of gauges on a metallic-black dashboard.

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You're clearly lost.

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[*From the Chemical Marketing Reporter*]

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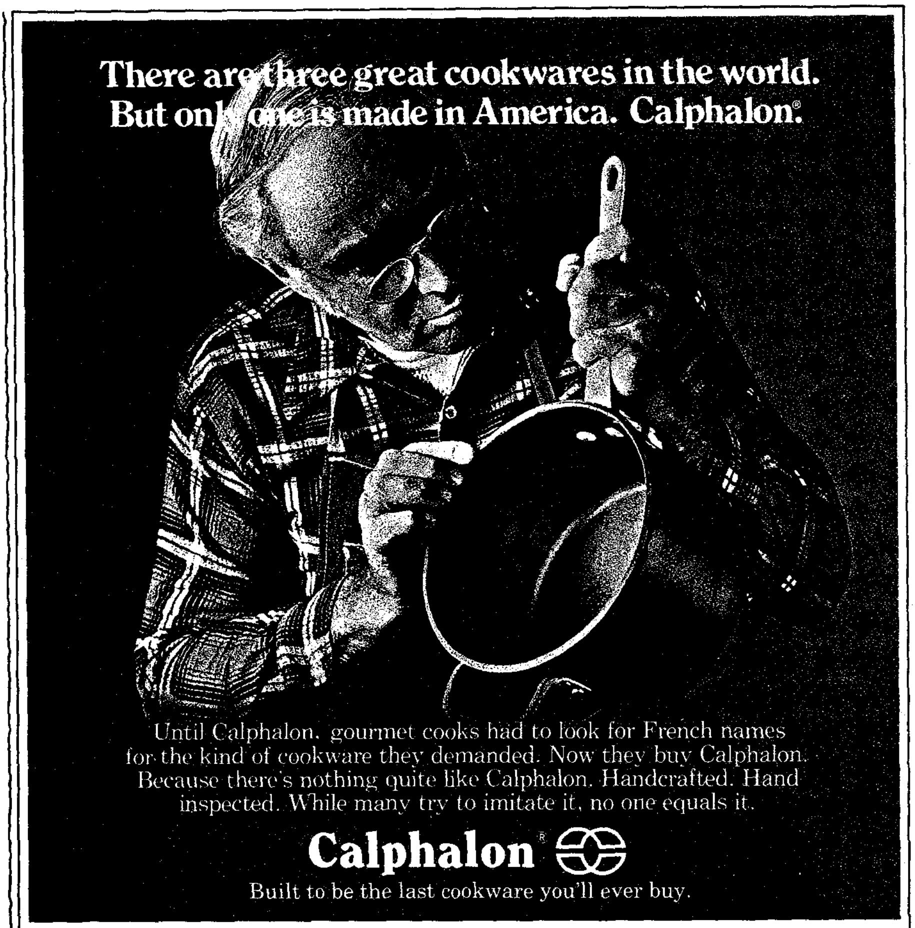
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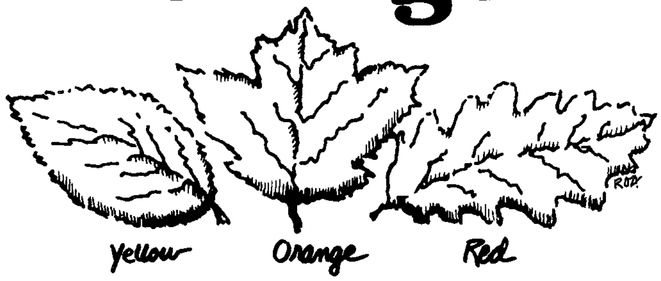

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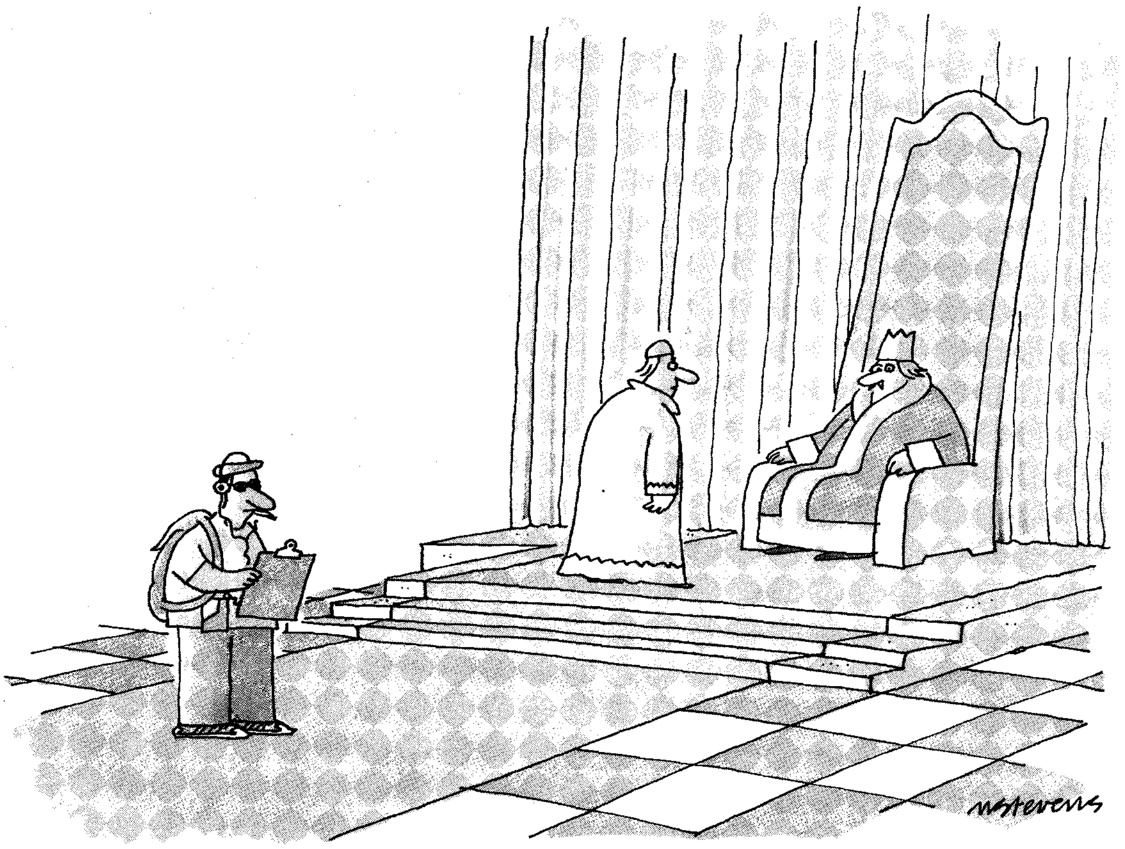
LETTER FROM ARGENTINA

THE plane, preparing to land at the Buenos Aires airport, came in low over the flatlands and then crossed the wide maroon-colored estuary of the Río de la Plata. It was like any other approach to an international airport. But then, as the "FASTEN SEAT BELT" sign came on, the plane flew over a stretch of the river where, either because of the mud in it or because of that particular morning's light, the water suddenly appeared stunning red—almost the color of blood. And the young Argentine doctor in the next seat, with whom I had been chatting, said almost casually that this was the spot where, during the military dictatorship, the bodies of the *desaparecidos*—the disappeared—were dumped, dead or alive, into the sea from Army helicopters. The joke among the military, he said, was that they were bringing food for the fish. Sometimes weights were attached to the bodies, and sometimes the weights were too light or too loose, and corpses would wash up along the Argentine or Uruguayan coast. He knew a woman who had recognized the body of her sixteen-year-old daughter outside Carmelo, a small city on the Uruguayan side, opposite Buenos Aires. But that was an exceptional case. The corpses usually disappeared, or washed up too late to be identified with any degree of certainty by next of kin. All this was not so long ago, he said. Less than five years had passed since his own second cousin, a law student at the University of La Plata, was abducted by men of the First Army Corps; he was last seen a few days later, being led away, shattered by torture, from a clandestine Army prison to an unknown destination.

As the young doctor spoke, the wheels lowered, the fuselage rattled from the vibration, and the great city, with its shining glass towers and high-rise apartment buildings, rose abruptly from the ground. In the hustle of picking up belongings in the crowded plane and going through customs in the busy terminal, we never properly said goodbye. But one remark he made remained in my mind and often came back to me during my stay in Argentina: "We lived under an occupation army that spoke our language."

Argentina has been a democracy for almost three years now, with free opposition parties, a free and raucous parliamentary life, free unions, free universities, and a highly critical press. "For the first time in many years, I feel more or less safe from arbitrary arrest," Adolfo Bioy Casares, the author and a lifelong friend of the late Jorge Luis Borges, told me. And yet the recent past is still strongly felt. "Even as I utter these words '*Somos libres*'—'We are free'—I still wonder if I am not dreaming," said Felisa Pinto, a Buenos Aires journalist. In the last fifty-six years, Argentina has seen eight successful coups d'état, innumerable aborted coups d'état, and eleven military dictatorships; since the Second World War, no freely elected administration has lasted its full term except that of Juan Perón, the ruthless demagogue who poisoned Argentine public life for more than a generation. The last military dictatorship seized power in 1976. It came after a number of years of terror and disorder unprecedented even in Argentine history, with a lunatic left and a lunatic right both unleashing upon a helpless, disintegrating society their mutually destructive fantasies and phobias. According to one count, during the last month before the military takeover there was a bomb attack every three hours and a political killing every five.

After the armed forces seized power, however, they established a state terrorism "far worse than the one they were combatting," the National Commission on the Disappeared declared in 1984 in "Nunca Más" ("Never Again"), its official report to the new democratic government—an extraordinary compilation, unique in the annals of national self-criticism, that will shortly be available in English translation from Farrar, Straus & Giroux. "They could count on the power and impunity of an absolute state, which they misused to abduct, torture, and kill thousands of human beings." A list compiled by the National Commission gave the names of some twelve hundred military and police personnel, mostly officers, who were engaged in the illegal abductions, the torture,



"A messenger from the West Side, Your Highness."

and the killings. The published section of "Nunca Más" produced evidence that close to nine thousand people had disappeared under the dictatorship in three hundred and forty "clandestine" concentration camps and nine crematoriums. Unofficially, some commission members have estimated the number of those abducted, tortured, and, in many cases, killed to be twice that high.

"Many—perhaps most—of them were never politically active at all," said Ernesto Sábato, the well-known novelist, who served as the chairman of the National Commission and was the editor of "Nunca Más." His little suburban house outside Buenos Aires, where I visited him one afternoon, was still watched around the clock by plainclothesmen, guarding against possible attacks by right-wing extremists. "There was something hallucinatory about the repression," he said. "Many were arrested only because their names were similar to someone else's, or because they appeared on some paranoid's list." Others disappeared simply because they read books, or were liberals or psychoanalysts or sociologists or, worse still, social workers in some slum. The military associated psychoanalysis with Freud, and Freud with Einstein (who was said to have undermined the Christian sense of time and space), and Einstein with Marx and Communist subversion. As General Jorge Rafael Videla, the head of the junta that seized power in 1976, put it (the commission quoted him in its report), "a terrorist is not just someone with a gun or a bomb but also someone who spreads ideas that are contrary to Western and Christian civilization."

BUENOS AIRES is a city full of bullying statues of generals on horseback shimmering in the sun under a film of pollution. They commemorate long-forgotten victories—and some defeats—in long-forgotten Latin-American wars. The streets, many with military names, are lined with plane trees, which in the Southern Hemisphere grow weird, gigantic limbs, as though some geneticist had toyed with nature. When I was there not long ago, the walls were still covered with the slogans of a recent congressional election, many of them violent or macabre: "*Viva Camps—guerrero*" (General Ramón Camps, the head of the Buenos Aires provincial police force during the dictatorship, is under indictment for homicide, torture, illegal detention, and robbery; some, however, see him as a "warrior"); "*Jodan a los judíos*" ("F--- the Jews"); "*Jodan al FMI*" ("F--- the I.M.F."); "*Las Malvinas son Argentinas;*" "*Evita Vuelve*" ("Evita Will Return"). The downtown area, though it is now slightly seedy, with dug-up pavements, and potholes that never seem to get filled in, and webs of telephone wires hanging erratically overhead, is often reminiscent of Paris, with Haussmann-style boulevards and some fine old mansions that look like replicas of the Trianon or the Invalides. It was along these boulevards that, during the dictatorship—which is commonly referred to as the years of the *proceso* (without any deliberate attempt to be Kafkaesque)—the military's unmarked Ford Falcons, with no license plates, would roam, hunting down suspects and taking them to clandestine jails and almost certain death.

But of this most of the people I talked to claimed they had had absolutely no inkling at the time. In 1976, most Argentines had welcomed the coup d'état. The generals were regarded as saviors of the country from chaos. Hundreds of thousands were touched by the subsequent repression, and millions must have heard about the *desaparecidos*, the torture, the bodies that washed up on the shores, the mass graves in the main cemeteries (marked "NN," for the Latin "*Non Nominatus*," or "Not Named"). But, as in Germany before 1945, most people did not want to believe what they knew. There was a steady flow of information, even in the controlled press, about the disappearances. And yet the information did not register. Some of the defense mechanisms developed at the time have survived to this day. "They deserved their fate," a woman I met at a luncheon outside Córdoba told me. The luncheon took place at a well-known architect's country house, which happens to overlook a small mountain lake. The lake bottom is said to be white with the bones of *desaparecidos* whose bodies were weighted down with cement and thrown in.

"Did they deserve to be tortured?" I asked, pointing down the mountain, "and thrown into that lake?"

"This I only learned later."

"This I did not know," she said quickly. "This I only learned later." After a while, she added, "They probably had to use torture. You see, the courts in Argentina were always so lenient. The judges were afraid of the terrorists. The subversives were mon-

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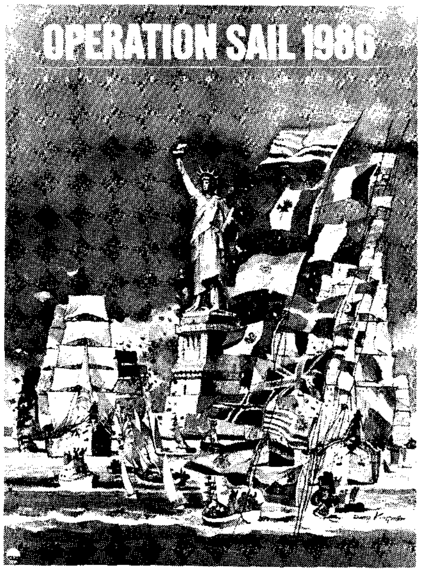

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sters. They twice bombed my husband's bank."

"But Ernesto Sábato, in his famous report, has said that many *desaparecidos* were completely innocent," I said.

"Don't you believe him," she replied. "The report is just another one of Sábato's novels. *Algo habrán hecho*"—"They must have done something."

At another estate, not far from there, young men on splendid Arabian horses were playing polo. In the main house, a magnificent library opened onto terraces and old trees. The vast, carefully tended lawns stretched down a hill toward the highway. A man who visited this house in 1980 remembers looking across the lawns at a huge, bleak concrete structure surrounded by watchtowers and barbed wire, which still stands on a hill opposite. "What do you think goes on there?" he remembers asking his host.

"I don't have the faintest idea," the host said.

"Good heavens!" the visitor said. "Are you blind? I tell you it's a prison. Look at the fences and watchtowers. There isn't a single window."

"You must be right," the host answered. "Why did that never occur to us?"

When this conversation took place, almost three thousand prisoners had already gone through that prison—La Perla, a concentration camp sometimes called the Auschwitz of Argentina. Its horrors figure importantly in the National Commission's report on the *desaparecidos*. "Mass executions were also carried out there by firing squad on the edge of a pit," according to the report. The gunfire must have been audible for miles. And yet who heard it? The violence and the private and state terror in these parts, the disorienting abstractions of economic and political processes had given way, even among the sensitive and the civilized, to a pervasive numbness. Deceiving oneself had become a kind of moral prerequisite for survival.

THE euphoria of the first days of freedom, in December, 1983, had faded by the time I arrived in Argentina, but there was still, among many Argentines, in all walks of life, the sense of a new, if fragile, beginning, of a freedom unprecedented in modern Argentine history. Politics and the arts were dramatically marked by it. Optimists spoke about it in glowing terms, and pessimists prayed that it would last. "Argentine history seems to be moving in fifty-year cycles," Ernesto Sábato told me. "I have a feeling that after fifty years of dictatorship and instability we are entering a cycle of democracy." He was perhaps the most hopeful among those who, when I asked them, would risk a prediction. He felt sure that the guards outside his home would soon be removed.

Dante Caputo, the Foreign Minister, was more careful. He saw demagogues and opportunists laying siege to the new democracy. The United States, he said, had freely showered enormous amounts of money on dictators, and by pressing the new democracies of Latin America to repay the loans promptly, irrespective of the political consequences, it was hardly serving the cause of freedom. On the other hand, there was a new kind of political maturity in Argentina, Caputo said. It was reflected in the election of Dr. Raúl Alfonsín to the Presidency. "Rational politics and legitimacy have always been divorced in Argentine politics." In the past fifty years, only the irrational (i.e., Perón) could sway the electorate. "With the election of Alfonsín, a rational man won an election for the first time against demagoguery," Caputo said, and he added that he did not fear another military coup. "The Army is traumatized by its defeat in the Malvinas. I know that the generals disagree with much that we are doing, but they dare not open their mouths. That, too, is absolutely without precedent in Argentine history."

Dr. Jaime Malamud, who is a special assistant to President Alfonsín, and who helped to draft the legal procedure by which the former military rulers were put on trial last year, was even more guarded. He said that Argentina was until recently "a Fascistic society," and added, "I don't know how Fascistic it still is in these new circumstances."

I asked Dr. Malamud if he was afraid of another coup.

"I am by now fed up with being afraid," he said. "Fortunately, so far the Army generals have been too divided among themselves."

But hadn't the armed forces been as sharply split during the dictatorship, when there seemed to be three parties at one another's throats—the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force? I put this question to Dr. Emilio Mignone, a leading civil-rights activist, whose daughter was "disappeared" by the Army in 1976.

The main reason there was no danger of a military coup at present, he said, was that in the past there had always been civilian politicians who lured the armed forces into power, and now there were none—or, at least, very few. The Air Force was the only service that had come out of the war in the Malvinas more or less unblemished. And Air Force leaders had publicly announced that they would bomb anyone who tried to undermine the present system.

What if a general with an armed column seized the Casa Rosada, the Presidential palace?

"I believe that millions would immediately pour out into the streets," Dr. Mignone said. "I myself would come out with a machine gun. The entire country would be paralyzed."

Dr. Mignone, too, believed that "the cycle of tyranny may be over," and that "it is up to us now to consolidate the new democracy." He added a further reason for there being little likelihood of another coup. "There is nothing left to steal," he said.

The new freedom, the new democracy, was bequeathed to Argentina less by its people than by Margaret Thatcher. "Thatcher deserves a statue in white marble here on the Plaza de Mayo, right in front of the Casa Rosada," a woman in Buenos Aires said. She was herself the mother of a *desaparecida*, and we were standing in the Plaza de Mayo, where demonstrations by bereaved mothers had regularly taken place for the past nine years and where one such demonstration had just taken place. Her daughter, eight months pregnant, had disappeared in 1976; the baby, known to have been born while she was in detention, was presumably given out for adoption and has not been traced. "The truth is," the woman said, "the generals and their henchmen fell from power not because of what they did to my daughter and to thousands of other innocent people but because they performed so badly in the war. It tells you how fragile this new democracy still is."

Very few of those queried about human rights in a recent poll were ready to accord the problem any priority in Argentine public life. The junta had indeed lost public support in 1982 not so much because of its violations of human rights as because of the military fiasco in the islands. The Argentine expeditionary force proved totally unprepared for its task. It was manned by badly trained and badly equipped young recruits fighting in light clothes during the approach of the Antarctic winter. Many of their officers surrendered to the British without firing a shot. One of them was the infamous Captain Alfredo Astiz, who was later charged in connection with the killing of a Swedish-Argentine girl, Ingrid Dagmar Hagelin, and whose case is now being considered by the Argentine appellate court. The war in the Malvinas confirmed once more the correlation between tyranny and stupidity, between authoritarianism and incompetence, Elizabeth Jelin, a social scientist at the Center for the Study of State and Society, in Buenos Aires, said to me. The generals had convinced themselves that England was too "decadent" to meet force with force over the Malvinas. Mrs. Thatcher's resolve came as a great surprise. Lucio García del Solar, who was until recently the Argentine Ambassador to the United States and knew some of the generals well, talked with me about their "intellectual shoddiness" and "mediocrity," and he added, "If Argentina had not lost that war, the junta would still be in power today . . . Worse still, they would have invaded Chile!"

IT was once an accepted truth that Latin America was, as the Venezuelan novelist Rómulo Gallegos put it, a land of *unpunished* violence. Seen in this light, the trial last year of the leaders of the three military juntas that ruled Argentina from 1976 until 1983 is all the more remarkable. Nine high-ranking officers, including three former self-styled "Presidents," were tried on charges ranging from aggravated homicide and torture to illegal detention of innocents and common robbery. Five were found guilty. Lieutenant General Videla (a former Pres-

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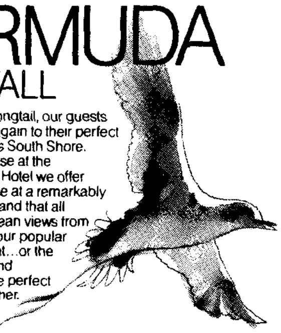

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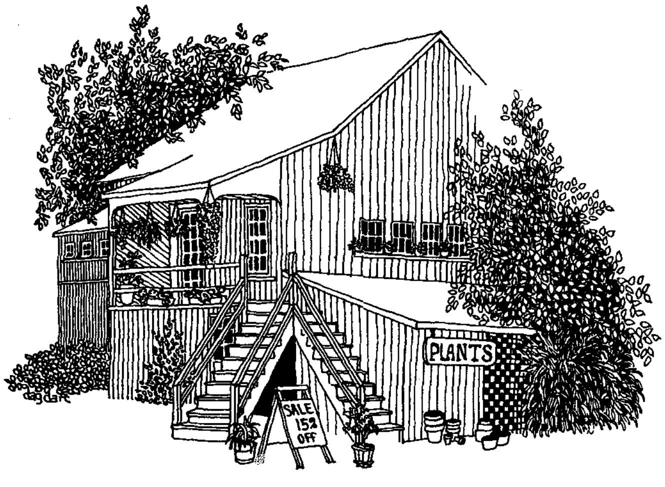
ident and the head of the first military junta) was sentenced to life imprisonment. Lieutenant General Roberto Viola (a former President and the head of the second junta) was sentenced to seventeen years in prison. Admiral Emilio Massera was sentenced to life imprisonment. Admiral Armando Lambruschini was sentenced to eight years. Brigadier General Orlando Ramón Agosti was sentenced to four and a half years' imprisonment. All were stripped of their rank. "Hitler and Goebbels at least committed suicide," Adolfo Bioy Casares commented disdainfully. "The Argentine dictators did not. They had no guts." They challenged the "moral" right of the court to judge them, and declined to attend its sessions except when they were required to. Their lawyers, however, exhausted every procedural device and constitutional guarantee of due process that their clients had abrogated or ignored during their own rule.

Throughout the trial, which journalists quickly dubbed the Latin-American Trial of the Century, there was a feeling of history in the making. The sheer emotional impact of more than four months of horrendous testimony from hundreds of witnesses called by the state prosecutor to document seven hundred and nine cases involving abduction, homicide, torture, and other human-rights violations, which had been carefully conceived and carried out by the government, was such that almost a year later, when I was in Buenos Aires, people still spoke of it with great shock. As happened during the trials of the German war criminals after the Second World War, it was often noted how much the "monsters" looked like "normal" human beings; how they were "family men," with handsome, likable faces, snowy-white hair, and sympathetic wrinkles around the eyes; how they liked music and art. And, again as in Germany, there were voices—including the voice of one church leader—calling for a clear end, a *punto final*, to this orgy of national self-flagellation, in the interests of "national reconciliation." Nevertheless, opinion polls showed that at least eighty per cent of Argentines were in favor of the decision to try the generals; that sixty-one per cent thought that the verdicts were fair; and that thirty-four per cent thought that they were too lenient. The historic transcendence of this trial of former dictators was widely remarked. Unlike the trials in Nuremberg, where the victors had sat in judgment over the vanquished, here was a government being judged by its own people, according to its own laws—laws that had not been made retroactively. It was the first time that such a thing had happened in a Latin-American country. Human-rights activists expressed the hope that the trial of the generals would serve both as an example to other Latin-American countries and as a warning to aspiring dictators of the future that the military was no longer above the law.

As the state prosecutor pointed out, the seven hundred and nine cases selected were merely "examples" of the much larger number of victims of "what we could call the greatest genocide recorded by the youthful history of our country." He went on, "But I am not alone in this undertaking. I am accompanied in this protest by more than nine thousand *desaparecidos*, who have left—through the voices of those who were lucky enough to return from the shadows—their mute, but not for this reason less eloquent, accusatory testimony." Even so, the judges meticulously refused to entertain any notion of guilt by association. In all cases where they found homicide proved, the body of the victim had been recovered.

The trial made it clear that most of the victims had been not *subversivos* but simply people opposed to dictatorship, and frequently not even that but victims of mistaken identity or the owners of coveted property. Especially after 1979, the motive behind many disappearances was loot. The kidnap squads had a "right" to everything they could lay their hands on, from the household goods of the *desaparecidos* to their land. The verdicts provoked criticism from both ends of the political spectrum. Right-wingers argued that the armed forces had been justified, by and large, in their repressive measures: they had saved Argentina from becoming "another Cuba or Nicaragua," and certain "excesses," while regrettable, may have been inevitable in the circumstances. On the other hand, human-rights activists charged that the judges were swayed more by political expediency than by their duty to see justice done. Such activists deplored the leniency of some of the sentences and expressed concern that, after the trial of their superiors, the lower ranks—the actual perpetrators—would go free. (Lower ranks are culpable under existing Argentine law only if they "exceeded" their orders or if their crimes were "atrocious" or "abominable.") Ernesto Sábato, carefully weighing every word, said, "The verdicts were not what many of us were hoping for, and yet they constituted a revolutionary breakthrough and a victory of democracy."

The human-rights activist Herman Schiller told me he thought that justice thus far had been a "farce"—that in almost three years only nine military men had been tried and a mere five convicted, while in reality thousands, from the rank of general down, had taken part in the horror. "They murdered, they maimed, they robbed, they tortured—but they still go free! They serve in the Army and police! They get promoted!" The slowness of the judicial process baffled and infuriated human-rights activists, Schiller said. The slow pace stemmed from inherent difficulties in procedure but also from the ingrained prejudice of a judiciary that had been appointed, by and large, under the dictatorship, and had not yet been replaced by the new regime on other than the highest level. But the main reason for the government's reluctance to speed up the judicial process, Schiller thought, was the fear of provoking the military to another coup d'état. He saw it as an outrage that the convicted generals were held, in the military prison of Magdalena, not in cells but in luxuriously outfitted bungalows, each with four bedrooms, two bathrooms, a living room, a kitchen, and a garden. Each prisoner had a cook and a valet to make his bed and serve him steak,



cold cuts, and wine at any hour of the day or night. Each had his own telephone and was free to receive visitors. In recent photographs, taken secretly with a telephoto lens for the magazine *Somos*, the prisoners indeed looked indistinguishable from bankers or businessmen on vacation.

The human-rights activist Dr. Mignone complained that the generals had been tried only for human-rights violations and not for their coup d'état against the constitutional government. He said that he had been urging the new government since its inception, in 1983, to reform the existing system, under which military personnel were always tried in a military court, by their peers, and he pointed out that so far military courts had acquitted everyone who had been brought before them on a charge of human-rights violations under the dictatorship. The judges' misconceived esprit de corps was proving stronger than their sense of justice. Only when an appellate court found that justice had blatantly miscarried in the military court could an officer accused of, say, torture or abduction be charged by civilian judges. That was what had happened in the case of the nine generals—the single case that had thus far been tried. There were at present some seventeen hundred cases on the dockets of military courts, and three hundred others in civilian courts—these mostly private suits brought by survivors or relatives. Mignone added that he feared that the majority of these cases would be so long delayed that they would ultimately fall to the statute of limitations. The statute of limitations on the charge of illegal arrest is six years, he said, and that for torture ten.

I brought up several of these questions with Dr. Eduardo Rabossi, the Under-Secretary of State for Human Rights, in the Ministry of the Interior. Before 1983, Rabossi was the head of the philosophy department at the University of Buenos Aires. "You see," he told me, speaking gravely, "there have been so many coups here that the criminal responsibility for rebellion has almost been forgotten." Successive supreme courts had given recognition and respectability to so-called "de-facto governments"—in keeping, Rabossi said, with the adage that rebellion is illegal only until it succeeds. Hence, he continued, one of the first acts of the new government had been to press through Congress a new Law for the Defense of Democracy. It was a very strict law, which made it an offense to work for an illegally constituted government. "There was no such law when we came to office," Rabossi said. "We did not want to try the generals under retroactive legislation. This would have been unconstitutional." President Alfonsín decided when he entered office to do "nothing outside the constitution, nothing outside the law," Rabossi went on. "We did not want things here to be as they were in Italy or France after 1945. There justice was often wild, summary." As for trying military personnel in the first instance by their peers—in that, he said, they might have been wrong. "We expected the Army to be sensible, honorable enough to cleanse and judge itself. It turned out we were wrong. The officers supported one another, and did not cleanse themselves at all. Now we must do it for them." Rabossi agreed that all this had already caused considerable delays. Still, he felt sure that in the next two years about a hundred major cases would be brought against officers who actually ran the abduction-torture-murder machine. The civilian appellate court of Buenos Aires, which had tried the commanders-in-chief for devising the "grand strategy" of the repression, had left the door wide open for many trials of officers of lower rank. It had, in fact, ordered the investigation and eventual prosecution of both those still on active duty and those already retired. This was important. Until now, federal judges, especially in the provinces, had been trying to rid themselves of these suits—at least, until it became clear which way the political and judicial winds were blowing throughout Argentina. For instance, General Leopoldo Galtieri, a former President and the head of the junta in the first half of 1982, who was acquitted last year by the appellate court of charges against him as commander-in-chief, would now be freshly tried, for crimes attributed to him as commander of the Second Army Corps, prior to his becoming President. The trial of General Ramón Camps, perhaps the most flagrant "warrior" in the so-called "dirty war" against subversion (he is alleged to have been one of the torturers of the publisher Jacobo Timerman), and the appellate-court review of the case of Captain Alfredo Astiz were imminent, Rabossi said. In addition, there were pending all the private suits by survivors. He thought they would be likely to keep Argentine courts busy for many years. I asked him how many men were currently under indictment and how many under preventive detention. To my great surprise, he said he did not know. Was there not at least an estimate? Rabossi said he thought there might be about thirty people under indictment—he was not sure. The important point to remember, he said, was that at long last, after many delays, the ball was rolling. Now it was all up to the judiciary. It was an independent branch of government, and the executive could not interfere. What the executive branch could and must do was defeat any legislative attempt to offer amnesty retroactively. Such an amnesty, he hoped, Dr. Alfonsín's government would never allow.

"OUR tragedy is that we have no real sense of 'we' in this country," a Presidential assistant who did not want to be quoted by name said to me. "Most people who protested against human-rights violations during the dictatorship did so only after their own kin disappeared, not those of their neighbors. They protested as victims, not as citizens." Borges, he went on, once said that Argentina was not a nation but merely a territory where democracy was an abuse of statistics and where people occasionally had virtues as individuals but as social beings only defects. The armed forces, for all their protestations of selfless patriotism, acted more like a crime syndicate. Officers were loyal to one another, not to society. Of the thousands of military personnel with knowledge of human-rights violations under the dictatorship, the Presidential assistant said, fewer than a dozen had responded to the call of the National Commission on the Disappeared or had afterward come forward, to newspapers or to the courts, to give evidence. "We have no memory, either," he continued. "The military governments of the past fifty years were no more successful, by and large, than the civilian governments. And yet each time the armed forces seized power they were welcomed by much of the population as saviors from the avarice and incompetence of civilian politicians. The reality of Peronism—wholesale plunder masked by marginal charity to the cheering populace—has

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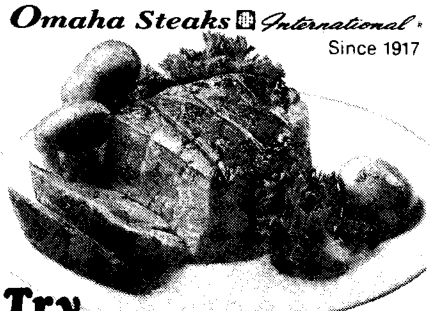

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been similarly forgotten, as the truth about our most recent war has been. Just the other day, I was in a popular restaurant when in came Nicanor Costa Méndez, a Foreign Minister under the dictatorship, and a main instigator of the disastrous war in the Falklands. People rushed up to him, shook his hand, patted him on the shoulder, and said, 'Thank you, thank you for everything you have done, *thank you!*'"

The gap between words and reality was fatal. In the nineteenth century, Argentina gave itself one of the most liberal constitutions in the world. Capital punishment for political crimes was abolished. Hence, under the generals, thousands were abducted by hooded men and killed, but the existing legal system remained theoretically liberal. The English-language Buenos Aires *Herald* said recently that by the standards of the country's own citizens Argentina was a failure. Not only had it proved utterly incapable of joining in the great surge of economic progress that had transformed the lives of hundreds of millions in the "developed" nations but it had been unable even to evolve a stable political system. It had once been a magnet for immigrants from many parts of the world but was now a land of emigration. It had once been on a par with Canada in terms of its gross national product, but in recent years its economy had been sliding backward. It was immensely rich in natural resources, and proud of its almost entirely European population, but its problems and predicaments nowadays were more reminiscent of a Third World country.

"Argentina is an underdeveloped country entirely through its own efforts," a local businessman told me. "We are a sick society." Notwithstanding the new freedom, it seemed, a deep sense of failure prevailed. "Twenty-five years ago," he said, "people still speculated about why Argentina, a country of such tremendous potential, had failed—the most spectacular failure of a nation in the modern world. Nowadays, they don't even speculate."

I often encountered this sense of frustration during my stay in Argentina. "It feeds upon itself and generates waves of self-pitying lethargy," I said to my businessman friend.

"Ah, you say this only because you are a foreigner," he said. "You would not say it if you lived here."

Other people I spoke to, in Buenos Aires, Córdoba, and Santa Fe, wondered if the country would not fall apart. Some, of course, had sympathized with the generals in the past and now deplored the dismemberment of the authoritarian regime. One man, a former ambassador to a European country, said bluntly, "I am no friend of democracy. In Argentina, I prefer it when my friends are in power." Juan Alemann, a former Secretary of Finance under the generals, spoke of a possible "Lebanonization" of Argentina. As it happens, President Alfonsín himself has been quoted in the *Herald* as warning of "Lebanonization" if Argentines failed to resolve their differences and join together in a common enterprise. "Healthy societies are made more vigorous and freer by fierce differences of opinion; weak societies can be torn apart by them," the *Herald* said. When I was in Córdoba, a major Peronist union leader there had just threatened the government with "revolutionary strikes." In Córdoba, which before 1976 had been the scene of a great deal of violence by Montonero terrorists—left-wing Peronists—the threat sounded very ominous.

THE Presidential assistant who declined to be identified by name said that his countrymen were fascinated with the "eroticism of violence." The journalist Felisa Pinto told me she had heard that in the clandestine prisons there had been a number of love affairs (if that is the correct phrase) between tortured women prisoners and their torturers. Pinto has heard of one such couple now living together in Venezuela. "Too many people here spend their lives obsessively looking for a father figure—both men and women," she said. Men find what they are looking for in some "powerful" leader, a Perón or a general, and women in their "macho" lovers.

The "conquest" of women is considered by men here to be a duty, and it often implies humiliation and the deliberate inflicting of pain. But though men conquer and humiliate women as lovers, they adore and worship mothers. The relative immunity enjoyed during the years of the *proceso* by the group called Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo may be a case in point. Each Thursday at 3:30 P.M., beginning in April of 1977, the Mothers of the Plaza protested the disappearance of their sons and daughters by marching in a circle around a little obelisk in the square, across from the Casa

Rosada. Although they were occasionally harassed by the police, and one of their leaders herself was disappeared, their weekly processions were tolerated. They attracted worldwide attention, and greatly embarrassed the generals. It is impossible to conceive of a similar protest in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, or even Franco's Spain. If a group of mothers had gathered only once outside the Reichskanzlei to protest the disappearance of their children in Dachau, they would immediately have been brutally crushed. But in Argentina the same men who raped and tortured and, in most instances, murdered the daughters did not lift a finger against the mothers. According to most survivors of the clandestine prisons, the torture was concentrated on the genitals. Perón, said Pinto, was the biggest macho of them all, and this is why he touched Argentina so deeply. (Jacobo Timerman has written, "No one was more Argentine than Perón, and, in a way, every Argentine is Peronist in some area of his morality, his politics, his magical relationship with the world. This is neither praise nor insult. It is a historical misfortune.")

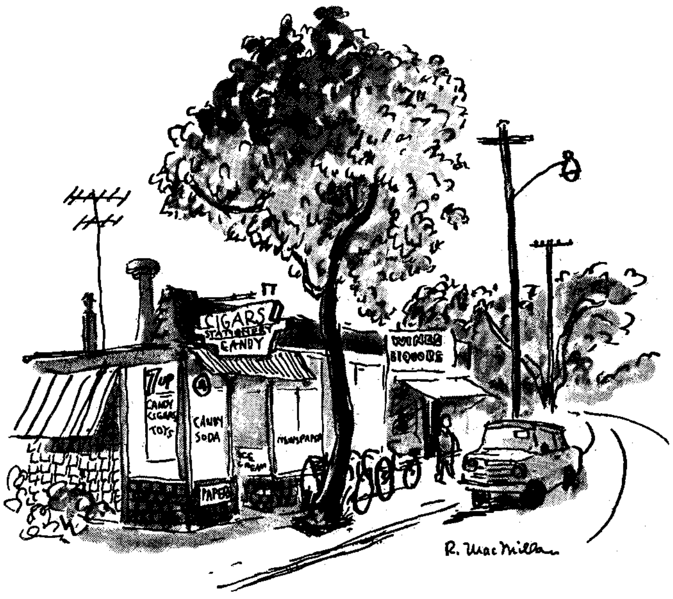
Elizabeth Jelin, the social scientist, spoke to me about the link between politics and the authoritarian family structure in Argentina. She added that in recent Argentine history there also appeared to be an obsession with corpses and empty tombs, beginning with the exhumation of the body of Evita Perón by General Pedro Aramburu's men for reburial in a secret tomb in Milan, its "miraculous" rediscovery a few years later, and its journey, in Perón's possession, from Milan to Madrid and on to Buenos Aires. The same General Aramburu was subsequently assassinated by Peronist terrorists, and his corpse disappeared. The "empty" tomb was as much an element of this macabre scene as was the deliberate denial later on of identifiable tombs for the *desaparecidos*.

Evita Perón is now safely reburied in an underground steel vault, reached by electric elevator, ten feet under her family's tomb in the posh cemetery of La Recoleta, in the heart of the residential and entertainment section of Buenos Aires. La Recoleta is a monumental necropolis, tightly packed with marble and granite mausoleums for the powerful and the rich. It is surrounded by luxury restaurants and luxury prostitutes, and by a high crenellated wall. The rich and powerful dine and dally on one side of the wall and get buried on the other. A bit farther down the road there are more steakhouses, with beef carcasses that hang on hooks along the walls, and where one dines as if in a slaughterhouse or a mortuary.

A EUROPEAN ambassador in Buenos Aires told me that in 1984, soon after Alfonsín's surprise election, he and two of his colleagues, talking about the new democratic President's chances of survival, gave him two months at the most. After that, they agreed, the Army would return, and restore what it called order. Alfonsín has since defied several tenets of accepted wisdom about Argentina. He has continued to surprise many—who had known him as a lacklustre backbencher—by a rare gift for astute maneuvering and, although he is not a great speaker, by a talent for capturing the imagination of the country with an improbable message. Widely considered uncorruptible in a country where politics and plunder have been synonyms for years, Alfonsín preaches an old-fashioned liberal ethic—thought to have been long forgotten here—of moderation, decency, tolerance, peace, compromise, and the rule of law. He is the first Argentine politician to promise only more hardship and sweat—at least in the near future.

Alfonsín is a sixty-year-old former small-town lawyer from Chascomús, who has a kind of defiant provincialism and a tenacity that have reminded some of Harry Truman. He was a co-founder of the Permanent Assembly for Human Rights, which, during the repression, protested worldwide against the Argentine disappearances. In his third year in office, he still looks slightly out of place in the frivolous, corrupt atmosphere of Buenos Aires. He recently told an interviewer that two main events in his youth had shaped his political awareness: the Spanish Civil War (his father was an ardent supporter of the Republicans) and the drama of England facing the Nazi menace alone after the fall of France (his mother's family originally came from England). Three days after he took office, he decreed the opening of criminal procedures against the generals. Two days later, he appointed the National Commission on the Disappeared. A week after that, he saw to it that legislation was introduced cancelling the amnesty that the generals had decreed for themselves virtually as their last act in office. He made no immediate move, however, to press charges by decree against other members of the armed forces, the thousands who had actually run the torture machine. Alfonsín preferred to leave this to the plaintiffs, prosecutors, and judges within the normal framework of Argentine military and civilian law. He has argued that anything else would be self-defeating; democracy cannot be consolidated by authoritarian means.

"I am no Robespierre!" he is said to have cried on one occasion when the Mothers of the Plaza de Mayo demanded that he sack all judges appointed during the military regime. His outburst prompted one of their leaders, Hebe Bonafini, who had lost two children under the dictatorship, to charge that he was, rather, a cynical Machiavelli, overeager to retain the support of the Army even as he slowly—all too slowly—purged its ranks. Alfonsín's reply to this accusation is said to have been the bitter claim that anyone who expected him to ignore political and social realities in Argentina—or to be a hundred per cent just—was trying to overthrow him. At least twenty years were needed to cure Argentina's sick society, he said. But Alfonsín did drastically cut the armed forces' manpower and budget. Accord-



ing to Andrés Fontana, an expert on the military at the Center for the Study of State and Society, the military budget, which in 1981 had been 4.7 per cent of the gross national product, was only 2.4 per cent in 1985. Officers' salaries were cut, and many officers were forced into outside work, often moonlighting with the permission of their superiors. Fontana felt that civilian control of the armed forces, while still incomplete, was greater and more effective under Alfonsín than it had been at any other time in recent Argentine history. Alfonsín was one of the very few Argentine politicians who did not cheer the invasion of the Falkland Islands. Since his election, he has successfully defused other potentially explosive conflicts; for example, by effecting a rapprochement with Brazil, and by deciding to meet Chile's demand on the Beagle Channel—the second being a decision that in the eyes of his enemies was almost as unpatriotic as recognition of British sovereignty over the Falklands would be. The concessions to Chile were nonetheless heartily supported by the voters in a national referendum. Alfonsín has also made a proposal to decentralize the government, and to move the federal capital south to the Río Negro, so as to open "new mental frontiers" and a new age of pioneering in Patagonia. But whether there are funds available for such imaginative schemes, and whether they would jolt the country out of its cynicism and lethargy, is at present uncertain.

During Alfonsín's first years in office, foreign interviewers have invariably asked him whether he is afraid of a military coup. He has invariably assured his interviewers, at least "on the record," that there is no reason to worry—he enjoys the best of relations with the heads of the armed forces. He has been saying, in a mood characteristic of his style, "It's an old movie we've all seen before, but this time it will have a different ending." Whether it would or not, I found, was widely thought to depend very largely on Alfonsín's ability to stem inflation and attack Argentina's other economic problems without causing too much social turmoil. So far, he has succeeded in reducing inflation from almost eight hundred per cent to an estimated fifty per cent in the current year, but the social costs have been considerable. The country many years ago was denied its most cherished myth, the myth of unlimited wealth; it now has to live with the destabilizing effects of a new poverty. In the past, Argentina was a land where a poor man was said to be one who ate sirloin steaks only twice a week, but in the last year the government has been running soup kitchens and distributing free food to more than a million families. Incomes have been harshly cut. The quandary for Alfonsín was just that: if he seriously tried to resolve the economic problems, the new democracy could falter under pressure from Peronist union leaders realigned with embittered military men, but if, instead, he curried favor by giving in to union demands, the country might find itself bankrupt, with possible chaotic consequences. By a shrewd balancing act, Alfonsín has thus far avoided both pitfalls. But the pressures upon him, mostly from the Peronists, have been growing.

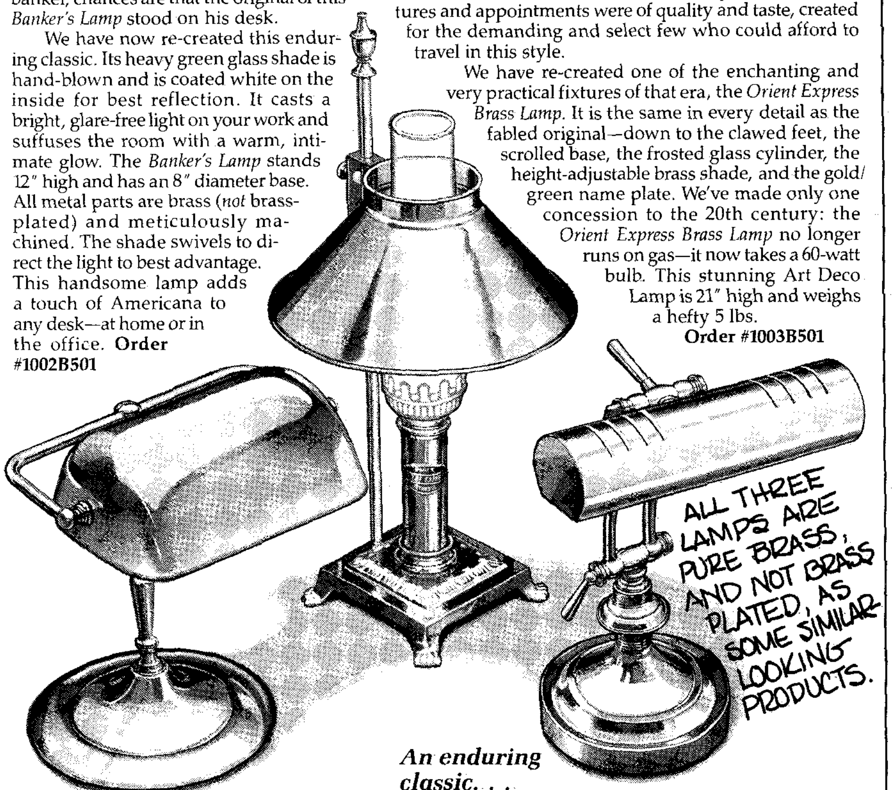
THE survival of Peronism is one of the most remarkable phenomena of twentieth-century politics. As a mass movement, Peronism is an old European Fascist dream come true: the union of the left and the right, so much desired but never fully realized in Italy under Mussolini or Germany under Hitler. In Argentina, Peronism unites Maoists and arch-conservatives, thugs, union bosses, and landowners, Communists and Catholics, police sergeants and former Montonero terrorists in a magic circle of saint worship, demagoguery, anti-Americanism, anti-Semitism, and xenophobia. Pictures of Evita Perón, slightly garish, like those of a Catholic saint, are still ubiquitous. So are the peculiar slogans, suggestive of a religious rather than a political movement, even of a possible Second Coming: "*Perón Vive*" ("Perón Lives"), "*Evita Vuelve*" ("Evita Will Return"). The Peronists have always despised Alfonsín's party, the Radicals, as a bunch of mediocre pedants and cretins, incapable of understanding true greatness. Their attacks on Alfonsín since his election to the Presidency echo the classic objections of European Fascists during the nineteen-twenties to "bourgeois" democracy: Alfonsín is the enemy of the worker, he kowtows to foreign plutocrats, he is surrounded by Jews. Walls in downtown Buenos Aires at the time of my visit were covered with Peronist placards decrying the "*Sinagoga Alfonsín.*" Another asked, "*Soberanía* [Sovereignty] *Nacional o Sinagoga Radical?*"

"Most of the accusations the Peronists are now making against the Radical government were once said, sometimes in the same words, by European Fascists about their own cautious, argumentative, middle-of-the-road administrations," the remarkable James Neilson, one of the very few newspaper columnists in Argentina who dared to call the generals butchers and murderers in print while they were still in power, recently wrote in the Buenos Aires *Herald*. "The spirit that rose to the surface in Western Europe and the Far East in a period of great economic hardship and widespread frustration is alive and well and lurking in the breasts of the Peronist leaders here." Shortly before Neilson's column appeared, leaders of the allegedly most moderate, sensible, democratic faction of the Peronist party, the so-called Renovationists, had issued a statement sneering at the Radicals' "mediocrity," their petit-bourgeois attachment to democratic "forms" and the laws of "rationalist reason," their concern for "ethics," and their refusal to exchange their "culture of possibilism" for what the Peronists call a "culture of liberation." A few days later, an anti-government rally, at the intersection of Avenidas 9 de Julio and Independencia, that was attended by a quarter of a million Peronists and union members exploded into an anti-Semitic demonstration. One of the speakers had attacked a Radical congressman who was Jewish. For almost ten minutes, the crowd chanted, "*Judío hijo de puta*" ("Jew son of a whore"). The Peronist labor barons on the platform did nothing to stop the outburst. On the contrary, the main speaker told the crowd, "Christ threw the moneylenders out of the temple because they were sucking the blood of the people." The chorus sang, "*Se va a acabar La Sinagoga Radical*" ("It's going to end, The synagogue of the Radicals"). The clumsy rhyme was accompanied, perhaps orchestrated, by the usual half-naked cheerleaders beating out the rhythm on the *bombos*, huge kettledrums: "*Se-va-ca-bar* . . ."

"Argentina is the only country where the Second World War is still going on," Herman Schiller said on the radio a few days later. "There is no other country where Fascism has penetrated organized labor as it has here." Schiller, who had been present at the ugly scene, also said, "One of the worst things about it was the beating of those drums. There is something primitive, tribal, wild about it."

The *bombos* usually measure three or four feet in diameter. They were originally used at carnivals and, later, soccer games. The Peronists introduced them into political rallies, often several hundred at a time, and their nerve-racking rhythm was magnified many times over by immense loudspeakers. Nowadays, all the parties use them, including Alfonsín's Radicals, and they have also been taken up by academic institutions. At the University of Córdoba recently, Peronist professors and students brought in the kettledrums to sway the assembly to the side of their party's candidate in the vote for dean of the engineering faculty. A man who was there commented later, "It was frightening. It gave me the feeling that we were at the mercy of blind forces."

BLIND forces: When a distinguished businessman in Buenos Aires, a man of charm and considerable culture and experience, told me that since he had begun using L.S.D. and mescaline the profits from his commodity-market speculations had soared, my first reaction was one of astonishment. Then I remembered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Thomas Mann's saying that during the great inflation of the nineteen-twenties the Germans had forgotten to rely on themselves as individuals and learned to rely only on politics and on fate. They had grown accustomed to treating life as a wild adventure, with results that depended not on one's own efforts but on dark and mysterious forces. An Argentine who travels back and forth to the United States said, "Whenever I get back to Argentina, I am hit by a kind of free-floating anxiety, a sort of ghostly overhead canopy that fills me with grief and dread. In Argentina, I have a recurrent dream: I'm stuck in a tunnel. I never have the dream in the United States. I come back here from the States feeling that action matters, and things can be done. But it all drains out of me after a month, and a sort of lassitude and depression sets in."

Belief in astrology is said to be widespread among the middle classes. I was keeping an appointment one evening with a well-known right-wing ideologue. As I was shown into his book-lined study, a dozen or so prosperous-looking ladies and gentlemen were just getting up from what I was told was a weekly exercise in spiritualism. While I was in Buenos Aires, newspaper kiosks were filled with the daily *horóscopo* and, oddly, Colonel Muammar Qaddafi's "Green Book." Qaddafi, I was told, was a great friend of Argentina; he had proved that during the Falklands war. Qaddafi and astrology apparently played a role in Argentine politics during the administrations of Juan and Isabel Perón from 1973 to 1976. A man rumored to have been in Qaddafi's pay, José López Rega, who wrote books about the occult and declared that one of them had been co-authored by the Archangel Gabriel, was among the Peróns' closest advisers. Perhaps only in Argentina could a López Rega achieve Cabinet rank as Minister of Social Welfare; he is said to have failed, however, in an attempt to transfer the living soul of Evita into the living body of Isabel Perón. López Rega is now facing charges of corruption in a Buenos Aires court.

Psychoanalysis is also said to be very much in fashion in Argentina. "All those in my company, down to the truck drivers and the telephone-switchboard operators, see their analysts twice a week," a film producer said. It could be that in this respect Argentines are simply twenty-five years behind New York or Beverly Hills. But perhaps there are ramifications. When the generals sent psychoanalysts to be tortured, they thought that through them they might unravel the innermost secrets of an international Communist conspiracy. Among the Argentine middle classes, psychoanalysis is often a kind of chic voodoo. It certainly seems to be a major refuge from anxiety. Was it coincidence, a leading Buenos Aires architect named Germán Carvajal asked, only half in jest, that two of the most important cultural administrators of the new regime happened to be psychiatrists? Under those two—Marcos Aguinis, the Secretary of Culture, and Mario O'Donnell, in charge of culture at the Buenos Aires Town Hall—arts and letters, battered under the generals, were thriving once again.

TEN years ago, on May 4, 1976, the telephone in the apartment of the novelist Humberto Costantini rang after midnight. On the line was a friend of the well-known writer Haroldo Pedro Conti. She told him that as she and Conti were returning home from the cinema that evening a group of men in civilian clothes had knocked him unconscious and then taken him away, but not before yelling that Costantini was also on their list. That night, Costantini went into hiding, and soon afterward he went into exile in Mexico. There he wrote "The Gods, the Little Guys and the Police," a tense satire of life under a dictatorship, which was translated into several languages and won the distinguished Premio Casa de las Américas. Costantini is one of many exiled Argentine writers, filmmakers, musicians, teachers, and journalists who have returned to Argentina in the past two years, if in some instances only through their books: Haroldo Conti and Rodolfo Walsh, who were killed during the dictatorship, are being republished there now. "Alfonsín is the best thing that has happened in this country for many, many years," Costantini told me. Then he laughed. "For the first time in my sixty-two years, I, always a left-winger and opposed to every establishment, am now a convinced *oficialista*"—government supporter. "But the fear remains in my bones. It takes only a few generals in this self-destructive country—they still have too much power. It must be the working hypothesis of every Argentine that there might be a coup within the next fifteen days."

The publisher Daniel Divinsky has

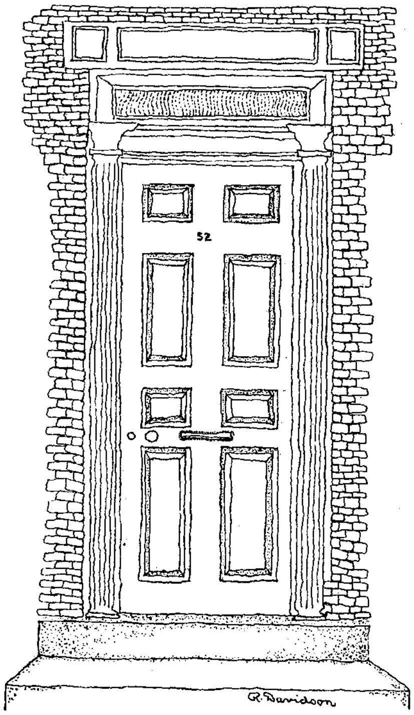
come back, after years of exile in Venezuela, to run the family company, Ediciones de la Flor. "Book sales are higher than ever before, despite the economic crisis and the high price of books," he said in a conversation he and I had. "Many new books are political and deal with Argentine history in the past twenty years." For decades, there had been no real historiography in Argentina, only rhetoric, and no open archives, only graffiti. Last winter, "Nunca Más" was an all-time best-seller. Almost three hundred thousand copies have been sold thus far. The necessary repetitiousness of "Nunca Más" would inevitably have a numbing effect on readers, but Ernesto Sábato, its author, had felt bound to list every possible detail, every available name, in order to make sure that no murdered individual whose fate could be documented was forgotten. In addition to "Nunca Más," there was a veritable explosion of critical historical texts, according to Divinsky. Extremism on both left and right got its due. The list includes Horacio Verbitsky's books on Perón's bloody return to Argentina in 1973; on the aftermath of the "dirty war;" and on how the generals continued to kill indiscriminately even after the leftist terror had been eliminated. There is also Tomás Eloy Martínez's "La Novela de Perón," Alvaro Abós's "El Poder Carnívoro" ("Carnivorous Power"), Pablo Jiussani's "Montoneros, La Soberbia Armada" ("Armed Arrogance"), and Miguel Bonasso's "Recuerdos de la Muerte" ("Memories of Death") —chilling accounts of the blindness, vanity, and murderous ruthlessness of the left.

"There is as yet hardly any first-class fiction that deals directly with the events during the *proceso*," Divinsky said. "Nobody like a Grass or a Solzhenitsyn has appeared. There are many photographers, fewer painters right now. The events are still too close. Reality is too hard." But if the experience of Germany or Spain is any indication, then insofar as writers and artists are concerned the past may not go away. The immediate postwar period in Germany was also marked by a stunned silence, but the wounds, not fully healed, were reopened as soon as a new literary generation was able to catch its breath. Argentine films already seem to reflect this confrontation. Luis Puenzo's "The Official Story" has been seen by millions in Argentina, though it was shown there only after it was awarded an Oscar in the United States. It is the story of a woman's terrible realization that her adopted child did not, as she thought, come to her through a foundling home but, rather, was the child of a couple who were kidnapped and murdered by the military. "Kiss of the Spider Woman," made in Brazil, is another film about Argentina, based on a novel by the Argentine writer Manuel Puig, and directed by another Argentine, Hector Babenco.

Jacobo Timerman has also returned to Argentina, although not to his old position as publisher of a newspaper. His return was a particularly powerful statement of support for the new regime, because of his international image as a victim of Argentine cruelty and as a critic of Argentine society and institutions. His citizenship, of which he had been stripped by the generals, has been restored. Since Arthur Koestler's "Spanish Testament," nothing has been more representative of twentieth-century literature than prison literature, and Timerman's unforgettable "Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number" is among the best—that is to say, the most harrowing—examples of the genre:

> When electric shocks are applied, all that a man feels is that they are ripping apart his flesh. . . . It is impossible to shout —you howl. At the onset of this long human howl, someone with soft hands supervises your heart.

Timerman's book has now been published in Argentina, too. The author has had an understandably difficult time readjusting to a more or less normal life. He went to Israel after his expulsion from Argentina, in 1979, but Israel was a deep disappointment and shock, especially during the Lebanon war. Israelis did not take kindly to Timerman's bitter criticism of that war, even though others had criticized it even more savagely. At the end of his stay in Israel, Timerman felt, he said, "like a Jew in the Diaspora," and not, as he had written on his arrival, like a Jew who had "completed his voyage."



He spoke to me of the difficulty of growing roots again in Argentina. He feels a need to be part of the battle for democracy, and he testified at the trial of the generals and at the pre-trials of some of the officers who tortured him. He is an ardent supporter of President Alfonsín and, since his return, he has received compensation for his newspaper, *La Opinión*, which the generals had expropriated and allowed to founder and die. But Timerman has not yet found a role for himself, and he wondered, when I spoke to him, whether he would ever find one. "My contact is damaged," he said. "I cannot restore my personality here. People tell me the repression will not happen again. I know intellectually they are right. But emotionally I am not sure. I am never here for more than three months. I must get away for a few weeks." Many people in Buenos Aires recognize Timerman on the street and warmly shake his hand. He makes others feel ill at ease. In a span of less than ten years, he defied five established orthodoxies: the Argentine left and the Argentine right (he has called both Fascist), the leaders of the Argentine Jewish community (whom he accused of acquiescing in what the generals did), the neoconservatives in the United States, and the nationalists in Israel. When James Neilson, then editor of the Buenos Aires *Herald*, was asked why even today people in Argentina are uneasy about Timerman, he remarked, "Being Jewish doesn't help." After a moment's thought, he added, "Timerman gets hurt everywhere. He is the eternal outsider playing the insider."

EACH Thursday at 3:30 P.M., the mothers of *desaparecidos* still march in a circle around the little obelisk on the Plaza de Mayo, across the street from the Casa Rosada, as they have done since 1977, when the "dirty war" was at its peak. Almost three years have passed since the resto-

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ration of democracy. In rain or shine, the mothers lay siege to the Presidential palace—a hundred or so middle-aged or, by now, elderly women, walking slowly, slightly bent, in a silent, circular lament, timeless, reminiscent of a picture by Goya. The Presidential guards outside the gate are resplendent in fancy costumes, with gold helmets and swords, right out of "The Barber of Seville;" they have participated in or failed to prevent so many coups d'état that they are popularly known as Dobermans—dogs with a propensity to bite their masters. The mothers who march past the guards wear white scarves embroidered with the names of their children and the dates of the disappearances. They cannot come to terms with their loss, but they have outlasted the generals inside the Casa Rosada who caused it. The mothers' protest is a reminder, and a warning, that, in the words of Adela Antokoletz, vice-president of the movement, "a human being is not an umbrella," which one might lose and soon forget. Their long march—under the slogan "Reappearance Alive"—is now in its tenth year. They insist upon being told the exact dates and circumstances and reasons for their children's deaths. They are convinced that somewhere in the vast government vaults are Army files and documents—or at least microfilms—with this information. Their perseverance, so seemingly hopeless, is another intimation that the past will not simply go away, even if politicians wish it to. Furthermore, since in most cases there is no corpus delicti, the legal fate of the *desaparecidos* remains in limbo. Neither the government nor the National Commission (even though the commission established the fact of thousands of summary executions) has thus far been willing to accept political responsibility for putting a final end to the mothers' hope.

When Alfonsín, in one of the few hyperboles he has uttered since his election, said, in his inaugural speech, "We are beginning one hundred years of freedom, peace, and democracy," Adolfo Pérez Esquivel, the 1980 Nobel Peace Prize recipient, was quoted as responding that the dictatorship was over but the conditions it created "are still with us." Others must have felt strongly that many of the conditions that had created the dictatorship in the first place were also still with them. James Neilson holds that view. "There's not much violence here nowadays," he said recently, "but there are still very many people in Argentina with violent ideas." Argentina is a bankrupt country, which owes more than fifty billion dollars, but Argentines, by and large, hold foreign countries responsible for their troubles. Many accuse the United States of causing Argentina's defeat by the British in the Falklands. Argentina remains an intensely nationalistic country, but national solutions to its problems are no longer possible.

The military analyst Andrés Fontana complains that the Army is still an élitist, hermetically closed structure. Although civilian controls are now stronger than at any time in the recent past, the Army's arrogant "sense of identity and political vocation" remain unchanged, Fontana said. When I asked a high civilian official in the Argentine Ministry of Defense—one of the men Alfonsín had brought in—why a country with no apparent enemies needed an army of close to a hundred thousand men, he merely shrugged. "Yours must be a hard job," I said. "You bet," he said, and went on—and I don't think he was trying to sound funny—"In the past two years, two civilian Defense Ministers here have died while in office, even though of natural causes."

One morning, Jacobo Timerman drove me down Avenida Figueroa Alcorta, past the old generals on their stone horses, to the great, windowless, artilleryproof luxury bunker, covered in expensive marble, that had been built by the generals at great cost, in less than a year, to serve as a television-broadcast center. He pointed across the avenue to the skeleton of the National Library of Argentina, a building that had been started more than twenty years ago but never finished, ostensibly because of lack of funds. "This is Argentina," he said. "We are not poor. We are frivolous and hollow."

—AMOS ELON

* * *

In a classic Chanel white linen dress with a navy stripe dotted with gold buttons she looks very much like Houston money. She's not happy with her white, wide-brimmed straw hat. "This hat is not very flattering," she says glancing in the mirror next to her table and moving the designer hat back from her forehead.

Camille Bermann, Maxim's owner, stops by to greet his regular customer.

"Bonjour, Madame Lee," he says.

"He knows I speak French," says Tierney after he walks away.—*Houston Post.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

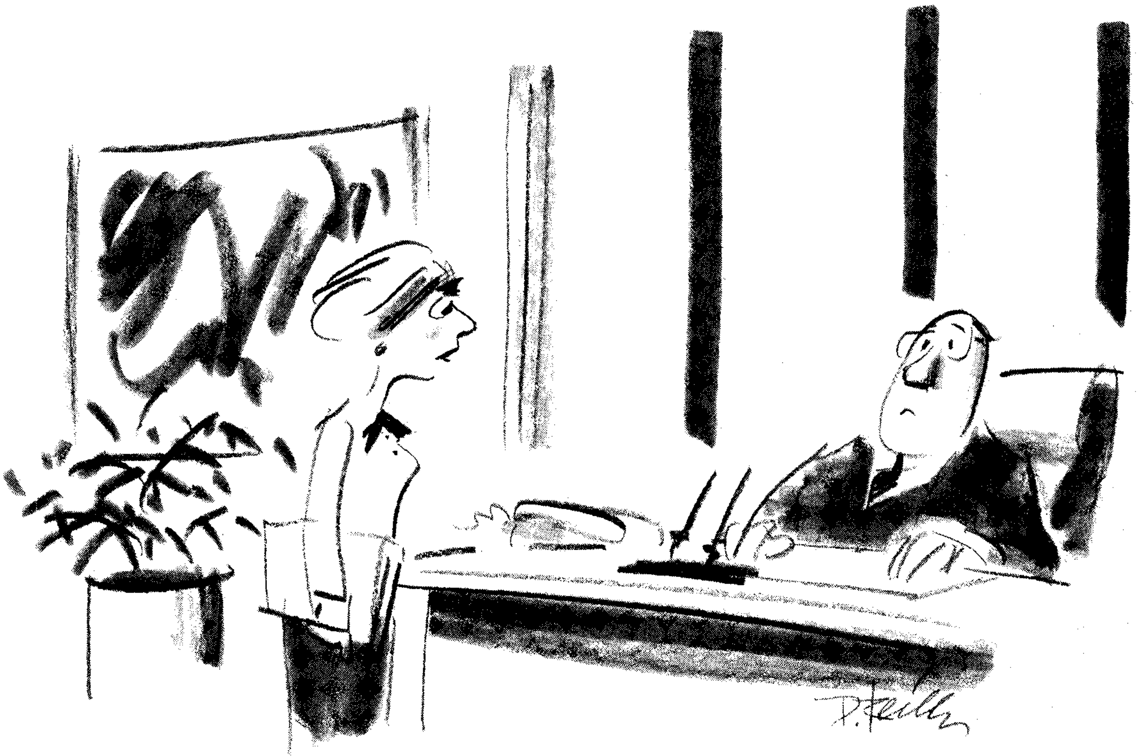
High Time

ON May 10th, Milton Byron Babbitt was seventy, and that month the first all-Babbitt record appeared: Harmonia Mundi HM 5160, a piano recital played by Robert Taub. The program spans nearly forty years of Babbitt's music, from the "Three Compositions" of 1947-48 to "Lagniappe"—a "gift thrown in"—which was composed last year specially for the record. The piece is dedicated to René Goiffon and Robina Young, directors of American Harmonia Mundi. The piano writing limns the particular virtues of its interpreter in a way that may enable music historians centuries hence to discern features of Mr. Taub's artistic personality, rather as music historians today reconstruct the art of Handel's favorite interpreters by studying the airs that Handel composed for them. The disk also includes "Canonical Form," composed for and dedicated to Mr. Taub. Future historians will, of course, have the advantage, denied to Handel historians, of being able to hear the interpreters in question perform the music written for them. Four days after Babbitt's birthday, Mr. Taub played much of the program in public, in Alice Tully Hall; he framed the Babbitt pieces with Bach, Brahms, Ravel, Scarlatti, and Liszt, placing Babbitt firmly in the great keyboard tradition. Earlier this season, in October, also in Tully Hall, he played Babbitt's "Tableaux" in a setting of Mozart, Bartók, and Chopin.

In April, at a Group for Contemporary Music recital at the 92nd Street Y, Alan Feinberg placed Babbitt in a specifically twentieth-century pianistic frame: his program included Rachmaninoff preludes (1910), a Debussy study (1915), the Busoni Toccata (1920), and pieces by George Edwards, Charles Wuorinen, and György Ligeti. The Babbitt was the New York première of "Time Series," a diptych of "Playing for Time" (1977) and "About Time," which is dedicated to and was composed for Mr. Feinberg, in 1982. Earlier this year, in January, in Carnegie Hall, Mr. Feinberg was the soloist in the first performance of Babbitt's Piano Concerto, commissioned for and dedicated to the American Composers Orchestra. The piano writing of "About Time" and of the concerto pictures Mr. Feinberg's art as that of "Canonical Form" and "Lagniappe" does Mr. Taub's. Three years ago, I wrote in these pages of Mr. Feinberg's prowess in Babbitt, Wuorinen, and Ravel. In the concerto, Babbitt makes unstinting use of that strength, stamina, and commanding artistic presence.

America has many fine pianists. Ursula Oppens, Charles Rosen, and the others must forgive me if, with thoughts on Babbitt, I suggest that Mr. Taub and Mr. Feinberg have been the piano stars of the New York season now ending. How should one describe them? Lamb and lion could serve as a caricature characterization, but it is misleading, for the lamb can be formidable and fierce when the music requires, and the lion can purr winningly. Poet and prophet? That comes closer, provided one adds that in Taub the poet there can be a vein of crackling fire, and in Feinberg the fiery prophet a streak of tender lyricism. Anyway, it is a matter not of competitive rating but of rejoicing that there are two virtuosi who play Babbitt's music so well. The only Babbitt I have heard both of them do is "Partitions" (1957). Differences between them are suggested above; they share technical mastery, command of form, and a zest for the music which proves infectious.

Earlier Babbitt pianists were also named Robert: the composer Robert Helps, for whom "Partitions," "Post-Partitions" (1966), and "Tableaux" (1973) were written, and the late Robert Miller, for whom "Reflections" (1974), for piano and tape, was written. Mr. Helps recorded "Partitions" (for CRI), and Mr. Miller recorded "Post-Partitions" and "Reflections" (for New World). It is fascinating to compare the Taub recording of those pieces with the earlier versions; and Mr. Taub's Harmonia Mundi "Three Compositions" with the version he recorded five years ago for CRI; and his "Tableaux" and "Reflections" with memories—and, more precisely, in these days of copious "sound documentation," with tapes—of New York performances of "Tableaux" by Matthias Kriesberg and of "Reflections" by Aleck Karis. Again,



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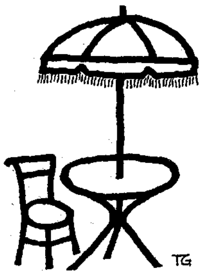
it is not a matter of competitive rating. Rather, it is a recognition that Babbitt's piano music has become a part of the modern repertory, and that—like Chopin's, Debussy's, Ravel's—it can bear many different approaches. The varied performances are complementary.

Mr. Taub brings to this music something not heard—or not heard so regularly—in earlier performances: the full range of tonal colors that the piano can compass. When compared with his versions, others sound monochrome—scrupulous in their attention to the dynamic indications that mark almost every note in a Babbitt piece but executed in a single, bright, "modern" timbre. Mr. Taub's performances are opaline, iridescent. His piano is the instrument of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," not simply the wide-ranging machine that, more efficiently than any other controlled merely by human muscles, can execute a score's precise instructions about pitch, timing, and dynamics. In a program note for the May recital Mr. Taub wrote, "The music of Milton Babbitt must be played from the heart. The dazzling, highly imaginative pianism—enormous registral leaps, juxtaposition of dynamic extremes, highly complicated rhythms, innovative pedal techniques—always serves an intensely musical end, which, as in all great works, should be so completely mastered that the music is free to soar in performance." And, in a birthday interview, the composer said of Mr. Taub, "When I write a piece, I have a mental image of a perfect performance. When Bob plays it, he gives me precisely what is in my mind."



Babbitt's music is not easy. He is a *self-professed* "maximalist": in 1975 he wrote, "I have presumed to pursue the goal of attempting to make music as much as it might be." Anyone who acquires the Harmonia Mundi disk should perhaps listen first to the three pieces that begin the recital—"Three Compositions," "Duet," and "Semi-Simple Variations"—and then jump at once to "Canonical Form," a set of twice-twelve variations, its paragraphs defined by cadences and fermatas. It is a work of uncommon energy, brilliance, and charm—tense in its thought but set out with elegant spareness and clarity. Some variations concentrate on a particular region of the keyboard; others claim all seven octaves as their territory. "Lagniappe" follows, and this, too, is a work in distinct sections—a suite of lively ideas. When these two pieces have been apprehended, the longer paragraphs of the other works present less difficulty. Then "Lagniappe" can be heard again, as a summation-coda for the whole recital: its sections are—in ways that analysts will no doubt soon be demonstrating—new reflections of ideas first proposed in the earlier pieces. It is, in the words of the essay that accompanies the record, "a distillation and synthesis of the many diverse styles of Milton Babbitt's piano writing."

In Mr. Feinberg's program note for a 1983 Merkin Hall recital at which he played Babbitt's "Partitions," "My Complements to Roger" (one of several pieces in which Babbitt celebrated Sessions birthdays), and "Playing for Time" he remarked that "these Babbitt works have all the exhilaration of virtuoso études together with a kind of Dixieland freshness." In a note for the April recital at which "Playing for Time" was joined with "About Time" he said of the latter piece, "Astaire & Rogers have been often in my mind while practicing it, especially in places where the melodies seem to hold hands on one pitch and then (in mirror fashion) step out and away from each other; swivel or plié and then return." His performances have a kind of dancing quality—a rhythmic exuberance that brings the jazz vein in Babbitt closer to the surface than it is when Mr. Taub plays. "Playing for Time" and "About Time" are a stunning pair of pieces—two-part inventions, largely, of limpid counterpoint, often audible canons, and sudden surprises. ("Playing for Time" ends with a tune in octaves and an F-major cadence.) I hope Mr. Feinberg records them soon.

New World has in preparation a recording of the Piano Concerto, coupled with the virtuoso song cycle "The Head of the Bed." The concerto, in a single movement, lasts twenty-two minutes. The pianist plays almost all the time; there is just one episode, of about fifty bars, toward the end, for orchestra only, and otherwise the soloist appears to determine and direct the musical progress. It is an immensely challenging piece: for the listener, for the orchestral players, and, above all, for the soloist. Mr. Feinberg and the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Mr.

Wuorinen, rose nobly to the occasion. At the performance, I was excited but baffled. Many hearings later (thanks to a tape), I am just beginning to get my bearings. It is a work of big gestures, glittering sounds, long spans of carefully controlled tension. It calls for quicksilver attentiveness.

A good deal has been written about Babbitt. The principal collection of essays and articles is a 1976 double issue of *Perspectives of New Music*, which marked his sixtieth birthday. (A seventieth-birthday issue of *Perspectives* is in preparation.) The analytical articles there are tough going. There are also less formal observations. The composer recalls the moment when, playing clarinet in the Jackson, Mississippi, Boys' Band, he realized that the melodious second subject of the "Oberon" overture crests (with other notes in between) on the three notes of Oberon's magic horn call, in transposition, and glimpsed something about "the perplexing question of musical order and reference." (In that 1975 statement Babbitt said, "For some three and a half decades, a central, pervasive notion of musical relations appears determinative in all my compositions.") Elliott Carter writes of the "Rameau-like contribution of Milton Babbitt to the clarification and ordering of the twelve-note method" but also of "rational order based on a realistic consideration of the process of listening with its memory accumulations rather than on abstract number patterns." Bethany Beardslee, the leading Babbitt singer (she has recorded "Du," "Vision and Prayer," "Philomel," and "A Solo Requiem"), says, "It's the rhythm in Milton's music that is the hardest thing to get, because you have to be precise in the ensemble. Yet, because he has such close relations to jazz, the music always has to be loose and not metronomic." It is hard to find a mean between rebarbative analysis and simple assertions that the music is enjoyable. Analysis can support the claim that this is "a kind of music in which everything is form, in which every line, every chord, every rhythm is justified within a strongly determined polyphony." That is Paul Griffiths's summary in his book "The String Quartet." But he also writes of Babbitt's "mobile jazzy feel, good humour," and "rhythmic bounce." The most eloquent advocates are the interpreters: champions such as Mr. Taub and Mr. Feinberg.

—Andrew Porter

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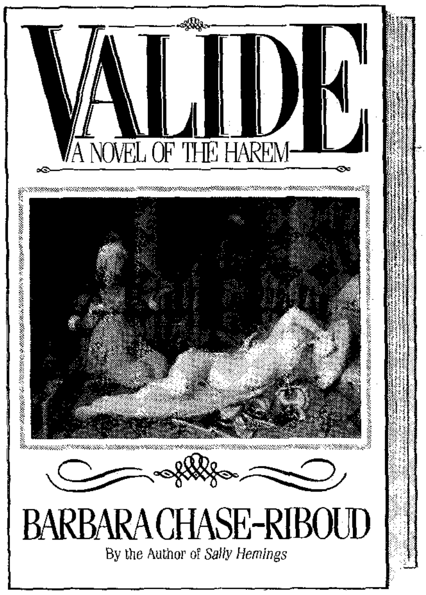
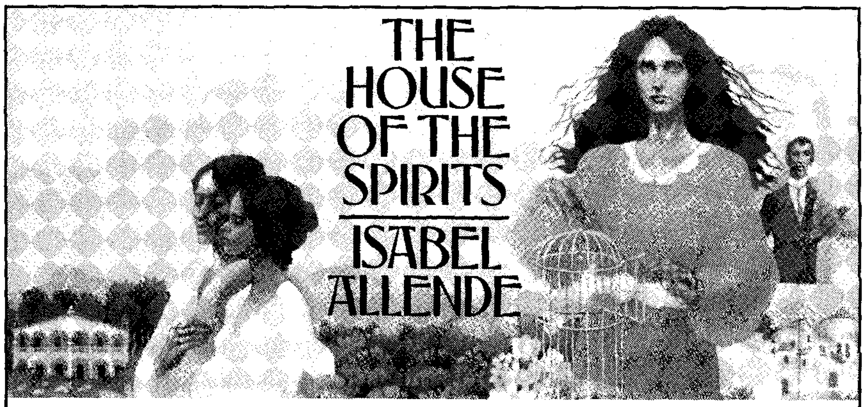


William Morrow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BOOKS

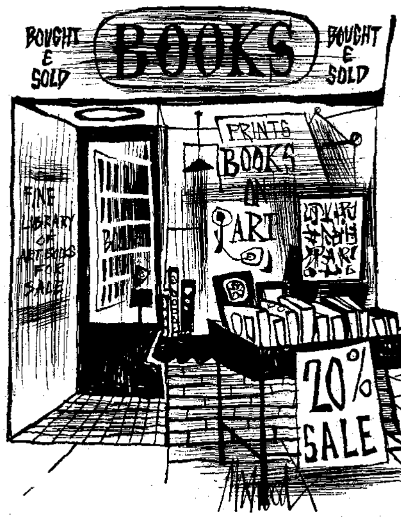
Black Danube

THE cutting edge of satire is local. The effectiveness of the satirist depends on the precision, on the circumstantial density, of his target. Like the caricaturist, he works close to his object and aims at obtaining immediate, startled recognition. There is a sense in which satire aims not only at destruction but at self-destruction. Ideally, it would consume its topic and thus remove the cause of its own anger. The fire dies in the cold ash. Karl Kraus, of Vienna, the master satirist in our age, entitled his journal *Die Fackel* (*The Torch*), but he is not the only one to resort to the fire motif; flame and satire have long been kindred.

Consequently, little satire, verbal or pictorial, has proved durable. In Aristophanes, there is a kind of slapstick of the mind, a marvellously physical clowning of ideas, that insures a measure of universality, but much in even the best of his comedies reaches laughter only across thorn hedges of footnotes and learned explanation. The generality of Juvenal's themes—the war between the sexes, religious hypocrisy, the ostentatious crassness of the nouveau riche, the bustling corruption of urban politics—is such as to elevate his rage into a perennial sadness over man. It is striking, however, how much better Juvenal wears in quotation than as a whole. In acuity of argument, in the exactitude of the fit between the satiric scenario and its political-religious counterpart, “A Tale of a Tub” remains Swift's masterpiece. Now only scholars read this ferocious invention, just because it presumes a specialized, closely referential knowledge of the politics of church and party, of bishopric and cabinet, in early-eighteenth-century England. If “Gulliver's Travels” survives as a classic, it is largely in spite of the special satiric purposes, again political, partisan—indeed, scurrilous—that underlie the tales. Here, almost uniquely, the venom, which called for precise identifications and recognitions, has evaporated into the fantasy.

The problem faced by anyone in 1986 seeking access to Karl Kraus in any tongue other than a very special Viennese/anti-Viennese German is that of localism, of what Henry James would have called “the spirit of place.” It is a problem of the formidable density, of the inwovenness of ephemeral allusion, in-group reference, and encoded assumptions of familiarity in even the widest-ranging and most apocalyptic of Kraus's writings. Vienna at the turn of the century, in the interwar period, and on the eve of catastrophe is not merely the unwavering setting, the magnetic pole of Kraus's sense of reality; it is the daily constant of his minutely observant moral reportage. That there was within Kraus a jealously guarded arcadia—a shy, tensed love of certain Bohemian and Alpine retreats—is certain. But the genius of his work, the ever-abundant fuel of his lyric hatreds, was a single seminal city—anatomized, dissected, chronicled in its political, social, artistic, journalistic life, in a day-to-day scrutiny, from the eighteen-nineties to 1936, the year of his death. Kraus's Vienna is the total milieu to his sensibility, as is Dublin to that of James Joyce.

Staring at Vienna, Kraus became possessed by clairvoyance. He perceived in its febrile cultural brilliance the symptoms of neurosis, of the fatal tensions between “civilization and its discontents.” (The famous phrase of Freud, a rival seer, whom he scorned, could be Kraus's own.) He registered in the idiom of Viennese journalism, salon talk, and parliamentary rhetoric a sickness invading the life centers of the German language. Long before George Orwell, and far more comprehensively, Karl Kraus related the decay in the lucidity, in the truth values, in the personal sinew of private and public discourse to the larger decay of Central European and Western political societies. Kraus's haunted satires on the mendacities, on the class-determined operations of the law, and of criminal justice in particular, enact a lashing repudiation of the entire bourgeois order. Earlier, perhaps, than any other social critic, Kraus spotted and analyzed the subversion of aesthetic ideas in literature and in the fine arts by the almighty power of merchandising, of the mass media, of prepackaging. His anatomies of kitsch remain unsurpassed. And, in ways that defy rational explanation—here he is peer to Kafka—Kraus sensed in the twilight of the old European regime and in the insane horrors of the First World War the coming of an even blacker night. Satirizing naïve faith in scientific progress, Kraus could in 1909 set down the then wholly fantastic (now unendurable) proposition that progress of a scientific-technological kind “makes purses out of human skin.”



But, however wide their implications, the occasions for prophecy in Kraus, the springboards for rage, remain strictly local and temporal. His savage language parodies and critiques take off from some article, often trivial, in the daily press, from some piece of ephemeral literary reviewing, from a blurb or advertisement. The diatribes against the brute myopias of the law and of the late imperial or interwar bureaucracy are triggered by some obscure prosecution in the suburbs or the inner city. Kraus's highly ambiguous polemics on the matter of homosexuality—he deplored its unfeeling prosecution while fearing its clandestine influence in politics and letters—presume intimate awareness of certain scandals, libel cases, suicides under stress of blackmail both in Hohenzollern Germany and in the Viennese beau monde. Who today remembers, let alone reads, the journalists, drama critics, publicists, or academic pedants whom Kraus chose for his relentless castigations? Who recalls the forensic experts, the criminologists whose blinkered complacencies Kraus held up to ridicule? Even Kraus's magnum opus—the titanic collage-drama on the First World War, entitled “The Last Days of Mankind” and patterned, superbly, after the Walpurgisnacht allegories in the second part of Goethe's “Faust”—often requires a sure knowledge not only of Viennese dialect and slang but of the minutiae of administrative and social mores in the collapsing fabric of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

"If you believe rich, you'll get rich."
"If you don't believe you can get rich, you won't."
"You have to act rich and feel rich to get rich."
Lou Myers

A second obstacle impedes current access to Kraus. The collected writings are vast; the two volumes of intimate letters to Baroness Sidonie Nádherný, who was the great passion of his life, are deeply revealing. But the hammering genius of the man seems to have been most manifest in his personal appearances as a reader-declaimer of his own texts, of his translations of Shakespeare and other playwrights, and of poetry. Kraus presented some seven hundred one-man readings between 1910 and 1936. We have numerous and uniformly breathless eye- and ear-witness accounts of these performances (most recently in the memoirs of Canetti). A pure force of thought, an intellectual-histrionic charisma of the most singular virtuosity seems to have emanated from Kraus's declamations and readings. Between 1916 and 1936, he adapted for solo rendition in German thirteen plays of Shakespeare. Those (still among us) who were in the audience tell of a multiplicity of voices, of a dramatic tension and pace unmatched in the actual theatre. Kraus's arts of direct presentation included music: with an accompanist on the piano, he mimed, sang, spoke singingly the operettas of Offenbach, whom, together with the nineteenth-century Viennese dramatist Johann Nestroy and the contemporary cabaret playwright Frank Wedekind, he put in the very forefront of literature and social satire. It was Kraus at his lectern, in his "Theatre of Poetry and Thought," who exercised the utmost spell. Like other great prophets and watchmen in the night, he possessed a relation to language more physical, more immediate, than any that can be fixed in writing. One or two amateurish photographs have survived from these dramas of the word. We have no recordings.

It is these distances, from the man and from his all-informing milieu, which render rather quixotic Professor Harry Zohn's endeavors to gain a larger, English-speaking readership for Kraus. "Half-Truths & One-and-a-Half Truths" (Carcanet; $8.50) seeks to set before English readers "a mosaic of Karl Kraus's views, attitudes, and ideas as he disclosed them in aphoristic form." Now, it is perfectly true that Kraus could produce lapidary maxims and barbed aphorisms. But these lack, especially out of context, the persuasive intensity, the tidal pressure, of his rhetoric. Like Kraus's poems, the aphorisms often suffer from a willed mannerism, from the self-consciousness of the sage.

There are charged, suggestive moments: "Satires which the censor understands are rightly prohibited;" "One shouldn't learn more than what one absolutely needs against life;" "I no longer have collaborators. I used to be envious of them. They repel those readers whom I want to lose myself;" "Psychoanalysis is that mental illness for which it regards itself as therapy" (a stroke as famous as it is irrefutable); "I don't like to meddle in my private affairs;" or the finding, so consonant with the maxims of La Rochefoucauld, "Ingratitude is often disproportionate to the benefaction received." Too often, however, the dicta extracted and grouped by Professor Zohn are eminently forgettable. What is more banal than the proposition that "it is regarded as normal to consecrate virginity in general and to lust for its destruction in particular"? Do we need the chastiser of sentimentality to tell us that "love and art do not embrace what is beautiful but what is made beautiful by this embrace"? How hollow is the self-dramatization in Kraus's vaunt "I and life: The case was settled chivalrously. The opponents parted without having made up." How forced is the declaration "Many share my views with me. But I don't share them with them." And could there be any generality easier to refute than the affirmation that "a poem is good until one knows by whom it is"—this from an ardent, if clumsy, translator of Shakespeare's sonnets? Without its context, what is the reader to make of what is not in fact a Kraus aphorism but a variation on that most universal of quotations: "Lord, forgive them, for they know what they do!"?

It may well be that the most celebrated of Kraus's brevities is also the most controversial: "Concerning Hitler, I can think of nothing to say," or "nothing occurs to me" (*"Mir fällt zu*

Hitler nichts ein"). The prophet stood speechless before the nightmare realization of his own worst apprehensions. Set down in the late spring or early summer of 1933, this abstention from discourse, this valediction to eloquence, tells of a terrible weariness. The hundreds of public performances, the thirty-seven volumes of the *Fackel*, Kraus's tormented exit from and marginal reëntry into Judaism (the point remains obscure) had been useless. A philistine hell was about to engulf European civilization and, more especially, the German language, which Kraus had loved and fought for. "Language is the only chimera whose illusory power is endless, the inexhaustibility which keeps life from being impoverished," he had written. "Let men learn to serve language." Now Kraus's chosen instrument, the sole divining rod of truth available to thinking man, would become the raucous megaphone of the inhuman. In front of Hitler, an anti-master of the word more ruthless than he was—an actor, mountebank, declaimer more mesmerizing—Kraus fell silent. At some very deep level of half-consciousness, he may have sensed in Hitler the monstrously distorted but also parodistic image of his own talents. He now found himself between crystal ball and mirror and was struck dumb.

IN actuality, the marsh gas of Nazism had bubbled out of Austria. It was on the streets of Vienna, prior to 1914, that Adolf Hitler supped his fill of the racial theories, hysterical resentments, and anti-Semitism that were to make up his demonology. When Nazism came home to Vienna, in the spring of 1938, the welcome accorded it exceeded in fervor even that which it had received in Germany. Phantom forms of National Socialism, a scarcely diminished pulse of anti-Semitism, and a singular brew of obscurantism, partly ecclesiastical, partly rural, continue to characterize the climate of consciousness in the Austria of Kurt Waldheim. It is this witches' caldron which provokes the implacable indictments and satires of Thomas Bernhard.

Unlike Kraus, Bernhard is principally a writer of fiction—of novels, short stories, and radio plays. Prolific and uneven, he is at his best the foremost craftsman of German prose after Kafka and Musil. "Amras" (not yet translated into English); "The Lime Works," translated by Sophie Wilkins (and recently reissued by the University of Chicago Press, which has also brought out two other Bernhard novels); the still untranslated "Frost" created a landscape of anguish as circumstantial, as closely imagined, as any in modern literature. The black woods, the rushing but often polluted torrents, the sodden, malignant hamlets of Carinthia—the secretive region of Austria in which Bernhard leads his wholly private life—were transmuted into the locale of a small-time inferno. Here human ignorance, archaic detestations, sexual brutality, and social pretense flourish like adders. Uncannily, Bernhard went on to extend this nocturnal, coldly hysterical vision into the high reaches of modern culture. His novel on Wittgenstein, "Correction" (available in a Vintage paperback), is one of the towering achievements of postwar literature. His "Der Untergeher" (untranslated), a fiction centered on the mystique and genius of Glenn Gould, searches out the manic powers of music and the enigma of a talent for supreme execution. Musicology, erotic obsession, and the keynote of self-contempt distinctive of Bernhard give compelling strength to the novel "Concrete" (another of the University of Chicago volumes). Between these peaks lie too many fictions and scripts imitative of themselves, automatically black. Yet even where Thomas Bernhard is less than himself the style is unmistakable. Heir to the marmoreal purity of Kleist's narrative prose and to the vibrancy of terror and surrealism in Kafka, Bernhard has made of the short sentence, of an impersonal, seemingly officious syntax, and of the stripping of individual words to their radical bones an instrument wholly fitted to its excoriating purpose. The early novels of Beckett will give the English reader some approximation of Bernhard's technique. But even in the most desolate of Beckett there is laughter.

Born in 1931, Bernhard spent his childhood and adolescence in pre-Nazi and Nazi Austria. The ugliness, the strident mendacity of that experience have marked his entire vision. From 1975 to 1982, Bernhard published five studies in autobiography. They span the period from his birth to his twentieth year. Now assembled into a continuous sequence, these memoirs make up "Gathering Evidence" (Knopf; $19.95). They recount the early years of an illegitimate child taken in, brought up by eccentric grandparents. They chronicle Bernhard's hideous school years under a sadistically repressive system, run first by Catholic priests, then by Nazis, then again by priests, the evident point being that there is little to choose between the two. The section called "The Cellar" narrates in paralyzing detail the young Bernhard's experiences in Salzburg when the city was being bombarded by the Allied Air Forces. The immediate postwar years were an oasis for Bernhard, who became an apprentice and a shop assistant to a Viennese grocer and witness to the temporary discomfiture of the Nazis, now so suddenly and surprisingly converted to democracy. Running errands for his dying grandfather, the old anticlerical and anarchic tiger whom Bernhard loved as he had loved no one else near him, the eighteen-year-old falls ill. He is consigned to a hospital ward for the senile and the moribund. (Such wards will become perennial in his later novels and in the inspired book—part fact, part invention—"Wittgenstein's Nephew.") In the ward, Bernhard contracts tuberculosis. On the threshold of adult life, he finds himself under sentence of death. It is both in constant expectation of the fulfillment of that sentence and in defiance of it that he will escape into the armed citadel of his art.

Scrupulously translated by David McLintock, who also translated "Concrete," this portrait of the artist as a tortured child and death-haunted young man does not make for easy reading. The note is one of unrelieved pain and loathing:

> I was soon confirmed in my suspicion that our relations with Jesus Christ were in reality no different from those we had had with Adolf Hitler six months or a year earlier. When we consider the songs and choruses that are sung to the honour and glory of any so-called extraordinary personality, no matter whom—songs and choruses like those we used to sing at the boarding house during the Nazi period and later—we are bound to admit that, with slight differences in the wording, the texts are always the same and are always sung to the same music. All in all these songs and choruses are simply an expression of stupidity, baseness, and lack of character on the part of those who sing them. The voice one hears in these songs and choruses is the voice of inanity—universal, worldwide inanity. All the educational crimes perpetrated against the young in educational establishments the world over are

perpetrated in the name of some extraordinary personality, whether his name is Hitler or Jesus or whatever.

Doctors are licensed torturers no less than teachers. Their contempt for the inner life of the patient, for the complex needs of the dying is exactly proportionate to their arrogance, to their lofty but hollow claims to expert knowledge. Bernhard's minute account of near-suffocation during injections of air into his chest is, intentionally, unbearable. It stands for a larger allegory of strangulation: by family circumstances, by schooling, by political servitude. He writes, "The professor turned up at the hospital immediately and explained to me that what had happened was *nothing out of the ordinary*. He kept on repeating this emphatically, in an excited manner and with a malignant expression on his face which carried a clear hint of menace. My pneumothorax was now ruined, thanks to the professor's debate over his luncheon menu, and something new had to be devised." A worse, even more brutal intervention follows.

Within this "world-wide inanity," the inanity of Austria is by far the most loathsome. Bernhard lashes out at Austria's unctuous burial of its thoroughly Nazi past; at the megalomaniacal provinciality of Viennese culture; at the morass of superstition, intolerance, avarice in which the Austrian peasant or mountain-dweller conducts his affairs. Bernhard anathematizes a country that has made a systematic practice of ignoring, humiliating, or banishing its greater spirits, be they Mozart or Schubert, Schoenberg or Webern; an academic establishment that refuses to honor Sigmund Freud, even posthumously; a literary-critical code that exiles Broch and Canetti and relegates Musil to near-starvation. There are numerous precincts of hell, traced by human stupidity, venality, and greed. Vienna and Salzburg are the worst. In the province of Salzburg alone, two thousand human beings, many of them young, attempt suicide annually. A European record, but hardly, if we are to believe Bernhard, adequate to the motives: "The inhabitants of the city are totally cold; meanness is their daily bread and squalid calculation their characteristic trait." In a very recent novel, "Old Masters," the palm of infamy is bestowed, beyond right of appeal, on the "stupidest," "most hypocritical" of all cities, which is Vienna.

The trouble with hatred is its shortness of breath. Where hatred generates truly classic inspiration—in Dante, in Swift, in Rimbaud—it does so in spurts, over short distances. Prolonged, it becomes a monotone, a blunted saw buzzing and scraping interminably. The obsessive, indiscriminate misanthropy in Bernhard, the around-the-clock philippics contra Austria threaten to defeat their own ends. He does not concede the fascination and genuine mystery of the case. The country, the society, that he so rightly chastises for its Nazism, for its religious bigotry, for its risible self-satisfactions happens also to be the cradle and setting for much of what is most fertile, most significant in all of modernity. The culture that spawned Hitler also bred Freud, Wittgenstein, Mahler, Rilke, Kafka, Broch, Musil, the Jugendstil, and what matters most in modern music. Excise Austria-Hungary and interwar Austria from twentieth-century history and you will lack not only that which is most demonic, most destructive, in that history but also its great springs of intellectual and aesthetic energy. You will lack the very intensities, the self-lacerating violence of spirit, that produced a Kraus and a Bernhard. What was once central to Europe became central to Western civilization. There are so many obvious ways in which American urban culture today, and particularly American Jewish urban culture, is a coruscating epilogue to fin-de-siècle Vienna and to that dynamo of genius and neurosis defined by the Vienna-Prague-Budapest triangle. To that heartland, mere hatred is a one-eyed guide.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Waking the Dead, by Scott Spencer (Knopf; $17.95). Fielding Pierce, the man whose fortunes we follow here, might seem to be a familiar example of American upward mobility. He rose from blue-collar Brooklyn to Harvard, to a commission in the Coast Guard, to the University of Chicago law school (where we first meet him), to the district attorney's office, to nomination as a Democratic candidate for Congress. But that is not at all the man we come to know. He is a man possessed, a man obsessed, a man half demented by grief: he is in love with a girl named Sarah Williams, a left-wing Catholic activist involved in expatriate Chilean poli-

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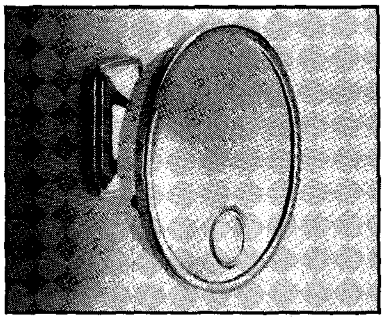

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tics, and on the opening page we learn (as he does) that she has been killed in a terrorist bombing in Minneapolis. He carries on an ordinary life, but there is a constant seething undersurface: "I've got to get out of here . . . out of my life, out of the maze." Mr. Spencer is a writer of great intensity, of imagery somewhat in the Graham Greene manner ("The lights from a passing car wrapped and unwrapped around her face like a bandage"). He is often, it must also be said, excessive, and there are moments of uncomfortable sentimentality, but no matter. This is a powerful novel.

THE WHOLE FAMILY: A NOVEL BY TWELVE AUTHORS, by William Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mary Heaton Vorse, Mary Stewart Cutting, Elizabeth Jordan, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry James, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wyatt, Mary R. Shipman Andrews, Alice Brown, and Henry Van Dyke, with an introduction by Alfred Bendixen (Ungar; $19.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). "The feeling of a competent cook who sees good vittles messed": Henry James's lament, in a letter to Elizabeth Jordan, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, that he was allowed to write only one (the seventh) chapter of this twelve-author, twelve-narrator novel, which William Dean Howells had persuaded her to serialize in twelve monthly issues, beginning in December of 1907. " 'The Whole Family' was a mess!" Elizabeth Jordan concluded in her autobiography, in 1938. The trouble begins in Chapter 1, "The Father," when Howells belittles another narrator, who was assigned to Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and was scheduled to narrate Chapter 2, "The Old-Maid Aunt." By the end of Chapter 2, it is clear that the ten other narrators will have to dance to the tune of this heartbreaker in pink chiffon. Elizabeth Jordan's "mess" remark was justified, and so was James's lament, but his chapter features some savory morsels. His narrator's father "has after all a sharp nerve or two in him, like a razor gone astray in a valise of thick Jäger underclothing." The grandmother "knows as much about the world as a tin jelly-mould knows about the dinner." And here is the sister whom Howells had intended as the heroine, poised, as she is, between college graduation and marriage to a fellow-graduate: "a perfect little *decorative* person, who ought to have iridescent-gray plumage and pink-shod feet."

GENERAL

THE BLOODY CROSSROADS: WHERE LITERATURE AND POLITICS MEET, by Norman Podhoretz (Simon & Schuster; $16.95). A collection of essays by the editor of *Commentary*. Mr. Podhoretz reminds us that he began his career as a literary critic, and, in an artful, vivid essay, recalls one of his teachers, the eminent, opinionated F. R. Leavis. When Mr. Podhoretz goes to work on literary texts, he is often as dogmatic as his mentor. (He finds, for example, little or no literary merit in the admired novels of Camus and Solzhenitsyn.) He is capable of enthusiasm (notably for the work of Milan Kundera) and of sensitivity (he is more aware of the sourness in Henry Adams than many other critics). Still, the tone of most of these essays is polemical, with Mr. Podhoretz doughtily assaulting the politics of the Old Left and the New. Sometimes he scores points. Sometimes, in arguing about inherently unknowable matters, such as the future of the Soviet system, he demonstrates the limitations of polemic as a guide to policy.

FEMALES OF THE SPECIES: SEX AND SURVIVAL IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, by Bettyann Kevles (Harvard; $20). This survey of sexual and maternal behavior in the animal kingdom, from bacteria through mammals, suggests that in most species females play an active part in courtship and mating, and so contribute to the evolutionary process. The author notes that nineteenth-century scientists attributed to animals traits they considered desirable or "natural" in human beings. Since women were expected to be passive and to lack sexual desire but to exhibit powerful maternal feelings, these qualities were seen as characteristic of the animal world, and sexual selection, a mechanism of evolution, was regarded as entirely the work of males. Twentieth-century observers, however, have found among female animals a very wide range of behavior expressing the same kind of powerful drive to perpetuate their own genetic material as has been found in males. Along the way, the author recounts the development of the study of animal behavior, and points out its

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value for our understanding of how species survive. Her rigorous scientific exclusion of human parallels appears to lapse only in the comment "Monogamy creates stress, which may account for its relative rareness among longer-lived and larger-brained species."

FLOWERS AND FRUIT, by Colette, edited by Robert Phelps and translated from the French by Matthew Ward (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). The essays in this volume are here made available in English for the first time. The first section, "For an Herbarium," which includes a monologue delivered by a gardenia and an ode to the lily, with "its one foot in water," was inspired by a Swiss publisher, who, with the aim of making a book of the resulting sketches, sent Colette a bouquet of flowers once or twice a week. Among the pieces in the section called "A Nosegay" are excerpts from a gardening column that Colette undertook in 1924—diatribes against flower shows and artificial hybrids ("I have little regard for these vegetable persons who put on disguises"). In the closing section, "Flora and Pomona," which Colette published during the Nazi occupation of Paris, she asks for "lobelias as a border, too, whose blue neither sky nor sea can rival." As always, Colette's prose is a very particular and welcome pleasure.

COLETTE: A PASSION FOR LIFE, by Geneviève Dormann, translated from the French by David Macey and Jane Brenton (Abbeville; $39.95). A copious album of photographs that illustrate, chronologically, exuberant and pensive moments in the writer's public and private life. We see Colette as a cat, with painted whiskers, appearing in a 1912 performance of a mime-sketch, "La Chatte Amoureuse;" as an unsmiling Claudine, on a set of promotional postcards engineered by the infamous Willy; dragon-eyed, advertising "*une Lucky Strike avec Colette;*" and as the renowned author, in portraits by Steichen, Kertesz, and Gisèle Freund. The mannerisms of Geneviève Dormann's accompanying biographical text mimic, to no good end, the more rhapsodic elements of Colette's own style; nonetheless, the account is enlightening, especially in its attention to the influence exerted on Colette by her mother, Sido—a no-nonsense, loving Juno. It is touching to see the young Colette before, much to her mother's sorrow, she bobbed her knee-length braided rope of hair.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GWEN JOHN SCULPTURE, by John Malcolm (Scribners; $13.95). Tim Simpson, Mr. Malcolm's hero here and in two previous novels, is an art-and-antiques investment expert, a former Cambridge rugger star, and a man who dearly loves a fight, with either his brains or his fists. The problem that faces him involves Augustus John's sister Gwen and a rumored Rodin statue for which she posed, and something about the painter Puvis de Chavannes. The puzzle is a good one, the violence is sufficient to leave six or seven bodies, at least three of them plainly dead, and Mr. Malcolm reveals a nice flash of humor when he encourages Simpson to enter into a light affair with a young woman who he is chagrined to discover is a whore.

THE BLIND RUN, by Brian Freemantle (Bantam; $15.95). The fifth espionage novel starring the surly British agent Charlie Muffin opens with him facing a long prison term. He has by now antagonized so many of his former colleagues in British intelligence that one would think they'd be delighted to have him out of the way for good, but, of course, there is a suitably suicidal assignment that he can perform to reinstate himself. He must assist in the escape of a K.G.B. mole, an Englishman; accompany him back to Moscow; and then find and rescue Britain's information source in the Kremlin. Charlie's irascibility soon grows tiresome for the reader, and has the odd effect of making the Russian intelligence agents seem more attractive than the hero. But the appropriately convoluted plot swings right along, and the final unravelling should have a surprise in it for everyone.

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DEPT. OF STRAIGHT THINKING

[*From a Drexel Burnham Lambert market report*]

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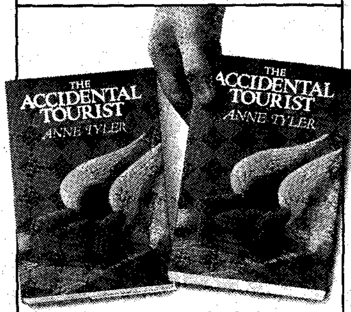

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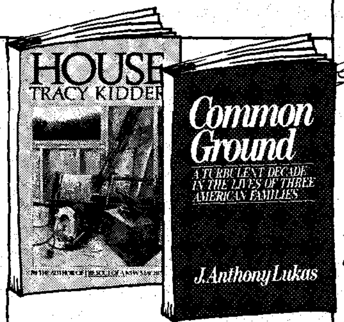
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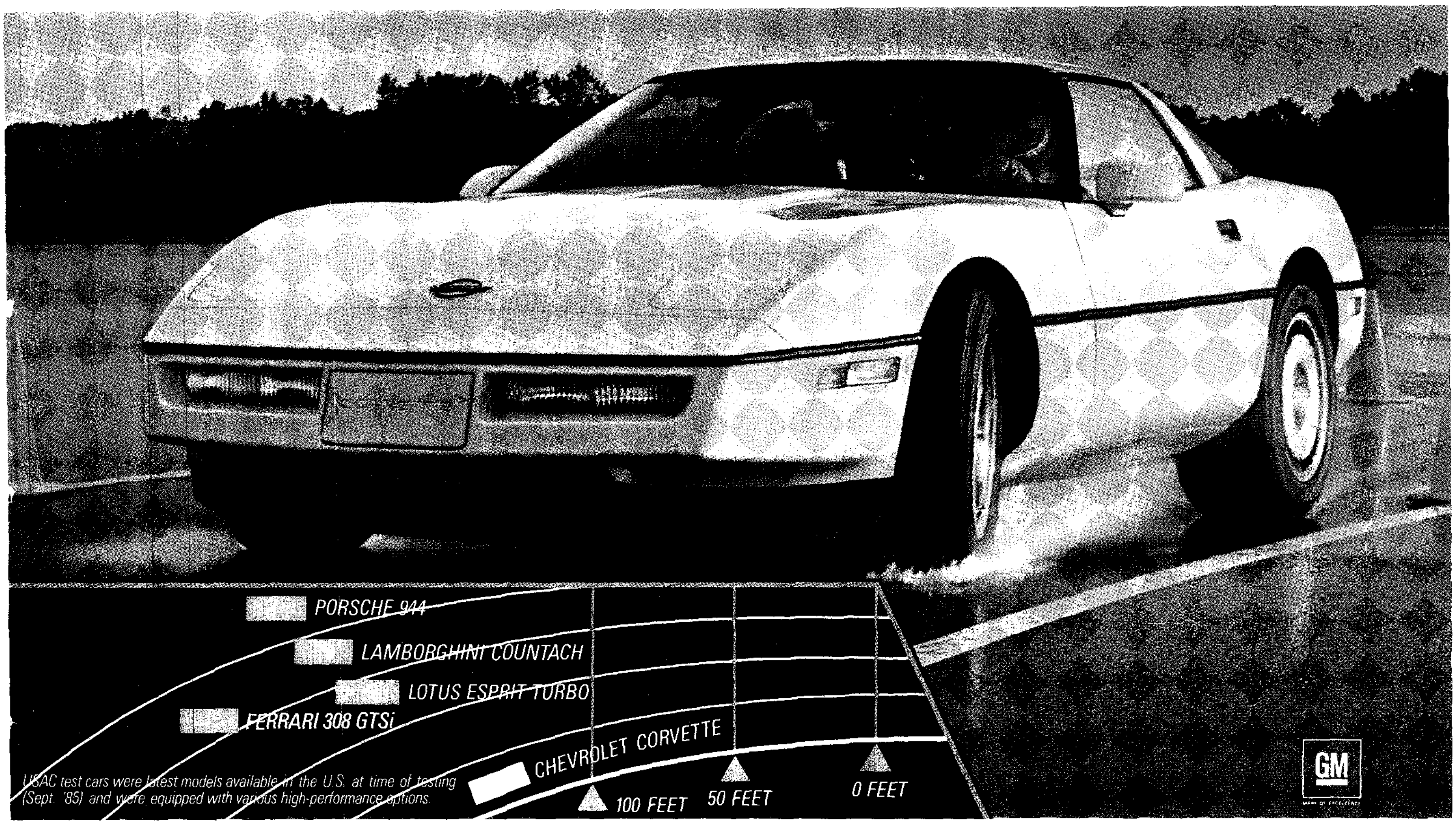

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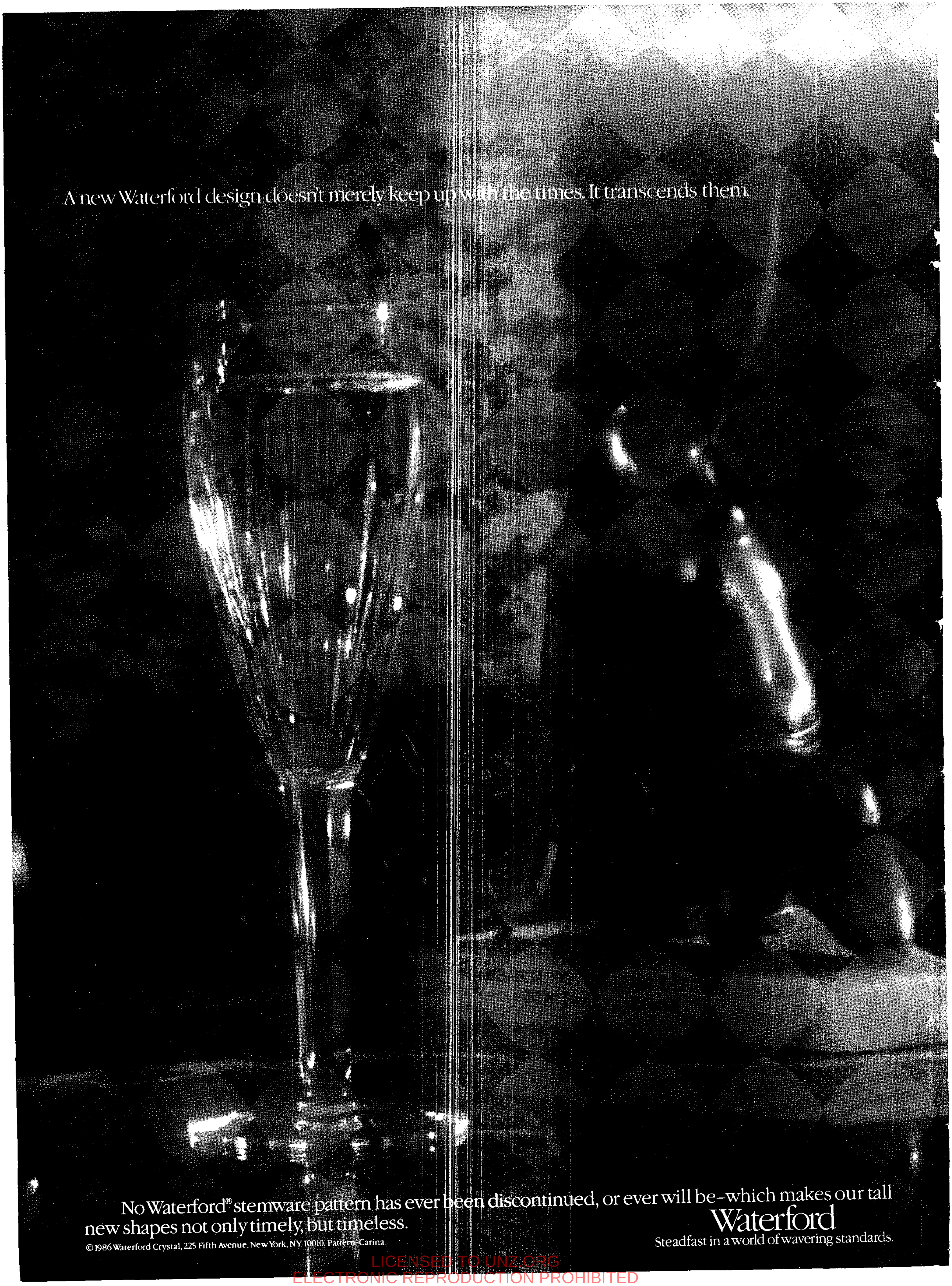

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